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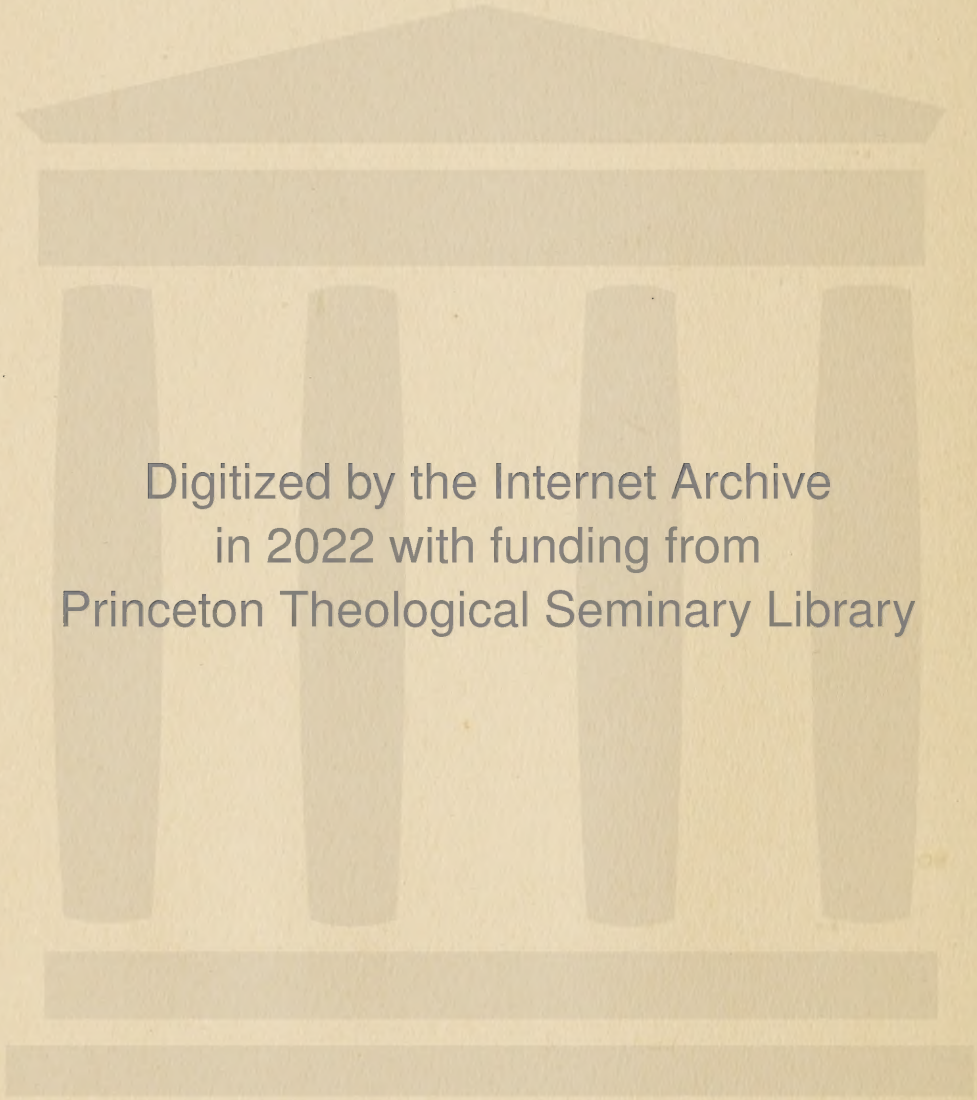
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ETERNAL ROME

ETERNAL ROME

THE CITY AND ITS PEOPLE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY

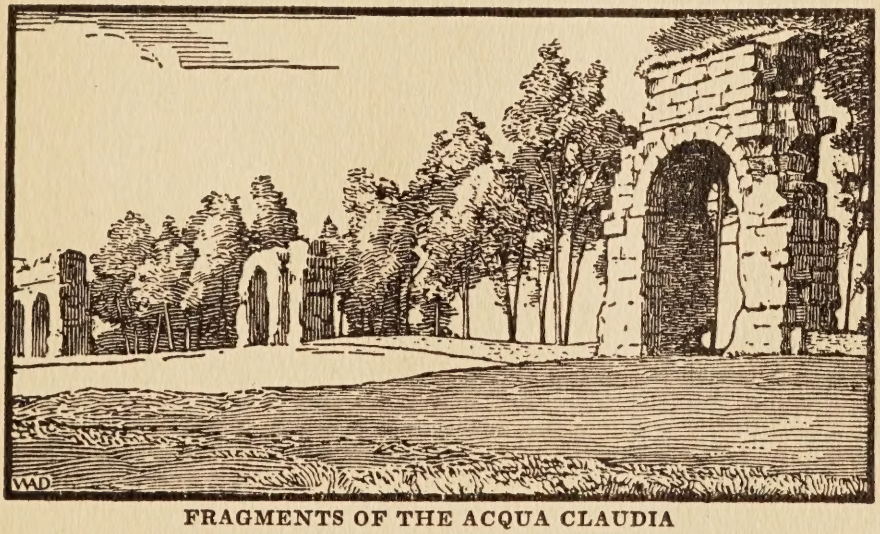
BY

GRANT SHOWERMAN

PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
DIRECTOR OF THE SUMMER SESSION, THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

VOLUME I

FROM EARLIEST LATIUM TO THE FIFTH CHRISTIAN CENTURY



FRAGMENTS OF THE ACQUA CLAUDIA

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I.

EARLIEST LATIUM

Romulus æternæ nondum firmaverat urbis
  Moenia consorti non habitanda Remo,—

No Romulus had yet appeared,
  No strong-built walls yet rose in air;
No Rome Eternal stood, in which
  Remus was fated not to share.

Tibullus II: 5: 23-24

ROME FROM THE VILLA AURELIA

BEYOND THE TIBER, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT,
ARE THE MONUMENTO VITTORIO EMANUELE, THE CAPITOLINE,
THE BASILICA OF MAXENTIUS, AND THE PALATINE



1.

THE LAND OF LATIUM

THE drama of Eternal Rome begins with an empty stage.

No great City with towers and domes and many-windowed palaces and green trees and monumental ruins flung like a great garment over valley and height. No River winding an eddying way at the foot of sacred Hills. No wide reaches of purple-brown fields tumbling away to Albans, Apennines, and sea. No white villages and green vineyards and gardens girdling the far slopes of a solitary Mountain. No Rome, no Tiber, no Seven Hills, no Campagna, no Alban Mount, no Land of the Latin People.

Everywhere instead the swinging blue waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, a far-extended bay one hundred and fifty miles long and thirty broad, whose shore-line sweeps along under grey masses of the Apennines. Nothing above the waters but a huge island of rock confused with the mainland at the south; the Mount of Circe standing apart from it, like a sentinel; and the serrate crest of Soracte, another mountain-island, at the north. The waves wash the bases of the steep limestone barriers and reach far inland in many a cove and inlet to meet streams that come dashing out of rocky fastnesses or careering over the cliffs. The Anio plunges headlong into the sea from its mountain cleft at Tivoli. The Tiber mouth is beyond Soracte, forty miles from the sea of today. There are no men upon the earth.

Beneath the great bay runs the northern extremity

of the long line of weakness in the earth's crust whose southern limit is the region of Ætna. In the course of time the energies confined in the caverns of the earth begin to stir. Now gradually, now with violence, the floor of the bay begins to heave. It is just appearing here and there above the waters, and in other places still lies deep beneath, when the energies explode. The earth opens, beneath or at the surface of the sea, and vomits forth its depths.

Again time passes; a second and mightier explosion occurs, and still a third. An infinite quantity of cinders and ash is furiously blown from giant craters in the north, and from others in the south when the northern are spent. It descends from the air upon islet, coast, lagoon, and open sea, or it surges away from craters still submerged and mingles with the waves. It spreads itself three hundred feet deep over all the plain beneath the waters, over all the plain already appeared above the waters. It pushes its way into the inlets and clefts of the mountain wall. According as it finds its place below the surface of sea or lagoon, or falls on dry land above them, according as it is denser or less compact, it settles at length into ruddy or greyish rock, or lies in violet-brown beds of heavy ash, the building-stone and cement of the City that is to come.

But another great force is at work in the forming of the plain. While the slow lifting of the sea-floor and the blowing forth of scoriæ and ash beneath and above are extending the surface of the land, mighty streams of fresh water descend from the Apennines. It is the age of a great glacial retreat. From the melting snows and ice of the north, impetuous torrents come roaring through the mountain valleys and pour themselves

forth to mingle in surging rivalry with the waves and currents of the sea. One of the great eruptions has left an irregular line of fracture, a crevice from north to south across the bottom of the bay. The mightiest of all the mountain streams follows this line and makes the crevice its channel. Lesser streams have followed other natural paths and formed their channels in similar manner. By the time the center of the plain has risen above the waters, the Tiber is flowing in definite course.

The great explosion to the south that rears the Alban Mount occurs. It fills the bottom of the Tiber bed and throws rocky obstructions across its channel. For long time the river is a mighty flowing lake with banks half submerged and bosom dotted with dark islets, the summits of the future Hills. It wears the obstructions away or washes a course around them. It sweeps along through a winding and ever-deepening bed until its great highway to open sea is established.

The great eruptions whose ashy débris covers the land or sinks to the bottom of the sea are at an end; but the plain is not yet at rest. The great cone-craters in the north and south are broken and scarred at the rims by lesser explosions that send forth streams of basalt or blow high in air more scoriæ to settle into banks of rock or powdery ash. The rim of the Alban crater crumbles and loses shape, and about its outer slopes appear the smaller bowls that later become the Alban lake and Nemi and the vale of Aricia. The lofty central cone of Monte Cavo is reared within the great crumbled rim, and its rim also falls away on the north. Torrential rains and overflowing waters fissure the slopes of all the craters with radial valleys that cut the ash and rock till they reach the larger channels in the lower land.

When at length the violence and thundering uproar of the greatest upheavals have given place to the gentler action and lesser rumor of tumbling cascades and rapidly gliding streams and washing waves, and the glacial freshets have begun to subside and to leave the slowly rising land a real plain, the aspect of the region has changed indeed. Instead of blue sea are everywhere the somber reaches of ruddy and yellowish-grey volcanic rock and purple-brown ash. The dark mass of the Alban Mount rises with sweeping lines three thousand feet in air. It looks down to the south and west upon an uncertain coast of marsh and lagoon, and of sand cast up by the sea, and to the north on a rolling, tumbling, furrowed landscape that grows higher and wilder until it reaches the distant crater-cone of Bracciano and the height of Rocca Romana and mingles with the lines of the horizon. The Tiber is a mighty, lake-like current winding a resistless way between worn hills and plateaus of rock and clay, a hundred feet deep and in places a mile from bank to bank. Compared with its mammoth flow, the Tiber of historic times, three hundred feet wide but lost and wandering in the vast expanse of its prehistoric bed, is the merest rivulet. Its ever-flooded affluents are twenty-seven; the Anio, rushing from its cascades at the edge of the Apennines, itself a great river swollen by fourteen tributaries, is chief of them. Twelve streams besides the Tiber pour their waters directly into the marshy borders of the sea. The lesser tributaries and independent streams are numberless. Their swiftly coursing floods have worn and seamed and furrowed and fissured the soft rock and looser ash until all the area through which they rush is wrought into gully, ravine, and valley, and into



THE TIBER VALLEY NORTH OF ROME

FROM VILLA GLORI, THREE MILES FROM THE CITY
AND NOT FAR FROM ANTEMNÆ

little hills and hummocks and rolling slopes and rounded table-lands. Four parts of the plain are hills; one part is valley bottom.

The glacier recedes still farther on its northward retreat; the waters continue slowly to subside. While they are still high, the warmth has changed to humid heat. The Tiber about the hills is still a broad, flowing lake, when its banks and the higher places of the plain become clothed with vegetation. Gigantic elephant and ox appear, and others of their kind. They roam the leafy glades on the shores of the stream and leave their bones in the ooze. After long time the glaciers and the cold approach once more. Again the streams are swollen and again in the course of the years subside, this time to flow within the limits of historic times, or to disappear except in the season of rains. They have not only furrowed and fissured the plain, but filled the valleys and clothed the slopes with soil eroded from the rocks and ash of the hills, and embroidered the line of the coast with a wide and watery jungle. The Tiber's mouth, once at Soracte, again at Monte Mario north of the Seven Hills, has advanced to Ponte Galera, ten miles to the south of them. In Roman times it will be at Ostia, five miles farther into the sea.

The Land of Latium, a broad expanse of hill and valley that seems to the distant eye a level plain with a single mountain mass in its midst, is ready for human habitation. What men will enter into the land to possess it?

2.

THE EARLIEST MEN OF LATIUM

THE first men to set foot on the soil of Latium were the nomad cave-men of the old stone age. When they began their straggling existence in the Tiber region, their brethren had long been wandering in England, Belgium, France, and Spain, inhabiting caverns and mountain clefts and frequenting valley and stream. They were scattered thickly over Italy, but were few in Latium, and left scarcely a trace behind. They lived the life of the cave ten thousand years before Rome came into being. They saw the majestic Tiber before it was altogether shrunk within its shores, the Alban Mount while its fires were still alight.

A new race appeared in Italy after them. The men of the late stone age descended from the western Alps and France, and came up from the south and Sicily. They conquered, but did not destroy, the race of strangers they found. They populated all the peninsula, and at last advanced to the Tiber region, where they stopped on the lower ridges and foothills of the Apennines and the Albans, and on the high places of the volcanic plain. The Alban Mount especially invited them. Its genial wooded slopes and rich pastures, its lakes and springs and running streams, were lifted above the vapors of the plain, whose network of valley and ravine sequestered many a stagnant pool, and whose lower lands were so little raised above the sea that the water never left their marshy thickets. They sheltered themselves in cave and cleft or in rounded cabins of brush or

reeds and clay half sunk in the rock or earth, with a single door for themselves and light and air and smoke. In Latium they were less advanced than their brethren; a hunting and a shepherd race, clothed in the skins of their game and herds and flocks. When they engaged in the chase or went forth to war, their weapons were of horn and wood and stone. Their ornaments were of like material. Their pots were earthen and rude. They could spin and weave, they polished their weapons and implements, and in the course of time their pottery came to merit the name of art. They laid their dead to rest in caves or tombs resembling the homes of the living; sometimes in a crouching or sitting posture, more often lying on the side with knees drawn up and head reclining on the open hand. Sometimes they divested the dead of their flesh, whether at burial or after natural dissolution, and reddened their bones with vermilion.

Like their predecessors of the old stone age, the men of the late stone age represent long reaches of time. They were the primordial wanderers of the Mediterranean race that issued from Africa and peopled the shores of the great inland sea. Their later generations at the dawn of bronze were to leave the dolmen along the African coast and over the west of Europe, and sometime rear the massive city defences that dot the Mediterranean lands of east and west from Troy to Spain. Before their descendants in the Latin region were lost to sight in the inundation of an invading race, their eyes and ears were astonished by many an outburst from the near-by hills, and their hearts quaked in alarm at many a rocking of the ground beneath their feet.

The wave of rude invaders which was to descend upon

the Mediterranean stock had long been on the way. Moving slowly from east to west across the face of nearer Asia and Europe to the neighborhood of the Balkan range, they were driven by a last stirring of the nomadic instinct, or by the pressure of their kinsmen farther north, to cross the great barriers that stood between them and the sunnier south. They surged through the passes of Hæmus and descended into the precincts of Greece. They overwhelmed the Mediterranean men of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Crete, and became the Achæans of Homeric song. A second time they surged across the mountain barrier, repeated the process of conquest and amalgamation, and became the Dorian Greeks of history.

It was not much later when the migrant race arrived at the bulwarks of the Alps. Impelled by the same forces, it burst open the gates of Italy. It thronged the passes of the Alps as the Achæans thronged the Balkan passes, and descended by ever pleasanter paths to the leafy and grassy plains of the Po. In blankets of rough wool or linen or in skins, unkempt and fierce, haggard and sinewy from long wandering and deprivation, carrying lance, arrow, or battle-axe tipped and headed with stone, the warriors of the nation led the way. Along the rugged cliffs, over the snowy passes, and down the now greener inclines, followed the long trains of jolting and creaking wagons, loaded with women, children, and the aged, and with the tents and implements of a migrant people.

The richness and warmth of the wooded valleys and plain were pleasant to the strangers. They treated with or beat back and dispossessed the ancient dwellers in the land, and made homes for themselves on the con-

quered soil. The first arrivals were lake-dwelling men, and fixed their abodes about the shallows of Como, Varese, and Garda. The later, descending from the eastern Alps, were of different habit, and made for firmer ground. In clearings along the streams and by the lakes and on the hills, in the heavy forests of chestnut, ilex, and elm, they prepared the ground and laid out their cities; little, compact hamlets of straw, reeds, brush, and clay, on rough platforms carried by piles, the whole surrounded and sharply defined by the embankment palisaded with the trunks and branches of trees, and fronted by the moat of running water. Whether at edge of lake or stream or on higher ground, the plan was the same; long practice had fixed it, the practice of their fathers and their fathers' fathers in central and eastern Europe. A principal street from north to south was crossed by a shorter street from east to west, in the manner of the later city-camps of Rome. The larger street might be a half mile in length, or even a mile. The village might cover from two to more than twenty acres. The house might be from ten to twenty feet in diameter.

Village succeeded village on the same spot. Untutored, careless, and hardy, the tenants of the round huts let fall through the platform their waste of every description, until generations had passed and the space between the piles below was full. The whole area was levelled then, and a second village reared above the first. Or fire broke out, and the whole assemblage of reedy cabins, platform, piles, and all, was reduced in an hour to ashes and débris, and the building of the new abode thus hastened.

The life of the northern men on their entrance into

the valley was rude in the extreme. They used the skins of animals, and knew how to spin and weave their clothing of wool or linen. Their utensils were of wood or stone, their arms nearly all of stone. They were acquainted with bronze, but casting, and not forging, was their method of shaping it; it was still so rare that the owner of weapon or ornament was looked upon with envy. Their arms in war were the stone axe, the flint-headed lance and arrow, and perhaps the sling. The sword was either unknown or of wood that has left no trace behind. The usual implements of peace were of bone or horn, of wood, leather, and clay. They worked their pottery by hand and dried it in the sun or at the open fire. Their women wore the comb, the pin, and other ornament, and these, with their pottery, were often of gracious form; but the sense of art in general was hardly more developed in the race than the ideal of cleanliness or hygiene. They worshipped no images, and burned their dead. Their bones were placed in earthen containers and buried in cities of the dead laid out like cities of the living.

Their occupations, when they were not at war, were quiet and domestic. They drove their herds and flocks to woodland pasture and stream. They had the cow, the hog, the goat, the sheep, the horse, the dog, and perhaps the ass. They pursued the stag, the wild boar, and the bear.

Their agriculture was hardly worthy of the name. They sowed and reaped the principal grains, but the fruits they enjoyed, with few exceptions, were probably wild. Their food was the product of the herd and flock, the chase, and the yield of forest and field. Women ground at the mill of roughly shaped stones, and made

the coarse meal into dough, or merely softened it with water, and baked it at fires from the abundant fuel of the woodland. The vine was already known to them, or soon became known, but they made no wine. The olive had not yet appeared.

But the day was coming, after many generations in the northern valley of the Po, and after many more in the wide plains to its south, when the little villages, with their fosses, palisades, piles, and round cabins, were to be left behind. Their people were at the dawn of the iron age, when perhaps another migratory wave came rolling down from the unknown regions beyond the Alps; or perhaps the homes about the Po were full and overflowing. The villagers in their turn were crowded from the fertile plain. The march begins again. Fighting, sojourning, dispossessed and dispossessing, they move to the south on the eastern slope of the Apennines and along the coast. They begin at length to cross the mountain range. The sunlit valleys of Umbria afford them homes for another period, until other impulses, from the north and from within, once more drive them on. They separate. Some continue in Umbria. Some follow the Apennines toward Samnium. A few arrive as far even as Tarentum. Others complete the passage of the mountains of central Italy. They people the hills and valleys of the Sabine and the Volscian Apennines, and finally one day look down into the Latin plain itself and across to the Alban Mount. It is a thousand years before the Christian era, and long before the founding of Rome.

The sojourn in the valley of the Po and the southward movement across the Apennines had extended over many centuries, and the long procession of years had

brought its changes. It had seen the advance from stone to bronze, and from bronze to iron. It had seen the gradual modification of custom as knowledge and means had increased and environment had varied. The pile-village of lake and marsh had changed on firmer ground to the hamlet of moat and palisade, and the moat and palisade of the northern lowlands had given place to the wall of the hill-town farther south. The cabin upon the platform in the valley of the Po had become the hut built on or partially into the rock or soil of central Italy. The single opening of the door had been supplemented by an orifice in the roof, and the window was known. The rough clay jars for the ashes of the dead were now often replaced by tasteful urns that imitated the houses of the living. A currency in cattle had evolved from the crude transactions of the migrants. The manner and the blood of the stone-age men had entered into theirs. They had met with men and products from the east, had learned to forge their bronze, and knew the more precious metals. They had slowly made advances in art. While they were wandering in the uncertain ways of semi-savagery and blindly seeking the established state of civilized men, Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt, and Crete were old and stable cultures. While they were slowly building a new culture from the wreckage of the Mediterranean race their arms had crushed, their brethren invaders from the Balkans had destroyed the Mycenæan and Cretan power and begun their swifter climb on the rich débris toward the heights of Hellenism.

The newcomers conquered and mingled with the earlier hill-men on the ridges and slopes of the Apennines that overlooked the plain of Latium, and in the event gave their towns new life and growth. They de-

scended into the plain and climbed the foothills of the Alban Mount to continue the process. From among the towns they conquered and re-created or themselves brought into being, there were certain ones that emerged as the heads of their little territories. In addition to Tibur, on the brow of the Sabines where the Anio took its leap into the plain, and Præneste, looking down on the gap between the Sabines and Volscians and the Alban Mount, there arose on the ridge and slopes of the Alban crater-lake the cities of Alba Longa and Lanuvium, and many lesser towns.

The Alban volcano was not even yet extinct. Some of the homes of the new race were buried by an outburst from the mountain. It was at most no more than an interruption; the growth went on. The thriving populations of the higher towns overflowed now to the lesser heights at the base of the mountains. They pushed out into the plain. The harder conditions of life in the lowlands were met and overcome, and the lonely, rolling waste was dotted with the rude hamlets of shepherd and farmer. Gabii, Antemnæ, Lavinium, and Ardea, on the little heights in the plain, became leaders among the lowland towns, and ranked with the cities on the mountain-sides.

The lowlands and the high places to the east and south of the Tiber had thus become the seat of a new civilization. Rude and shapeless as it was, however, it was already composite. Its basis was the culture of the original Mediterranean men. Their settlements at the time of the hostile inundation were sparse, their means scant, and their character unaggressive, but they had long been on the ground, and their culture had the persistence of native things. The energetic invader had

contributed vigor and action to the tribal life, and had altered dimensions and outward forms, but nature had not yielded her own. Neither the long-heads themselves had disappeared, nor the intimate, inbred ways of a life long since grown out of physical circumstance. As in the flooding of the Mycenæan areas by the broad-headed northern Greek, so in Latium the native culture had been overwhelmed, but had silently emerged again until blended with the northern into one. Nor were these two the only components of the Latin culture, though they were the chief. The Phœnician from his merchant-ships, and the Mycenæan with distant approaches from east and south, had touched it, though ever so lightly, during its southward march. A deeper impression was made by another and a nearer civilization. The descending race had hardly finished settling the hills and valleys of the Apennines and extending its homes throughout the Tiber region before an enterprising race of strange and mysterious men from unknown lands beyond the sea had occupied the coasts and mountain valleys to the north of Latium. The superior means and culture of the Etruscans were already a leaven, however slight, in the crude and unformed mass of the Latin civilization.

The newly established population of Latium was neither a single racial strain nor possessed of an unmixed culture. Much less was it a nation. The great family of wanderers to which it belonged was itself hardly at the goal of its progress to the heart of Italy before it had fallen apart into three, and Umbrian to the north, Oscan to the south, and Latin about the Tiber, had begun to diverge in language, manners, and interest. The men of Latium were hardly settled on their mountain-ridges and hill-towns in the plain when



THE CAMPAGNA AT PRATTICA DI MARE

THIS IS THE SITE OF ANCIENT LAVINIUM

they too fell apart. The centuries of their fighting peregrination had taught them too well the spirit of aggressive self-dependence and the use of arms. Scarcely had they overcome the common foe when they turned their weapons each against his neighbor. The shepherd hamlets perched on the lonely hills glowered one at another across disputed pasture lands, and met in the shock of battle over stolen oxen and sheep. The men of the mountains raided the fields of the men of the plain. Treaties were made and broken. Misunderstandings and jealousies arose. There were tiny groups of towns that clustered about their miniature capitals, but even these groups were loosely knit. The walk of an hour might leave the tribesman on foreign soil. The word for stranger and guest and host and enemy was one and the same. The Mediterranean tongue had not yet died, nor was the tongue of the newcomers fixed. Diversity of interest and position began to be followed, even within these narrow limits, by divergence in speech. There was no commanding common purpose, there was no commanding dialect, there was no leader whose judgments were respected and whose word was law. There was no Rome upon the Seven Hills.

II.

EARLIEST ROME

Quam ob rem, ut ille solebat, ita nunc mea repetet oratio populi originem; libenter enim etiam verbo utor Catonis,—

Well, then, just as he of whom we speak was wont to do, I too will now go back and tell of the Origin of our people; for I am glad to make use also of this term of Cato's.

Cicero, De Republica, II: 1

1.

THE TIBER AND THE SEVEN HILLS

AMONG the innumerable elevations of soft volcanic rock which, with their intersecting valleys and ravines, made up the surface of the Latin plain, was the group of hills later covered by the city of Rome. They differed neither in origin nor in nature from the other hills of the neighborhood. Before the streams of the Campagna had yet lost the volume of geologic times, the mighty current of the Tiber, swollen still more by the waters of the Anio, came sweeping down between the broad plateau on its left and the long ridge which formed its right bank from Monte Mario to the Janiculum, until, three miles below the confluence, it reached the site of Rome. At that point its waters, rushing with augmented violence because of the narrowed and impeded channel, cut out of the plateau on the eastern bank the little islands of tufa rock which, after the subsidence of the river and the coming of men, were to receive the names of the Capitoline, the Palatine, and the Aventine hills. At the same time, to the east and north of these island elevations, the powerful though smaller tributaries of the main stream, hurrying to lose themselves in its bosom, cut deep gorges through the plateau and formed the broad Cælian, the expansive Esquiline with its abrupt spurs of Cispian and Oppian, the tongue-like Quirinal and Viminal, and the rugged Hill of Gardens today called the Pincian.

When the waters had gradually sunk and the Tiber bed was reduced to its present narrow proportions, the

broad area which had been covered by the river-lake at the site of Rome was transformed into a low expanse of rich alluvial soil traversed by a little stream descending from the hills, and dotted by marshy pools. This was the Campus Martius, the plain of Mars, the soldiers' field of the later Romans. Looking down into it at the eastern edge like outposts of the plateau of which they formed the fringe, stood the northern hills of Rome. At its southern limit, continuing the line of the Quirinal across a narrow channel, rose the twin peaks of the Capitoline and the former islands of the Palatine and the Aventine, the last at the Tiber's edge, the other two but slightly removed. Between the Capitoline and the Palatine, and between the Palatine and the Aventine, were low and easily flooded valleys through which flowed rivulets from various springs, and little tributaries from the adjacent hillsides and ravines. Opposite all these, on the right and western bank, lay the long and irregular clayey ridge of the Janiculum, the Tiber almost washing its base.

The Hills of Rome were thus only the jutting, ragged edge of the plain where the Tiber cut a winding way deep through its surface. Their elevation above the sea, compared with that of the towns on the Alban foothills or the ridges of the Sabines, was insignificant. The highest ground in the neighborhood, the summit of Monte Mario, was only five hundred feet, and the highest of all the hills of Rome was less than three hundred. Of the hills on the eastern bank, the Aventine and the Capitoline were one hundred and fifty feet, and the Palatine one hundred and sixty. The various spurs which overlooked the Campus Martius, running back like the fingers of a hand to unite in the plateau, ranged



MONTE MARIO

AT THE EDGE OF THE TIBER VALLEY,
TWO MILES NORTH OF ROME

from the two hundred and five feet of the Quirinal to the one hundred and fifty-five of the Cælian. The Tiber itself was only twenty-two feet above the sea, and the lower places in the valleys between the hills but a trifle above the level of the stream.

On to these spur-plateaus and little hills came the men of Earliest Rome. Who were they, and what were the circumstances of their coming? What advantages of position, or what traits of character, or what accidents of fortune brought them at first to be the leading community in the neighborhood, and finally made their city mistress of the plain?

2.

EARLIEST ROME AND THE POETS

THE vision of the ancient Roman had less difficulty than that of the modern scholar in penetrating the mists of the prehistoric past. By the time of Cicero and Cæsar and Virgil and Augustus, the scant and faded web of fact preserved through the centuries when men's mouths were the only record of days gone by had been woven upon and embroidered by story-teller in verse and prose, and by the less disinterested glorifier of the family past, until it presented a pattern beautifully traceable and clear.

Let us borrow the vision of the ancient of Augustan times as we follow the fortunes of the earliest men of Rome. Let us look on the early Seven Hills through the willing eye of those who listened to or read the pages of a Virgil, a Cicero, a Livy, a Tibullus, an Ovid. It will be the poet's eye through which we look; for, whether in epic, oration, essay, history, or lyric, the ancient tale of Rome is always the shaping of the poet. What do we see?

A rugged and leafy Palatine and Capitoline rise from the marshy borders of the Tiber, their summits and the neighboring heights the abode of scattered shepherds roaming the hills and plain and offering simple sacrifice of milk and fruits to the rustic deity. Among them we see arrive a band of rovers from Greek Arcadia, and Evander their leader. The new chieftain teaches the little realm he wrests from them, or forms in peace, the ways to please the shepherd gods. We see Æneas the

goddess-born and his sea-bronzed men, after weary years of wandering in blind obedience to the will of Heaven, sail into the Tiber between the great forest banks where it pours its eddying yellow volume into the sea, and set foot in the land of their destiny. We see his high ships as they sail inland and emerge from the shady woods of the winding river, an amazing apparition to the now venerable Evander and his people at their feasting on the Palatine, and we follow in their steps as with the royal guide they traverse the village streets and the paths of the grassy Forum to the woodland thickets of the Capitoline. We see Æneas in his wars with Latinus, king of the Aborigines, and their end in his union with Lavinia, daughter of the king. We see the outraged Turnus rouse the land to arms and summon the Etruscan princes from beyond the Tiber, we witness the defeat and death at Æneas' hand of his ill-starred rival.

The walls of Lavinium rise, and Æneas leaves the mortal scene to be united with the gods. The young prince Ascanius leads from the overflowing capital a band of colonists to found Alba Longa on a foothill or ridge of the Alban Mount. Ascanius dies, and Silvius reigns in his stead. And Silvius begets a second Æneas, and Æneas begets Latinus Silvius, who leads forth colonists called the Prisci Latini, and Latinus Silvius begets Alba, and Alba Atys, and Atys Capys, and Capys Capetus, and Capetus Tiberinus, whose drowning as he crosses the Albula gives the river its name among later generations; and Tiberinus begets Agrippa, and Agrippa Romulus Silvius, and Romulus Silvius Aventinus, who is buried on the hill in after times a part of Rome, and gives it a name; and Aventinus begets Proca, and Proca begets Numitor and Amulius.

Numitor is unjustly deprived of the Alban throne, his son is slain, and his daughter made a Vestal Virgin. But the Vestal becomes divinely the mother of twin boys. The usurper takes her life, and sends the babes to be drowned in the Tiber. The stream is beyond its banks, and difficult of approach; the assassins leave the twins in shallow water at the corner of the Palatine nearest the channel, and report the deed as done. The providential wolf is attracted by their crying and offers her breasts, until a woman of the near-by shepherds comes and takes them up. Under the rude discipline of shepherd tasks and shepherd company they grow to vigorous manhood, the leaders of devoted comrades. An accident reveals their identity, they slay the tyrant and reinstate the injured king, their grandsire, on the Alban throne, and themselves are off to found a city of their own at the place of their rescue and rearing by the Tiber-side. They begin the building of walls about the Palatine, Remus pays with his life the price of offending his high-spirited brother, and Romulus reigns alone.

The king completes the wall, annexes the Capitoline and other contiguous parts, and fills the vacant spaces of the unsettled town by opening the Asylum and inviting the discontented and ambitious from neighboring towns to unite their fortunes with those of the growing state. He seizes the Sabine women to gratify his men and to prolong the city's existence. He defeats the Sabine army, treats with Tatius the Sabine king, and rules conjointly with him until the death of Tatius restores him the undivided sway. He makes the Campus Martius a military ground, conquers Cænina, Crustumerium, and Antemnæ, not many miles to the north of Rome, and defeats the Etruscans at their nearest towns

of Fidenæ and Veii. To add to his kingly dignity, he adopts the dress and state of the Etruscan princes, and provides himself with lictors. He creates the Roman senate of a hundred Fathers, whose sons are the first patricians. He is better loved by the common people and soldiery than by the upper class. He reigns with great success for forty years, and finally, while holding a great review in the Campus Martius, divinely disappears, in the presence of all the state, in a crashing thunderstorm. There are murmurs that jealous patricians know more of his death than they care to tell.

The reverend figure of the Sabine Numa Pompilius next appears. He becomes religious guide and law-giver to the rude soldiers and shepherd-farmers of Romulus. We see him build the temple of Janus at the edge of the Forum, and close it for the first of the three times before Livy that Rome is at peace with all peoples. We see him meet for nocturnal counsel with Egeria, to learn what rites and what priests are acceptable to the gods. He creates the flamen of Jupiter and the pontifex maximus, and establishes the ancient Alban worship of Vesta and her virgins. He divides the year into twelve months of lunar length, and provides for the interposition of a corrective month. His reign is for three-and-forty years.

Tullus Hostilius, the impetuous warrior-king, succeeds to the peaceful reign of the priest-king of early Rome. He wars on Alba Longa because its men have raided the fields of Roman farmers and cattle-men, and the issue is decided by the spectacular combat of the Roman triplets Horatii and the Alban triplets Curiatii. He takes Fidenæ, the dangerous outpost of the Etruscans on the near side of the Tiber seven miles to the

north of Rome. To punish the Albans for defection in the fight with the men of Fidenæ, he condemns their general to death and their city to destruction; Alba Longa, four centuries old, is razed to the ground, and its people transported to Rome. He annexes the Cælian and assigns it as their quarter. He erects the senate house at the northwest corner of the Forum. He is scornful of religion until the people are seized by a devastating plague and he himself is smitten, when he becomes the superstitious observer of every real or fancied rite, and is at last reduced to ashes, together with his palace, by the lightning-stroke of a Jupiter profaned and outraged by the inexpert performance of a rite. The reign of Tullus is for two-and-thirty years.

In the four-and-twenty years of Ancus Martius' reign, the Aventine is added to the city and made the residence of the men of conquered Ficana, Politorium, and Tellenæ. The city grows in strength as well as in area; the Janiculum is fortified against the encroachments of the ever-expanding Etruscan power. The first bridge, of wood, is built. The increase of the lawless element necessitates the building of the Tullianum at the head of the Forum. The Prisci Latini revolt and are overcome by the taking of Medullia, and their men transported and assigned to the valley between the Aventine and Palatine. Ostia is founded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the salt-marshes are established. Rome has reached the sea.

One day in the reign of the well-poised Ancus, a carriage appears on the brow of the Janiculum, to descend and cross the wooden bridge to Rome. In it are Lucumo, grandson of Demaratus, refugee from Corinth

to Tarquinii, and Tanaquil, his Etruscan wife. He takes the name of Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, cultivates king and courtiers, and at length, through native talent for intrigue and the aid of Tanaquil, is elected successor of Ancus and reigns for eight-and-thirty years as Tarquin the First. He wars with the Latins and the Sabines, levels and drains the easily flooded Forum, plans the Circus Maximus between the Palatine and Aventine, lays the foundations of the great temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline, enlarges the senate and the city, and at his murder by the revengeful sons of Ancus is making ready to erect a great ring-wall about the capital.

Tarquin has no heir of age, and the sons of Ancus are in exile, but the resourceful Tanaquil is ready with a successor in the person of a young man reared in the palace, the son of a captive Sabine lady of noble blood become gossip to the queen, and married to the princess her daughter. Servius Tullius reforms the constitution by providing for the distribution anew of obligation and privilege. His count of the city shows a total of eighty thousand, though Fabius Pictor in after times will have the number mean only those who bore arms. He adds to the urban area the Quirinal and the Viminal, honors and increases the Esquiline by making it his seat, and girdles the now large city with a strong and stately wall of stone more than five miles long. He wars against Veii, after Fidenæ the nearest and most dangerous of the Etruscan strongholds. He builds the temple of Diana on the Aventine to be a common sanctuary for all the Latins in like manner as the shrine of Ephesus is common to all the Greeks, hoping thus to win the tacit confession of Rome's leadership among the Latin cities. He

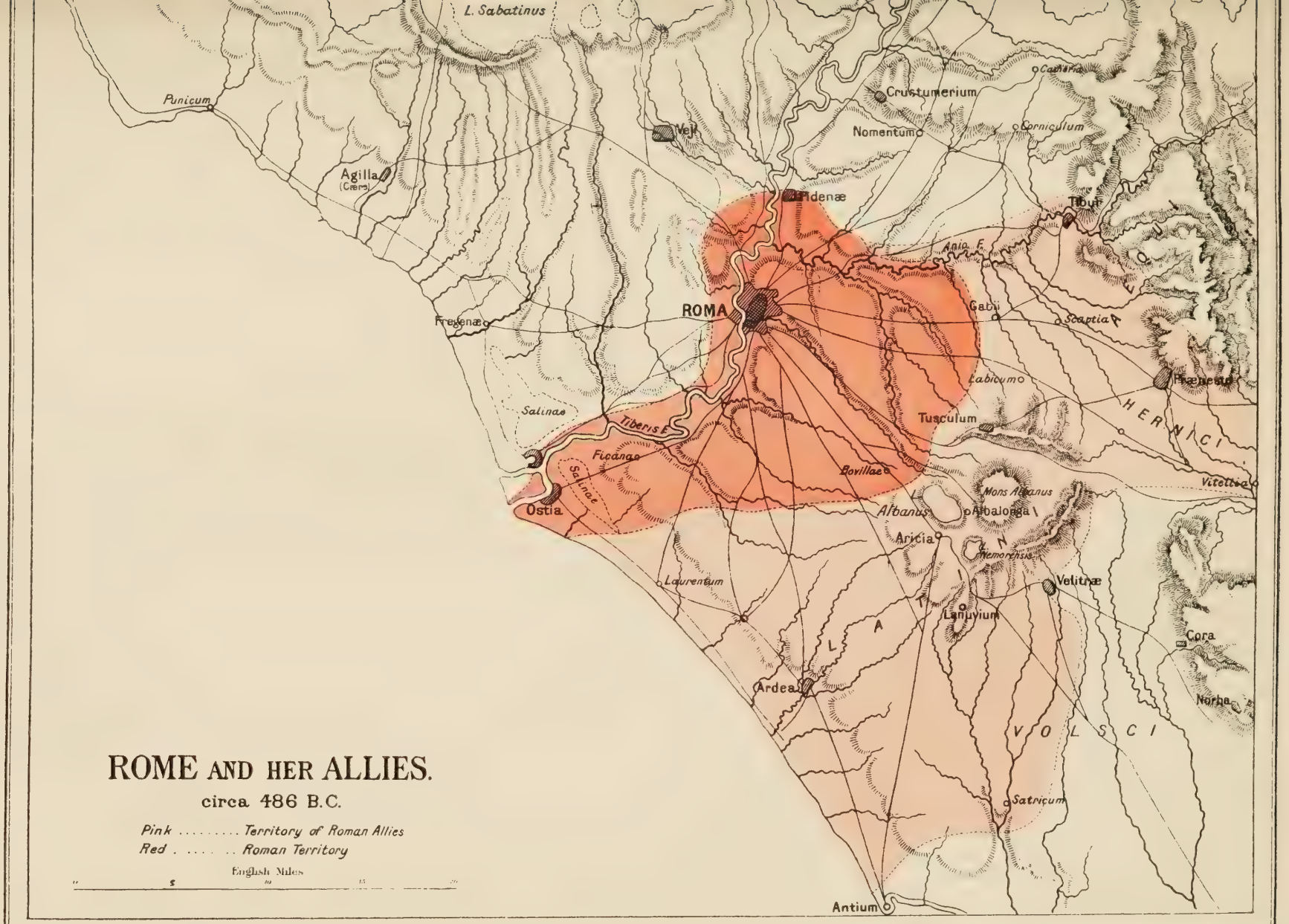
is murdered after four-and-forty years of reign by the ambitious son of Tarquin the First.

Tarquin the Arrogant reigns five-and-twenty years. He completes the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline, and builds the great sewer Cloaca Maxima by walling over the natural stream that descends from the hills and through the Forum. He wars with the Volscians, plants on their ground the Roman colonies of Signia and Suessa Pometia, by patient treachery captures Gabii, on the road from Rome to Præneste, and makes the city of Rome the acknowledged capital of the Latin tribes. But he and his court are arrogant and domineering toward both their equals and the common people. The murmurs of discontent swell to cries of rage at the final act of crime and cruelty in the rape of Lucretia by a son of the king. The royal house is driven out, and the Roman character receives the impress of hatred for kingly rule which will remain its most visible mark until five centuries later, when weariness of popular mistakes and the conflicts of selfish demagogues have reconciled it to autocratic power in the person of Augustus.

Such is the story of the earliest men of Rome as told by historian and poet of Augustan times, as taught the Roman boy in school, as recited by the guide to those who came to see the Eternal City, as recorded by successive writers of Roman history from Livy to modern times. It was known by the judicious to be mingled of the stuff of poetry, but accepted by the common run of men as truth, and by even the more exacting critic as representing essentially the truth. "The poetic tales of tradition," says Livy in his preface, "it is not my intention either to present as truth or to refute. We allow

THE ROMAN SWAY
IN 486 B.C.

SUGGESTING THE ROME
OF THE
ETRUSCAN PERIOD



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS FROM PELHAM'S OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY

antiquity to have its way in mingling the work of the gods with the work of men to make the beginnings of its cities more august . . . but these matters and others like them, in whatever manner they shall be noted or judged, I for my part shall make of no great account."

3.

EARLIEST ROME AND THE CRITIC

THE rise of a more exacting method has altered our vision. The critical historian and the archæologist have sponged out in part, and then retouched and restored, the picture of early Roman times. The critic has removed from it the figures of individual men with names and dates, and we see no longer actual persons on the hills of Rome. He has removed the individual scene with its dramatic circumstance, and we no longer thrill at the sight of heroic figures in action. He has directed our attention to the politics and economics and general movement of a growing society rather than to the fortunes of warriors and kings, to the progress of man rather than to the achievements of men. The archæologist has gone hand in hand with the critic. He has enlisted the aid of geology, and taught us to read the origin of the actual ground the earliest Romans trod. He has led us to their local habitations, and taught us of the houses in which they lived, the roads on which they travelled, the goods they gave and received in trade, the peoples with whom they exchanged, the routes over which their commerce moved. He has shown us the ornament they wore, the pottery from which they ate and drank, the tools with which they wrought, the arms with which they went forth to war, the graves in which their bones or ashes were laid. He has helped us to conceive of the mind in which they sought God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him.

Historian and archæologist may seem at first sight to

have ruined the picture by their obscuration of the well-known lines and their reduction of the brilliant lights; but, if they have taken from its sharp distinctness, they have given it richer and warmer color, a greater unity, and a deeper reality. If we look again, with amended vision, upon the hills of Rome and their earliest men, it will be with no less pleasure.

Again the Palatine and its neighbors rise from the reedy surroundings, their masses of rugged reddish rock half hidden in the verdure of oaks and pines and dark shrubbery that crown their summits and hang upon their sides. Their only inhabitants are the birds and the beasts, until one day a hunter or shepherd gone farther afield than his wont appears in the thickets and glades of the upland silences to the north and east, and picks an exploring way along the low ridge that leads to the solitary Palatine. The invading race from the valley of the Po has at last completed the occupation of the old sites on the mountain-sides and the multiplication of new sites on the high places in the plain, and the wave of its expansion has advanced to the hills by the Tiber.

Other shepherds come in the days that follow. One of them throws up a rude shelter of poles and branches and returns from time to time. Another follows example. A group of cabins becomes lodged on the Esquiline, another on the Palatine, another on the Quirinal. The lightly trodden paths of random flocks of sheep become well-worn ways that wind about the hills and descend to the drinking-places in the valleys. The cabins become huts, the huts become permanent dwellings, the groups become villages, the paths become roads and streets that are clouds of dust in summer and channels of mud and water in the winter months of rain.

The villages are swelled by shepherd, drover, and farmer. Their number multiplies. The neighborhood in time is dotted by miniature cities in grey thatch that look across the valleys to other miniature cities in grey. Their general form and content are those of the palisaded towns of the Po. Their round and oblong huts of reeds and straw supported by poles and clay resemble in shape the American Indian wigwam or tepee; their principal garment is not unlike the Indian blanket. They learn to scarp the rocky side of the cliff and dress it with stone from the bed of the hill, and to moat and dike the level approaches. Fold and pen are within the walls or close at hand. The chieftain's hut, larger than the rest and perhaps of wood or stone, is at the village center. From the apex of a rounded hut near by rise the light heat waves and wisps of smoke from the common village fire. The chieftain's daughter keeps it alight, the Vestal Virgin that is to be.

The villagers have no temples. Though every object of earth and air for them is immanent with deity, they know no gods in human form. Beyond the gates they bury their dead. Some they cremate and deposit in urns of clay or stone; some they lay to rest in coffins of hollowed logs or of earthenware. The eastern border of the Forum valley is one of their burial-places, the broad plateau of the Esquiline another; cities of the dead that will lie unknown for twenty-seven centuries under the ever-mounting strata of life above them.

Their contacts with each other and with the world are simple. They meet in central places for the exchange of oxen and sheep and such simple produce as the times and place afford, and for mutual agreement on matters of interest between the tribes. They know little of the

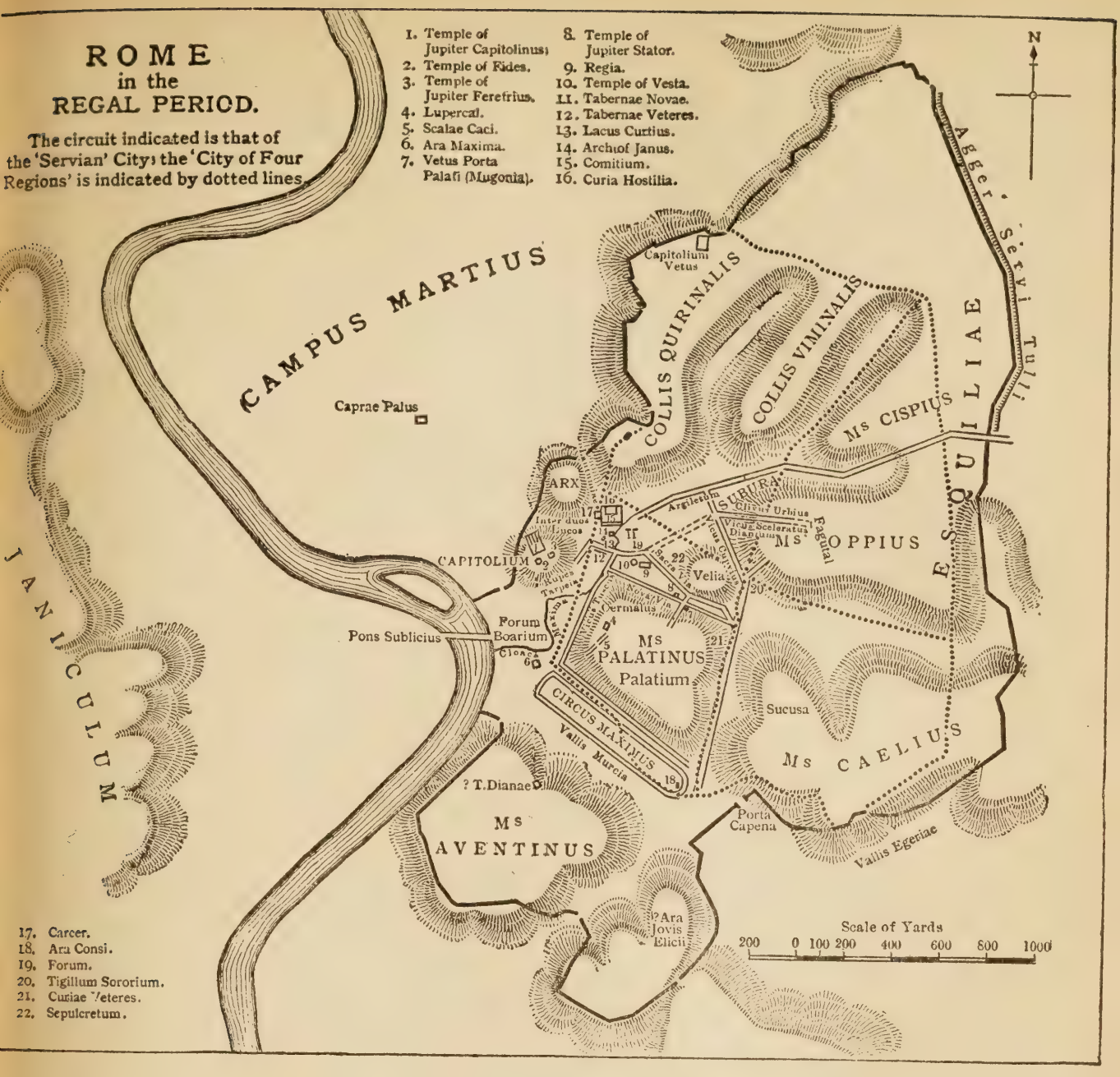
world beyond the hills and mountains that limit their vision. They are all kinsmen, yet the village across the valley may belong to a different branch of the common race, and speak a tongue already divergent from that of its neighbors. Perhaps the settlers on the Esquiline are of Sabine stock, and those on the Palatine are their Alban cousins. The stranger from Etruria sometimes appears among them with his dazzling wares, but does not remain in the rude surroundings. The trading-vessel from the Tyrrhenian sometimes ascends the Tiber, or the wagon-pack comes up the roads from the south or over the mountains from the east, bringing the rich and highly colored stuffs of Greece and the Orient. They barter and go their ways. The awakening of the little group of towns is slow. The civilization of the Latin plain in general is barren and backward.

But the awakening comes. The Palatine begins to emerge at the head of the group. Perhaps it is an older and better-knit community; perhaps its position is better for defence or aggression; perhaps its chiefs are men of dynamic character. The hill receives the name Palatium from the shepherd-goddess Pales; the city itself is known as Roma, the River-city. The strong man who first gives the city greatness may really bear the name of Romulus, chief of the River-city. The gate to the Tiber is Porta Romanula, the River-gate. The gate to the north that leads to the ridge of the Velia and across to the Esquiline, is Mugonia, the Lowing-gate. This is the earliest form of the city Rome. The earliest Romans are cattle-owners.

The River-city compels or persuades its neighbors to submission; or it admits them to its protection against a common foe. To its own two parts, the Palatium and

the Germalus, it unites the Velia, immediately at hand, the Oppian, the Fagutal, and the Cispian, which reach out toward it from the Esquiline, and the Sucusa, adjacent on the edge of the Cælian. It encloses the seven precincts, each with its village, within a single defence. The second form of the city of Rome receives the name of Septimontium. The tribal chieftain has become a king, his strong men a council.

The momentum of growth increases. The overflowing villages meet in the valleys, and grow into a whole. Their fields and pastures are extended farther and farther into the plain. The limits of the city are pushed beyond the wall. They include the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, the Cælian. In the course of time the boundary is again defined and fixed, and the third form of the city of Rome comes into being. It is a city of four regions, or wards: the Palatina, the Esquilina, the Collina, the Suburana. This is the city of the middle kings. It is no longer the simple shepherd village. Its principal streets are paved; their large squared stones are seamed, and the unpaved ways and alleys are deeply rutted, by the passage of laboring two-wheeled carts from the country drawn by long-horned cattle. It is a city of markets and public places, with temples and public buildings beginning to cluster about the Forum valley, and larger houses rising from favored spots on the hills. There are shops of a simple sort, but most of the city's barter is done in the open. Men and women in homespun blanket and body-garment mingle in the market and jostle in the street. The king on horseback or in his car with guard about him goes by on his way to the senate. Squads of soldiers with shield and lance come tramping up the street. The



EARLIEST ROME

SHOWING THE FIRST FOUR FORMS OF THE CITY

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
FROM LIVY, BOOK I, EDITED BY H. J. EDWARDS

wars of Rome have carried its lands and dominion, on the east and south, far toward the mountains and the sea. On the west and north it looks with growing uneasiness upon an ever-expanding enemy of alien blood and manners. It has developed a commanding character. It has made of Latin and Sabine within its walls a strong amalgam, and impressed upon it the Latin traits. It is envied, feared, or loved by its neighbors and subject-allies according to circumstance. It is different from the older cities. It has become Roman. It is filled with the vigor of youthful things, and soon will be the Latin capital.

It was not mere chance that set Rome apart from other cities of the Latin land. Nor was her rise due directly to an advantageous site. It was men that made her great, men as the instrument of necessity. The character of the early men of Rome was forged on the anvil of hardship. It was a rough life in the open that the shepherd-farmers of the first kings led, the worthy tradition of the life of their migrant northern fathers. The advantages of situation praised by their patriotic descendants of the days when Rome had become part of the outside world, to them were hardly present.

"Not without reason," Camillus is made to say in Livy, when, after the taking of Rome by the Gauls, he argues against the removal of the Romans from their devastated city to Veii, "not without reason did gods and men choose out this spot for the beginnings of our city: these healthful hills, the convenient river on which to bring down the produce of inland regions and over which we are reached by the commerce of the seas, a position near enough the coast for convenience, yet not so near as to be imperilled by stranger ships, a location

central to Italy, a site uniquely adapted to the expansion of a city."

Neither these advantages, nor the abundant springs, the breezy hills, and the shady valleys praised by Cicero in similar strain of loyalty were the causes of Rome's beginnings and rise. Necessity determined its founding. Necessity fixed its site. Necessity dictated its expansion. Necessity moulded the character of its men. The city was not well watered until centuries after its foundation. The Tiber above Rome could have had little to do with commerce at any time, and became of service below only after the city had long existed. The Ciceronian "healthful hills among pestilential surroundings" is praise for the orator's home high-raised on the Palatine, "in full view of all the city," but hardly praise for the ground within and without the city into which the earliest Romans were compelled to expand. The phrase is suggestive of undrained valleys and water-soaked fields and marshy thickets, and of the sole-surviving and immortal deity of the Latin lowlands, the goddess Fever.

There was not only the struggle with unwilling nature to harden the Roman character. There was the discipline of struggle with men, to temper as well as to harden. From the day the Sabines reached the hills from the north and east and the Latins reached them from the south, the men of Rome were never wholly at peace. As the city increased, broils with Sabine neighbors and nearer kinsmen were succeeded by wars both with them and with remoter kinsmen of the Apennines where they touched the plain. Distrust and envy of Rome as an equal were followed by combination and league against her as she emerged superior. There was the constant strain of anxiety, the constant exercise of arms and

diplomacy. The rude men by the Tiber were men of the world, though their world was small.

But a greater danger was at hand, and a greater discipline. The powers with whom Rome fought to the east and south of the Tiber were never of great dimensions, and never of totally alien blood. It was not so with the enemy that threatened from the north.

The sons of the Alpine race had not been many centuries in the Latin land, and the shepherd-farmers had hardly settled their homes on the hills by the Tiber, when their kinsmen who stopped in the western Apennines and the coastal plain to the north of Latium were the victims of sudden invasion. About eight hundred years before the Christian era, a race of men from unknown lands in Asia Minor whose speech and appearance were altogether alien to the men of Italy, and whose language still remains cryptic after upwards of three thousand years, appeared in the Tyrrhenian and descended upon the simple civilization they found on its shores. They captured and settled first the line of hill-towns from Cære to Vulci, and in the course of no long time, as their numbers were swelled by successive waves of armed invaders and colonists, possessed the whole of the land between the Arno and the Tiber.

Already of superior culture, the growth of the Etruscans in wealth and accomplishment was rapid. The mounded rock-hewn tombs of their great cemeteries are still rich with sculpture and luminous with beautifully painted walls. Their funeral couches were strewn with bronze and silver and gold in rare design and exquisite craftsmanship. They expanded to the east into Umbria. They established themselves in the fertile gardens of Campania. They connected their north and

south by a line of roads and fortresses of which the already ancient Præneste, commanding the valley between the Sabines and the Albans and Volscians, was the principal one. They shared the sea with the Carthaginian, and with him kept the Greek from the western Mediterranean until their joint defeat at the Himera on the day of Salamis.

The Etruscan encroachments upon Latin soil began early and were persistent. They conquered or founded Fidenæ, north from Rome on the Latin bank of the Tiber, and made it their outpost. A few miles farther away, on the Cremera, a northern tributary of the Tiber, lay one of their twelve great capitals, the strong city of Veii. From the west, they advanced to the Tiber's edge, where at Rome they found a fortress on the Janiculum guarding the bridge to the city. They threatened constantly the whole of the Latin land, which lay between them and their rich Campanian holdings and divided their empire.

Meanwhile they treated and traded with Rome, and mingled with the Romans. Their hucksters and merchants, their fortune-tellers, the migrant spirits among them, were attracted to the rising Latin capital. They lodged in numbers to the south of the Forum, between the Palatine and the Tiber, and became the Etruscan quarter. Some of their more ambitious men of means and consequence sought greater fortune and fame in the higher circles of the city's life. Among them there may have been the sons, less alien to the Romans, of exiled or enterprising Greeks who had married Etruscan women. It may even be that their presence at Rome was not without ulterior design. Etruscan wealth and Etruscan merchandise, Etruscan skill of hand, Etrus-



ETRUSCAN TOMBS AT CERVETERI

THE SITE OF ANCIENT CÆRE,
THIRTY MILES NORTH OF ROME,
NEAR THE COAST

can fortune-telling and bird-lore among the common people, Etruscan culture and Etruscan suavity among the upper classes, were not without their effect. However it may have been, whether by dint of quiet penetration, whether by astute diplomatics, whether by sudden coup and peaceful seizure or by siege and long campaign, Etruria gained her end, and one day the Romans found themselves with a king of Etruscan blood. This was the fourth form of Rome.

For a hundred years the stranger sat in the seat of the Roman kings. He seized and subdued the cities already in league with Rome, and warred upon those who had not yielded to arms or persuasion. He strengthened the route to the Capuan plain by the conquest of Gabii, on the road between Præneste and Rome. The fortress-town of Præneste itself became the seat of wealthy and powerful princes. The sober grey of life at Rome was enlivened by the bright hues of Etruscan luxury. The noble families and kingly connection brought with them not only new modes of administration, but with them came also Etruscan manners and dress, Etruscan painting, sculpture, and building, Etruscan augural lore, Etruscan regal and religious custom, Etruscan pomp. The prestige of Etruscan wealth and culture, of Etruscan commerce on sea and land, of Etruscan connection with Carthage, Greece, and the Orient, was communicated to Rome and the Latin people. By the sixth century, the already thriving population of the Roman territories was not only enriched by Etruscan patronage, but through it enjoyed a contact with distant parts of the Mediterranean world. Roman and Latin markets were bright with eastern merchandise, the homes of richer men were warm with

eastern color and graced by delicate vases of clay and metal, and women were good to look upon in eastern stuffs and jewels.

But the Etruscan domination could not endure. The culture of the wealthy hill-towns was too strange to blend with Latin culture, and Latin character had grown too strong and too distinct to be absorbed by a culture already past its climax. Whether because their sway in Etruria had been only in the nature of exploitation and had exhausted the resources of the lands they seized; or because the use of luxury had undermined physique and character; or because their ancient and high-bred blood was of a strain too alien to fertilize or be fertilized by the vigorous current that pulsed through native Italian veins, Etruscan discipline had begun to weaken, Etruscan power to wane. The arrogance of Etruscan nobles and men of wealth at Rome, the high-handedness of kings who assumed that Romans would crook the knee in Etruscan fashion, provoked at last in a people waxing in strength as well as restiveness the outburst of fury that expelled the stranger from their gates and started him on the descent whose end was to be his overthrow in turn by Roman arms.

4.

THE ROMANS AND ROME IN TARQUIN'S TIME

THE Rome that had driven out the kings and now defeated the united efforts of Etruscan army and Latin ally to reinstate them, emerged from the trial no longer a city in the dread and fear of kings from any source. It emerged not only free from the Etruscan, but, thanks to the increase in strength and size conferred by his vigorous rule, as an equal and rival. It emerged also as potential leader and mistress of all the Latin land. Its character as a city, and the character of its men, were established. As Rome itself was different from Etruscan cities and from her sisters on Latin soil, so the name of Roman was now possessed of distinctive content.

The Roman of just before the Republic was a blend of the Latin and the Sabine, and each of these in turn was a blend of the Alpine invader with his neolithic predecessor. The main ingredient of the blend was Latin; the Mediterraneans with whom the northerners had mingled were sparser in the plain than in the mountains where the fathers of the Sabines came among them, and communication between the city and the Latins had always been immediate and open. The result was essentially a Latin city and Latin men.

The Roman blood and the Roman character were thus firm and consistent, if not entirely homogeneous. The Hellenic strain as yet had really entered into

neither. By even Etruscan blood and character, they had been but lightly touched. The century of Etruscan occupation had been only an episode in the Roman experience. Of the changes it had wrought, but few concerned the essential. It had affected the form far more than the essence of both Rome the city and the life of Rome. It had left its mark on officialdom; the lictors, the curule chair, the purple-bordered gown, were part of its legacy. It had left its impress on the manner of religious observance, and added somewhat to religious content. It had taught to priest and populace the lore of birds and of lightning and thunderbolt, and how to read the future in the shape and movement of the fresh-slain victim's vital parts. It had loaned them the Etruscan gods, and helped their rustic imaginations to see deity in the image of man. It had helped them to plan the house with atrium for central room, to employ the arch in the building of their drains and sewers, to rear and ornament their temples and public buildings. It had ministered for the time to their material good, and hastened their discovery of the outside world. It had not changed, however, or even greatly modified, the language of the Roman. It had not altered perceptibly his manner of living; he might on occasion eat and drink from Etruscan plate, and adorn his women with Etruscan jewels, but this was not his settled mode of life. The Etruscan kings themselves had modified their ways in the presence of the Roman, and become less foreign on Roman soil. They had left at Rome no princely tombs such as those their cousins left on the mountain-side of Prænestе. Their presence, with all their following, except as it had educated the Roman to patience and self-reliance, and stamped deep into his soul the hatred

of kings, had left him in race and temperament the same as it found him.

The Roman remained essentially the shepherd-farmer of his fathers' times. The city had grown in population, and the rise of urban needs had created the usual urban occupations, but the center of interest for men of consequence and for the mass of the less important was beyond the gates. Their possessions were in the fields that lay within sight of the city; their occupations and their incomes dependent first of all upon the fields. Even during the times of expansion under Etruscan kings their main concern had never been commerce, and in the period that ensues their trading was largely confined to Latium and the nearer parts of Italy. Their gains were the produce of pasture, farm, and garden. Daily they rode afield from city or farmhouse to oversee the tasks of shepherd and husbandman. There were larger estates of pasture land whose hills were dotted with countless sheep and goats and kine. There were the larger tracts of farm land that were made by intensive cultivation to blossom like the rose; they were tilled by dependent and slave supervised by heads responsible to the master in the city. There were smaller farms and garden tracts whose tillers were the owners themselves. The men who possessed the land and the flocks and herds, as well as the men who guarded and worked, were dressed in homespun from the wool and flax of pasture and farm; the rustic in simple body-garment, with the rudest of wraps in the colder season, the shepherd in fleece, the master in tunic and oblong cloak. The men of the fields were barefoot, bareheaded, and bronzed, with shaggy beards and hair. The men of the city on occasion wore a simple sandal, but rarely a

hat. The food of both was from the fields and of the season: the milk and cheese of sheep and goats and cows, the flesh of sheep and goats and swine, unleavened cakes and porridge, the fruits of orchard and garden. The flesh of their oxen they did not eat; the ox was sacred to the gods. Of wine and olives they hardly knew the use. Their sugar was honey, their salt was brought from the marshes by the sea.

Their religion was still essentially the rustic faith of primitive cultures. The more advanced who formed the influential class had learned, from near Etruria and more remote Marseilles or Cumæ, something of deity clothed in human form and possessed of human sentiment; in the city they had even erected temples and lesser shrines, and peopled them with images; yet all but the few, impressed though they were by the mystic splendor of the new and strange, still practiced the faith of the fields and the open air. For them every object they saw or touched was quick with an inner and unseen spirit. Sky, forest, fountain, and beast, and man himself, were indwelt by a vague and shadowy second self. Not only every object, but every act, was thus the abode of deity; there was a god for the birth of the babe or the lamb, a god for his feeding, a god for his growth, a god for his walking, eating, and drinking. There were gods for sowing and reaping, for marriage, for all the processes that make up the life-experience of men and things, to the separation of soul from body. The number of gods was limited only by the number of objects in the contacts of life and the number of acts that make the day. They did not roam the earth at will in the manner of Homer's gods; they could not exist apart from the acts or objects proper to them. They were jealous

gods. They must be approached through perfectly definite formulæ; mistake, or even variation, would bring failure, misfortune, or even wrathful destruction.

Generation after generation since the arrival of men in the land had added to knowledge and improved upon rite and formula, until the body of divine lore could no longer be contained by the mind of the ordinary man. The affairs of men and of the state had been often endangered by inexpert observance. The priest had long since risen, the special agent between man and god. But the Roman god was just, as well as jealous. He required no paraphernalia, and did not delight in the death of man. The simple and homely act, the time-honored invocation and prayer, the sacrifice of milk, or cheese, or fruits, or flowers, or of roasted flesh or sacred meal,—let them be clear and unequivocal, in exact accord with prescription, and the result was assured; the deity had no choice.

Some few of these multitudinous gods had slowly emerged from the populous limbo of the spirit-world. There were Faunus and Fauna, of the wilder life of field and forest; Janus and Vesta, of beginnings and the hearth; Consus and Ops, of horses and harvests; Liber and Libera, of the forces of nature in grains and fruits; Jovis, of the sky, the sunshine, and the rain; and a score of others. Yet, paired as they were, they sustained no marriage relation, no genealogies accounted for them, they were subjects of no rich body of legend. They were but dimly bodied forth in the worshipper's imagination as having human form and attributes. They had no statues, and none but Vesta, whose everlasting fires required a shelter, dwelt in a temple made with hands. The groves were the Roman god's first temples.

A smaller number still had risen to greater distinction. They were lodged in the sparse temples about the Forum valley. Etruscan and Greek had quickened the Roman imagination. Saturn, the ancient god of seed-time and harvest, long worshipped at the base of the Capitoline, was among the first to see the rude altar converted into a sheltered abode. Mars was conceived of as something more than a mystic lance. The round hut of Vesta and her maidens was transformed from wood and clay into stone. The formless Jovis, whose token was the flint, was transformed to Jupiter, wielder of the thunderbolt. The trinity of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva took form on the Capitoline. The cult statue appeared, to fix the type of the god in the worshipper's mind. Yet these were but the apex of the pyramid whose base was firmly set in the nature of primitive man.

It is a rude and stern society that has its seat by the Tiber five hundred years before the Christian era, yet not unmingled with enlightenment. The early men of Rome excel in war. Its constant practice has made them strong and enduring in body and spirit. They surpass in the management of men. The centuries of continual toil and constant danger have taught them the need and the method of unity. The family is a unit, the clan a larger unit, the state a unit that includes them all. Their heads are supreme, even to the power of life and death; the householder over son and daughter, dependent, and slave, the chief of the clan over the heads of the aggregated families that constitute his larger family, the king over the chiefs of clans who with him form the visible state. It is a society whose basis is the austere practice of authority, yet not a society where irresponsibility reigns and freedom is crushed. The son finds his safe-

guard against paternal tyranny in the family council and public opinion, the clansman in the council of family heads, the citizen in the council of the chiefs of clans, the senate. So well on one side has the lesson of discipline been learned, so well on the other the lesson of self-restraint and justice, that flagrant abuses are rare, and wrongs of lesser degree are likely to find their remedy.

But, even with these virtues, the early men of Rome are not yet highly civilized. Their rustic simplicity and ruggedness are also narrowness and roughness. They are still a provincial race. The horizon of life for them is the line that circumscribes their own immediate interests. They are not yet conscious of the ultimate uses of art, or of education for other purpose than the fitting of their sons for the plain duties of family and state, and of their daughters for the duties of motherhood. Women they hold in esteem as the breeders of men. Continued warring has made of their city an armed camp; it has bred them to be hard and aggressive, and on occasion cruel and unjust.

The city that sits at the center of this society is equally distinct in character, and equally mingled of the crude and the civilized, the rustic and the urban. Its five miles of massive stone defence are built against the beetling rocks of the ruggeder parts of the circuit, and continued across the level reaches as moat and high-walled dike. Its people have already filled it and grown beyond the barriers. In poorer quarters and on the skirts of the city, the old-time huts of clay and reeds may still be seen. Elsewhere their places are filled by a motley assemblage of squared and oblong dwellings of wood and sun-dried brick with sloping roofs of wood.

The more pretentious houses are of the rectangular type, with rooms about a court which is open to the sky, and with garden at the rear. There are temples here and there in the city's heart, some square, some round, of roughly dressed blocks of stone and with painted upper members in wood. The rectangular type prevails, with columned portico in front and gabled roof of tile whose ends and sides are gay with brightly colored earthen figurines or sculptured plaques. One peak of the Capitol frowns as a fortress; on the other reposes the temple of Jupiter Best and Greatest. The valley of the Forum is free of water, and teeming with the business of senate, tribunal, temple, and market. The woman from the Palatine is there with water-pot on head, the country-woman with vegetable-basket comes and goes. The field of Mars, between the walls and the Tiber, is vociferous and dusty with the drilling of men. The streets that traverse the hills and valleys are crooked and narrow, the paths of long ago. Many are still unpaved and thick with dust or mud. It is a city of dun and grey, but little relieved by color, yet picturesque in the expansive rise and fall of irregular streets, and beautiful from afar in the rhythmic roll of the masses of roofs that rest like a garment upon the hills. Sometimes at dead of night the thoroughfares are choked by the infinite living stream of sheep and bleating lambs on the way across the city to fresher pastures.

III.

THE REPUBLIC

Is dicere solebat ob hanc causam præstare nostræ civitatis statum ceteris civitatibus, quod in illis singuli fuissent fere qui suam quisque rempublicam constituissent legibus atque institutis suis . . . nostra autem respublica non unius esset ingenio sed multorum, nec una hominis vita sed aliquot constituta sæculis et ætatibus,—

He used to say that for this reason our state stood out before all others, because in them it was generally true that individual men had brought the commonwealth into being by dint of laws and institutions of their own devising . . . whereas our commonwealth was grounded in the genius not of one man but of many, in the life not of one man but of a succession of ages and generations.

Cicero, De Republica, II: 1

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque,—

Rome's roots are deep in the morals and men of the olden times.

Ennius, Annales, 500

1.

SOVEREIGNTY AND CITIZENSHIP

TO follow the fortunes of Rome from the time of the kings to their culmination in the best days of the Republic is gradually to advance from the dim uncertainties of dawn and the half-lights of early morning toward the perfect light of day. The spade and the literary legend find reinforcement in the pen of the ancient historian. The shadowy Rome whose power has been increased and whose character deepened by the episode of Etruscan rule is seen at the time of Cato's death and the uprooting of Carthage with her features distinct. By the middle of the second century before the Christian era, three hundred and fifty years from the last of the kings, the authority of the city-state has touched the farthest shores of the Mediterranean sea, and Roman character has assumed the form under which it is to be the inspiration of time to come.

It may indeed be that, with the expulsion of the Etruscan and the upheaval of the revolution, the sphere of Rome's authority was for a time contracted, and her contact with the world diminished. The royal house made desperate efforts to regain the throne, and the Latin cities hastened to seize on the opportunity that seemed to offer of asserting total independence and setting a limit to the power of the rising capital. The halt occasioned by the opposing forces, however, was only momentary. The vitality of the city and her men was too robust to permit a long quiescence. Rome not only met the onslaughts of the enemy and faced these dangers

down, but initiated advances of her own, and was soon once more on the road which led to ultimate domination. To the south, to the east, to the north, to the farther south and across the straits and the seas, she extended her arms and her civilization until the natural term of growth was reached.

The hostility of the Latin cities was manifest in the league of the year 500, in which Rome had no part, and in 495 the Æquians in the mountain borders to the east and the Volscians to the southeast first appear as her enemies. But Rome asserted her leadership. The new Latin league of 493 not only included her, but demonstrated her importance; the understanding being that Rome was to be protected against Etruria on the north and west, and the Latin cities to the south against the Æquians and the Volscians. In 487, with the breaking by Rome of the Hernican power in the hill-towns of the gap between the Æquians and Volscians, the way was prepared for another alliance, that of 486, by which Romans, Latins, and Hernicans made common cause against Æquian and Volscian, thus driving a wedge between them. By 431, the power of these enemies was broken, and Rome was the acknowledged leader, if not the mistress, of the mountain peoples to the immediate east and southeast, and of the plain from Fidenæ and Veii on the north to the Tiber mouth and Anxur at the foot of the Mount of Circe on the south. In 385 she was strong enough to declare the closing of the Latin league to those outside its thirty full members and seventeen participants, and reserved for herself the admission of new allies.

Meanwhile, on the north, the Etruscan enemy was being managed. The defeat of Carthaginian by Sicilian



THE GROWTH OF THE ROMAN TERRITORY

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Greek at the Himera in 480, and the crushing of Carthaginian and Etruscan naval power at Cumæ in 474, hastened the decline of the one-time dangerous foe of Rome. The ever-smouldering hostility of Etruria was fanned to a blaze in the border wars of 438 to 425, and again in the famous ten-year siege of Veii at the end of the century. The taking of Veii in 396, and the downfall of Falerii and Volsinii in the following year, were the end of serious danger from the Etruscans as a power. The sway of Rome was extended beyond the Tiber between the Apennines and the sea toward the Arno in the distant north.

The roving, lawless, fluid Italian Gaul was another peril from the north. The great raid of about 390, with the capture and burning of Rome, was more a calamity for the capital city than for the Roman power at large. The year following saw Rome again in the paths of victory. In 386-370 she dealt with troublesome Volscian and Latin about Signia, Cora, and Velitræ, and in 358 and 350 demonstrated her power to beat back the Gauls in other attempted raids. She met a formidable revolt of the Latin towns, whose demand for one Latin consul had been refused, in 338 overwhelmed them at Antium, and brought all the Latins under Roman control. Her sway was now secure from the Arno to Anxur-Tarracina.

But another power had arisen to stand in the onward path of Rome. The hardy Samnite mountaineers, in the heart of the Apennines to the east and south, already in 400 a strong power, collided with Rome in three wars in the course of fifty years, until in 295 their final effort, together with that of Umbrian, Etruscan, and Gaul, convinced them that resistance was futile.

The fortress-colony of Venusia, twenty thousand strong, was planted, and the Roman standards had advanced to the borders of Magna Græcia.

The soil of Magna Græcia itself soon resounded with the tread of Roman legions. Roman aid in response to a call from Thurii resulted in collision with Tarentum, for centuries supreme in the region. The efforts of the Greek capital were in vain; not even the help of Pyrrhus, would-be Alexander of the west, with Macedonian phalanx and elephants, enabled her to make head against the Romans. The hard-won victory over Pyrrhus and the fall of Tarentum left the conquerors still stronger, and still more conscious of their strength. By 272, Rome was mistress from the Arno and the Gauls on the north to Tarentum and the Sicilian strait on the south, and from Tyrrhenian to Adriatic. Ptolemy the Second of Alexandria had recognized her importance by sending a friendly embassy.

Three miles of water was all that separated the Sicilian shore from Italy, but to cross it was to set foot in the distant and dangerous land of world ambition. When the Romans accepted the invitation of their brigand kinsmen in Messana to rescue them and the city from the Carthaginian, they entered upon a trial of arms with the greatest power in the western sea. At the end of the first Punic war, in 241, Rome was mistress of Sicily, and soon afterward of Sardinia and Corsica. The end of the war with Hannibal in 201 established her in Spain and strengthened her hold on northern Italy and the valley of the Rhone. From Malta to Gibraltar the Mediterranean sea was swept by Roman oars, and Rome had learned from Sicilian Greek and Carthaginian for



ADAPTED BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS FROM PELHAM'S OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY

THE ROMAN SWAY IN 134 B.C.

the first time the attractions of the tribute system of government.

There remained the Adriatic and the east. The war with Pyrrhus and the triumph over Carthage had removed all fear from the Roman heart. The war against Philip of Macedon, already declared in the midst of the struggle with Hannibal, was prosecuted with vigor. The Macedonian empire crumbled, and Greece was liberated, to be protected at first by Roman benevolence, and finally to yield to Roman authority. The setting of the Macedonian house in order drew the Roman legions into Asia. In the last days of Cato the censor, when the final crash of Carthage was almost audible, the hand of Rome was felt from Syria to Spain and from Africa to the Rhone, and the Mediterranean was a Roman sea.

What were the motives that impelled the city-state by the Tiber in the course of her long career of expansion?

To seek them wholly, or even largely, in the greed of citizen or state is to forget the consistent moral bent of the Roman character, and to miss the fact that Rome was never a great commercial center, nor the Romans of the Republic a race of tradesmen. If it is true that the acquisition of lands by citizen and state, rather than trade, was the Roman form of economic effort, it is also to be remembered that the immediate gain in land accrued to no single citizen or limited group of citizens, but to the commonwealth, and that its distribution, in holdings almost miniature, was actuated first of all by concern for the establishment of Roman authority among the conquered and the increase of solidarity among the citizenship. At the end of the war with Han-

nibal the state was in control of two million acres of land. The allotments to citizen-settlers on conquered soil were more like garden-plots than farms. The abuses of capitalistic absorption were not the immediate effect of conquest, but the slower growth of ordinary times.

To look for motives in the personal or patriotic ambitions of individual men of genius for action is equally to go astray. Rome had no Alexander, no Cyrus the Great, to energize her people into a unified and personal whole that swept all things before it. She had not even a Solon or a Lycurgus, at least in historic times, to mould her into the perfect image of his idea.

Nor are we to seek the springs of action wholly in the growing consciousness of a mission to perform. It is true that the Roman never forgot the superior worth of his own race as compared with the half-formed nations about him, and was proudly patronizing to even Greece and the east, and that the benevolent improvement of backward or decadent peoples was both a powerful argument in the mouth of the expansionist before aggression and a justification after; but to regard him as a self-denying missionary is to forget the stern, hard-headed, and unimaginative practicality that dominated Roman character.

Least of all did the Roman have a settled and far-sighted plan for the domination of the world. The advances of Rome to the leadership of the world were step by step, with the vision rarely reaching beyond the step of the moment. The step was often on uncertain and dangerous ground, and sometimes taken in the dark. Aggression pure and simple was rare. The forward movement was invited, or even compelled, by circumstances involving the safety of the state or its faithful-

ness to friend and ally. The forward movement of today brought unsuspected consequences that necessitated the forward movement of tomorrow. Rome was not a military state in the sense that the soldier was all in all; she was not bred to the lust of conquest for conquest's sake. It has even been said that Rome was less warlike than the races she conquered. Her armies were not the end, but the instrument, of her ambition. There was frequent blundering. There was no civil service worthy of the name. The responsible head of the state was not a single person with the map of future empire spread before him, but a provincially-minded body of hundreds whose concern was the practical need of the moment. The extrication of army and state from dangers begotten by rashness or inexperience was accomplished only by dint of the natural vigor of a growing organism.

This touches the root of the matter. The growth of the Roman power was grounded in nature. The Roman state was not a fortuitous or forced assemblage of heterogeneous parts, but an organism instinct with life. Its expansion was a process of living accretion and assimilation. Its protoplasm was the family. The family was added to the family, the clan to the clan, the community to the community, the people to the people, the nucleus gradually growing larger, more compact, and more vibrant with life, until the term of growth was reached in the latter days of the citizen-soldier, and the organism began to decay and fall apart, in turn to give life to a different form. There is a sense in which all that exists is only the product of nature, and whatever is, is right; but the process of Roman growth was peculiarly free from the mingling of artifice with nature. The arteries of Rome pulsed with the bounding blood of un-

spoiled youth. Her expansion was the irresistible push of healthy, growing things. The Romans of the later and more conscious age were nearer the truth than they were aware when they talked of the Will of the Gods and the Destiny of Rome.

The assimilative, organic character of Roman expansion is conveniently discerned in the story of Romanization in Italy. The leaven of Rome began to work in her neighbor city-states before she became their mistress. By force of example, by treaty relations providing for mutual privilege and duty, her methods and spirit were communicated abroad. When alliance was changed to possession, the conquered city-state was either merged in the Roman state as a municipium with or without the right of local self-government, or became a citizen-colony. In either case the ultimate status was Roman citizenship for all free men. The colony especially might be the effective instrument of the state. A third of the conquered city's land, taken over by Rome, was allotted to a permanent garrison of citizen-soldiers who derived subsistence from it for themselves and their families while they kept the region safe for the mother city, and, gradually blending with the subject population, transformed it to Roman character and Roman citizenship. The number of citizens sent on these missions might vary from the three hundred that were customary to the twenty-five hundred that were settled at Luceria, the four thousand at Sora, or the twenty thousand at distant Venusia. The so-called Latin colonies were of a special type and special effectiveness.

The enumeration of citizen and Latin colonies will thus not be an arid list of unfamiliar names, but a testimonial to the slow and steady extension of the life of

Rome throughout the members of Italy. Besides the tradition of the refounding of Signia and the settling of Cora, Norba, Suessa Pometia, and Velitræ in the Volscian land in 486, and of Ardea in 442, there is the record of the following colonies in the fourth and third centuries, to the end of the war with Hannibal: in Volscian territory, Antium, Anxur-Tarracina, Fregellæ, Pontiæ, Interamna, Sora; among the Æquians, Alba Fucens and Carseoli; on the coast of Etruria, Alsium, Fregenæ, and perhaps Cosa and Pyrgi; in Umbria, Narnia, Æsium, Spoletium; in Picenum, Hatria, Castrum Novum, Firmum; in Samnite lands, Saticula, Beneventum, Æsernia; in Campania and its vicinity, Cales, Suessa, Minturnæ, Sinuessa; in Lucania, Pæstum; in Apulia, Luceria and Venusia; in Calabria, Brundisium; in Gallic territory, Sena Gallica, Ariminum, Cremona, Placentia. Within the forty years that followed, a score of others were planted, among them Parma, Mutina, Luna, Luca, Bononia, and Aquileia.

With the extension of Roman sway, or following it in the course of time, went Roman citizenship. On the final overthrow of the allied Latin cities in 338, the Latins were admitted to the privileges of alliance as well as burdened with the penalties of defeat. The Sabines and Picentes later received like privileges. By the beginning of the second century, the Latins were probably all in possession of full civic rights, and their neighbors to the east well on the way to the same position. A broad band of Roman citizenship covered the center of Italy from Tyrrhenian to Adriatic. And with the spread of Roman rule and the dissemination of Roman privilege went the Latin language, supplanting or rising above the primitive local dialects, and already being forged

and tempered by constant trial into the most effective instrument that civilization has ever employed.

But to talk of expansion is to deal only with the members of the body. The heart of the Roman organism was the city by the Tiber. It is there we must go to appreciate the strength of the vital impulses compelling the growth of the state.

The foundations of Roman greatness were laid in authority: in the obedience of son to father, of clansman to chief, of subject to king. They were not laid, however, in authority undisputed, or in obedience that was blind. The will of a despot may carry his people forward for the time, but the state he governs is an unresisting, unorganic, lifeless mass, incapable of character. The life of Rome was constant struggle, the struggle that makes for strongly tempered character. The blood that ran in her veins was rapid and hot. There never was question of the principle of authority; the struggle lay in the discipline of authority. There never was question of the principle of liberty; the struggle lay in the discipline of liberty. The story of Rome from the kings to the fall of the republic is the story of the clash of wills: of the will of the few on the will of the many, of the will of the arrogant on the will of the unsubmissive, of the will of those who plan the advance and issue the order on the will of those who march and fight. The monarchy abuses its power, and the king is driven out, but not authority. Authority remains, but authority under surveillance and discipline. The consuls still are kings, but kings for the term of a year and each a check upon the other, with the people as court of appeal when the citizen's life is at issue.

But the unforeseen result of the new régime was the growing power of the ruling few; the old-time jealousies of king and senators were no longer present as mutual checks to protect the people against excess on the part of their masters. By 494, only fifteen years from the fall of the monarchy, the wrong had become intolerable, and the tribunes of the people were created to check the consular group. By 457, the tribunes had increased from two to ten, and were checks upon each other as well as upon the patricians.

Another source of abuse must be removed. The laws must be made more definite, and be set before the public. The knowledge of their intricacies by the patrician few was placing the weak at the mercy of the strong. A dozen years of struggle and turbulence preceded the drafting and confirmation of the famed Twelve Tables.

The assaults of the nameless many on the noble few continued. The quæstorship was opened to the people in 447, two years after the Twelve Tables had triumphed. In 445, the people demanded the right to elect one consul from their own ranks, and were put off with the creation of the military tribunate with consular power. In the same year, they won at last the right to marriage with the patricians. In 443, or within a few years of it, the censorship was established, a sign of the growing power of the senate, and destined to become its strong ally. In 393, the colonial distributions of land began, with the double purpose of confirming the rule of the state in doubtful territory and of providing the citizens with homes. In 367, the people finally gained the consulship, the prætorship was established, and another stage in the struggle between the many and the few was

marked by the Licinian laws, with their easement of debt and limitation of holdings in public lands to three hundred acres. The first plebeian election to the censorship occurred in 351. The following year brought the law that of the consuls one must be plebeian. Eleven years later, one censor must be plebeian. In two years more, in 337, the first plebeian sat on the prætor's bench. In 326, the tribunes of the people, who heretofore had been officers only of the commons, became regular magistrates of the Roman people entire. In 252, the seat of the pontifex maximus received its first plebeian occupant.

Two hundred and fifty years of intense conflict, in which the two great weapons of the people are the tribunate and the refusal to take up arms, have brought the full political privilege to all free Romans. The struggle has disciplined both liberty and authority. The citizenship of Rome, of whatever social rank, has been enriched and made strong for service by the sense of responsible power. The orders have mingled blood and fortune, and the state is more closely knit. The senate of ancient and proud patricians has been fertilized and vitalized by the assimilation of men whose wit and capacity in actual service have demonstrated their right to the highest public honors, until it has become the most dignified and most authoritative body of counsellors the world has ever seen. The Roman republic is not a perfect state. It will not succeed at home in quieting once for all the claims of the unfortunate many against the fortunate few. Abroad, it will find too great for its many-headed authority the task of keeping in order a world too large and too rapidly annexed. It will crack

and crumble under the strain from within and without, and monarchy will have to be called to the rescue; but it will have achieved a wonderful work, and will forever remain the world's example of vigor and nobility of character in commonwealth and individual.

2.

THE CITY OF CATO

BEFORE we add to our character-study of the Roman state a character-study of the Roman citizen, let us look at the city which was the home of both. It is not a city easy to visualize. Of its actual members few survive, and fewer still are to be seen; the great city of the Empire destroyed, obliterated, or buried it deep under the foundations of the new. Of testimonials of the pen, almost as few survive; the ancient Roman writer knew hardly more of the city of his fathers than the modern student.

It was a city of generous dimensions. Something of the amplitude which distinguishes it today from the smaller cities of Italy, and from most of her larger cities, was to be noticed even then. The Tiber and its broad valley dividing the hills to east and west, and the hills themselves with broad surfaces, and the generous depressions between that once separated the primitive villages incorporated into historic Rome, all gave the city an ample frame. The city of the Four Regions had approached five miles in circumference. The so-called Servian wall, the probable amplification, after the Gallic raid, of the old defences of the Four Regions, attained a circuit of five and three-eighths miles. The Rome of 149, the year of Cato's death, had straggled far beyond its walls, and their towers in many places rose from thickly settled quarters that made them useless as a defence. Rome had become an unwalled town.

A firmly welded Italy and a distant frontier were her ample protection now.

As to the city's size in population, we may only speculate. Fabius Pictor, of Hannibal's time, set down the number of military age and condition in the reign of Servius as eighty thousand. This was when Roman citizenship belonged in large part to the city and its outlying lands. In 465, the number of Roman citizens not dependent is recorded by Livy as 104,714; in 458, as 117,319; in 319, as 250,000. How many inhabitants of all conditions in Rome itself are represented by these and other figures, it is not easy to estimate; the citizenship of Rome was no longer confined to Latin lands. At the beginning of the second Punic war, in 218, there were on the citizens' roll about 270,000 names; in 208, the number had sunk to 137,108; in 204, it was 214,000; in 188, it was 258,318; in 172, it was 269,015; in 156, it was 328,316; and finally, just before the third Punic war, it had diminished again to 324,000. These figures but faintly indicate the number of citizen-names in the city alone. If we build on their dim suggestion by comparing the area of twentieth century Rome, containing three-fourths of a million but spreading far beyond the walls, with the probably much more thickly inhabited area of the city at Cato's death, we may reasonably estimate the Rome of that time as containing, men and women, slave and free, some three to four hundred thousand inhabitants.

The center and heart of the city is the Forum. On the borders of its three acres of space are temples to Saturn, the god of sowing, to Concordia, in token of the harmony of the orders fondly believed to have been attained by the Licinian laws, to Castor and Pollux, the divine

twins who brought the news of Lake Regillus, to Janus, god of war and beginnings, to Venus of the Cloaca. There are the basilicas of Porcius Cato, of Sempronius, and of Æmilius Paullus, rectangular buildings of nave and aisle and portico for the housing of the courts and legal business in general. At the northwest corner is the venerable senate, and, at its front on the Forum's edge, the comitium for assemblies and the rostra for harangues and announcements. On the northern and southern sides are lines of shops, the New and the Old. At its eastern end are the ancient round temple of Vesta and the fountain of Juturna, and, farther east, on the north slope of the Palatine, is the temple of Jupiter Stator. High on the Palatine, already the richest residence quarter, are the better mansions of the city, commanding wide prospects over Forum and hills. The temples of Jupiter Victor and the Great Mother of the Gods are also on the Palatine, the latter looking across the deep valley to the twin heights of the Capitoline, where the Mint and temple of Juno on the arx, and the temple of Jupiter Best and Greatest on the southern peak, seem almost to float in air above their low environment. Traversing the Forum from the temple of Jupiter Stator beyond its eastern end to the winding road that climbs the Capitol at the other end, is the vagrant Sacra Via. Besides these two, there are other outlets from the Forum: the Vicus Tuscus, through the dense Velabrum to the Tiber on the south; the passage that leads through the crowded, plebeian Subura on the northeast to the Clivus Suburanus on the Esquiline; the Argiletum, through the district of the same name, a quarter of small tradesmen near the senate.

To the south, between Palatine and Capitoline and

near their bases, the business of the too crowded Forum has overflowed into cattle-market and vegetable-market. A round temple and a temple in Ionic Greek are near. Out of the dense plebeian quarters on the Aventine, whose base is washed by the Tiber, rises the ancient temple of Diana. To the north of the Aventine, in the long valley whose farther limit is the foot of the Palatine, is the Circus Maximus. The Cælian to the east, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, to the north, are a mingling of houses of rich and poor, with many smaller shrines at corners of the streets, and here and there a larger sanctuary.

Temple and public building in the city of the Republic were of rugged hewn blocks of native stone, the houses of stone or wood frames and sun-dried brick and tile, and, in some of the poorer quarters, of the primitive clay and osiers. The tenement of two stories, and sometimes more, was beginning to appear. Many houses, in obedience to a law of the Twelve Tables, were still isolated by narrow passages. Cramped and dirty alleys led into crooked and unpaved streets ten or twenty feet wide that found their way to the better but still winding thoroughfares which left the city through the sixteen gates in the old wall.

Outside the gates of the Esquiline was the burial-ground of centuries. Beyond other gates were growing suburban quarters. The Campus Martius, traversed by the avenue that on leaving the city became the Flaminian Way, was beginning to fill on its eastern and southern sides. Two bridges, the Æmilian, hardly completed, and the ancient wooden bridge by the Aventine, led over the river to meadows and slopes at the base of the Janiculum, fast becoming a populous district. The

Appian Way, already with many tombs on its borders, cut straight across the plain and through the vineyards of the Alban slopes and on to the south. The salt-carts jolted up the road from Ostia and the marshes and out of Rome on the opposite side by the Via Salaria to the towns in the mountains of central Italy. All roads now led to Rome.

There were docks and warehouses and shipping on the Tiber outside the walls near the Aventine, and naval yards at the edge of the Campus Martius. In 172, fifty ships of war were to be fitted from the out-of-date quinquiremes assembled there. The southern part of the city had been supplied with water from near the Alban Hills for over a hundred and fifty years through the Appian aqueduct. The Anio aqueduct, from the upper Anio fifty miles away, had supplied the northern quarters for over a hundred years. There were a few simple public baths, and the public bakery had appeared. There were no permanent theaters, though Plautus and Terence had lived, and Accius and Pacuvius were still composing.

It was already a city old and full of years. The stranger within its gates was taken to visit temples that had stood for centuries, and lesser shrines and altars and monuments whose origins were lost in the mists of unknown times. He saw the hut of Romulus on the Palatine, the cave of the Lupercal where the Twins were taken up, the Ruminal fig tree in the Forum, grown from a shoot of the original that sheltered them, the Sister's beam under which the Horatius who slew his sister was made to pass, the statue of Attius Navius, the augur who put the doubting king to confusion by cutting the stone with the razor, the marvellous horns in

the temple of Diana on the Aventine that belonged to the Sabine cow whose sacrifice by the wily Roman priest retained the dominion at Rome, the statue of Horatius Cocles who kept the bridge in the brave days of old, the wonderful temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus that was founded in the days of the kings, the Tarpeian rock, the pool of Curtius in the Forum where the hero spurred on his horse and leapt into the smoking chasm, the senate house from Tullius Hostilius' times, the rostra with the beaks of the rebel ships fixed to it two hundred years before.

It was a city honest and unadorned. The principal streets were paved, the temple of Jupiter was decorated with the crude archaic terra cottas done long ago by Etruscan artists, and other temples made some pretence to color in their upper members, and sometimes relieved their bareness within or without by the use of stucco, painting, statues, relics, and offerings of the devout. From the times of interference in Macedonia, Greece, and Asia, the spoils of war had begun to be seen in temple and public place. All this, however, did little to enliven the city as a whole. Cato in 195, when Greek art was beginning to be felt in the capital, already heard "too many people praising and admiring the ornaments of Corinth and Athens, and laughing at the antefixes of the Roman gods." Thirteen years afterward, the train of Prince Perseus of Macedon passed the jest at the expense of the Romans, "some on their ways and institutions, some on their achievements, some on the appearance of the city itself, not yet beautiful either in public or private places, some on certain of the leading men." In the next century Cicero was to contrast with Capua, a city "laid out on a very level site," Rome, "set

on hills and valleys, with garrets hung aloft in the air, with avenues by no means the best, and with miserably narrow little streets," and was to ridicule the Latin towns outside of Rome in comparison with those in the Capuan neighborhood. Not much later, Augustus found eighty-two temples so worn with age as to need restoration, and Strabo made interesting comment on the tumble-down walls and houses of Rome.

It was a city swept by fires, undermined by floods, shaken by earthquake, and sometimes in the throes of plague. In 213, "a terrible fire raged unrestrained at Rome for two nights and a day"; everything between the southern base of the Capitoline and the Tiber was levelled with the ground; "and outside the gate the fire raged far and wide, consuming many buildings sacred and profane." In 192, "there were at the same time at Rome two very great terrors. The one was of long duration, but of less violence: the earth shook for eight-and-thirty days, through as many days all work was suspended for anxiety and fear, and a three-days supplication was held because of it. The other was no empty fright, but a real calamity for many people: a fire broke out in the cattle-market and for a day and a night the buildings toward the Tiber were ablaze, and all the shops with their valuable merchandize went up in smoke." Two years before, a certain Pleminius, in prison for many crimes against gods and men, "had suborned persons to set the city on fire by night in many places simultaneously, in order that the citizens might be thrown into panic by the tumult and the prison be broken open." The plot was detected, but the incident suggests the inflammability of the structures of the time. In 192 also, "the Tiber swept down with more damage than the



THE TIBER AT OSTIA

THIS IS THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT MOUTH,
NOW FOUR MILES FROM THE SEA

year before, and overturned two bridges and many buildings, especially about the Porta Flumentana. A huge mass of rock, started from its place by the rains or by some quake of the earth too light to be felt elsewhere, crashed down from the Capitoline into the Vicus Jugarius and crushed many people; the fields were overwhelmed by water, and flocks of sheep carried away, and villas wrecked." In 189, the Tiber raged again: "in that year there were huge floods; twelve times did the Tiber inundate the Campus Martius and the flat parts of the city." In 174, "the plague, which the preceding year had attacked the cattle, was converted into an epidemic among men. Those who were stricken could hardly survive the seventh day; those who did survive fell a prey to lingering disease, especially the quartan fever. The slaves were the ones to die in greatest number; their unburied bodies were a dreadful sight of ravage through all the streets. Decent burial could not be managed for even the free. Corpses untouched by dogs and vultures were consumed by rotting; and all agreed that neither in that nor in the preceding year had the vulture been seen anywhere devouring in such quantities cattle and men. Priests of the people to die in that plague were Gnæus Servilius Cæpio the pontifex, father of the prætor, and Tiberius Sempronius Longus the son of Tiberius, decemvir of sacred matters, and Publius Ælius Pætus the augur, and Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, and Gaius Atellus Maximus the chief curio, and Marcus Sempronius Tuditanus the pontifex." In 173, a different danger threatened the city: "Such clouds of locusts were suddenly carried over the sea by the wind into Apulia that far and wide the fields were covered by their swarms. Gnæus Sicinius the prætor-elect was sent to

Apulia with full power to act in rescuing the crops from this pest, and spent a considerable time with a huge force of men he drafted for the purpose of gathering the locusts up."

Such was the Rome of the citizen-soldier and ruler of the world of the time: a city rugged and sincere in aspect; a city indifferent to the graces of art, and disdainful of effect except in its temples and edifices of state; a city already ancient and historic; a city crowded with habitations and teeming with life, that sat like a queen in the midst of the plains and hills whose essence it was fast absorbing into its own life. The cities of Latium had dwindled or ceased to grow, and many were only memories. In 187, a delegation of Latins complained before the senate of the migration of their citizens to Rome and their enrollment on her censors' lists, and twelve thousand were returned to their native towns, the throngs of the alien-born being already a burden to the capital. Ten years later the senate was the scene of a similar protest; at the present rate, it was informed, the Latin towns would soon be empty, and the deserted fields would yield no soldiers.

The aspect of country as well as city was rapidly changing, but in opposite directions. The clearing away of groves, the erosion of plowed lands, and the constant drain of centuries of intensive tillage, had thinned and weakened the soil. The rise of urban opportunity for livelihood and pleasure had attracted the rustic to the city, and the growing importation of grain and other foodstuffs from distant and more abundant markets had compelled him to leave the farm. Annual tribute of a million bushels of wheat was exacted of Carthage at the end of the first great war. The ranks of the an-

cient peasantry had been thinned by death in the battles of their country. The small farmer, who during the earlier centuries tilled his own acres with the aid of his sons, had long been a renter and subordinate of the landed proprietor, but now the tillage of the soil was giving way to the pasturing of herds and flocks. The olive and the vine were planted by men of means on the choicer of the Alban slopes. The lands about the city were more than ever in the hands of the aristocratic rulers of the Roman state.

The Rome of Cato's last years, the Rome that had conquered Carthage, Macedon, and Syria, the Rome of assured imperial sway, the Rome that was soon to pillage Corinth and plow the ground where the Punic city stood, was already turning from provincial ways to the ways of the world. Her noblest and strongest sons she had left on the battlefields of a hundred years of momentous wars. Her veins had been all but emptied of the old-time pure and vigorous Latin blood, and into the void was fast flowing the blood of the nameless, the alien, and the slave. She was to assimilate and make it her own, and to go forward on her Eternal way; but she had passed a moment in her eternity that was never to occur again. The day of the citizen-soldier was all but past. The character which through singleness of purpose and self-domination had raised her to the pinnacle of power and usefulness was fast becoming a memory.

3.

THE CITIZEN-SOLDIER OF ROME

WHO is this man who taught the nations of the earth at first to obey and respect, and finally to love, his mistress Rome? Let us look at him and know him well before he leaves the scene forever. We shall doubtless see him raised by the buskin to a stature more than real, and arrayed in a cloak of dignity too faultless for action in the rough turmoil of actual life; but we shall see him as he appeared to his regretful descendants of the later and less heroic days of Rome, and to the long succession of generations who have found in him the inspiration to manliness and patriotism. And who is the real man if not that part of him that lives on in the life of the race?

The Roman who has thus lived on was from the first a soldier. To secure and maintain his home in earliest Latium, the tribesman-warrior had perforce to live under arms. Earliest Rome was a city-camp. The Roman of the early Republic was bred to the use of horse and weapon, and trained to the maximum endurance of hardship. Whatever the trade or calling his ambition set before him, his boyhood instruction, whether formal or informal, was centered about the idea of military usefulness. Whatever ambition he entertained for serving the state in the civic capacity, the avenue to its achievement lay through the soldier's training and the soldier's career. The Villian law of 180, so regulating the order of office that its first important position, the quæstorship, could be held only after ten years of actual army

service, or readiness for it if required, no doubt made formal the approximate practice of many years.

The spirit of the earliest men of the plain persisted through Monarchy and Republic. Remulus, the Rutulian foe of Ascanius, cries out to the Phrygian invaders of his country: "What god has driven you to Italy, what madness? Not here will you find sons of Atreus or a Ulysses the weaver of tales. A hardy race are we, from a hardy stock. Our new-born sons we carry to the rivers and harden them in the cruel cold of their waters; they pass their boyhood years in vigil for the chase, and ply the woodlands, and their sport is to rein the steed and send flying the level arrow from the bow of horn; yet, enduring in toil and acquainted with want, our young men subdue the earth with the mattock or shake cities in war. Our years are consumed in the wielding of iron; with the spear reversed we tire the flanks of our steers, and sluggish age does not weaken our souls or change our vigor; on heads that are white we set the heavy helmet."

The vigor of body and soul in the fighter of historic times is vividly pictured by Ennius, himself a soldier in the Sardinian campaign, whence Cato brought him to Rome: "Like rain the spears come flying upon the tribune from every side. They pierce his shield, the boss rings with their shafts, his helmet of brass resounds beneath their strokes; but, strive though his enemies may on every hand, no one can rend his body with the steel. The spears that ever surge upon him he shatters and breaks in pieces. His whole body flows with perspiration, his travail is great, his breath is failing. The Histri hurl their flying weapons and vex him sorely."

A less poetic and more intimate characterization of

the soldier is afforded by the speech of a veteran campaigner in the Macedonian wars. He is speaking in the year 171, seconding the consul's appeal to centurions for prompt response to the senate's call: "My name is Spurius Ligustinus, my fellow citizens; I belong to the Crustumina tribe, and come of Sabine stock. My father left me half an acre of land and the little cabin in which I was born and reared; and that is my home today. As soon as I was of proper age, my father gave me to wife his brother's daughter, who brought with her nothing but a free state and her chastity, and with these a capacity for the bearing of children which would have suited a rich man's house. We had six sons, and two daughters, both already married. Of our sons, four have the toga of manhood, and two are still in the boys' prætexta. I entered the service under the consuls Publius Sulpicius and Gaius Aurelius. In the army which was taken across to Macedonia I served as a private against King Philip; in the third year Titus Quinctius Flamininus as a reward of valour promoted me to centurion of the tenth rank of spearmen. After the defeat of Philip and the Macedonians, and after we had been brought back to Italy and discharged, I immediately enlisted as a volunteer, and set out for Spain with the consul Marcus Porcius. Of all commanders alive, there is none a keener observer and judge of worth than he, and those who have known both him and other generals in long service know it. This commander thought me worthy of promotion to first centurion of the spearmen. The third time I served, which was the second time I volunteered, I went into the army that was sent against the Ætolians and King Antiochus. . . . Twice after that I served in Spain. . . . For the fourth time within

a few years I was first centurion, four-and-thirty times I had prizes from my generals for valour, and received six civic crowns. I have twenty-two years of service to my credit, and am over fifty years old; but even if my years of service were not run out and my age did not excuse me, nevertheless it would be the just thing for me to have my discharge, Publius Licinius, because I could give you four soldiers in place of my single self. However, please understand this that I am going to say in regard to my case: as long as anybody enrolling an army thinks me fit for soldier's service, I shall never offer excuse. In what rank the tribunes of the soldiers judge me worthy to serve, belongs to them to say. I will see to it that no one in the army excels me in valour, which has always been my way of doing, as both my commanders and fellow soldiers can witness. And the right thing for you too, comrades, though you are within your rights in making this protest, is to continue the record of your younger days, in which you never opposed the authority of magistrates and senate, and on this occasion, too, to yield to the power of senate and consuls, and consider all posts honorable in which you can defend the state."

The Roman who made his country great was not only a soldier, but a citizen-soldier. If he was first of all a soldier, it was because he was also first of all a citizen. The state was his own affair, and the army as its instrument was equally his affair. Whatever the abuses that troubled the relations of order to order and of class to class, the Roman freeman was the equal of other Roman freemen. He had his vote in the assembly, when in capital danger he could appeal from king or consul to the mass of the citizenship, and in the end the way

was opened for him without reserve to the highest honors of the state. Responsibility went with privilege. He helped to make the laws, it was his to guard them against abuse, it was his to fight for the state at home and abroad. He and his fellows in citizenship were the center and the flower of the army. They held the post of honor and the post of danger; the allies, not yet wielded to single temper, were given the right and left. When disaster overtook the Roman arms, it was the citizen-soldier who first and most freely poured out his blood. Pyrrhus found him lying in line with wounds in front. Mago after Cannæ emptied whole measures of gold rings on the senate floor at Carthage, and, "to make the proof of the Roman disaster stronger, added words to action by saying that no one but those of equestrian rank, and even of them the most distinguished, could wear that token."

The citizen and soldier of Rome was farther distinguished from the men of other states of his time by being essentially a man of the country. In the earliest days of Latium he was shepherd and farmer, and to the latest days of the Republic still bore the stamp of his native acres. The Palatine was the hill of Pales, the shepherd's goddess; its northern gate was the Porta Mugonia, the Lowing-gate. Of the thirty-five voting tribes that finally made up Roman citizenship, thirty-one were rustic and four urban. More than a dozen religious festivals in the Roman calendar were of rustic origin. There were the Ambarvalia in May, when a procession of garlanded folk with olive branches in hand went chanting around the borders of the fields with the sacrificial bull and sheep and pig; the Fontinalia in October, in honor of springs and wells; the Saturnalia in December, for the

ancient god of the soil; the Paganalia in the same month, for the seeding soon to come; the Lupercalia, to purify and fertilize the flocks, and the Terminalia, the festival of boundaries, in February; the Palilia and the Robigalia in April, to prosper the sheep and keep the rust and blight from the grain; the Vinalia in April and August, for thrifty vines; and others whose origins were in the mists of unknown days. The names of certain long-established families were derived from rustic possessions in plants and animals: there were the Fabii and the Lentuli, from beans and lentils; the Cornelii, from the cornel tree; the Porcii, the Equitii, the Juventii, from hogs and horses and oxen. The earliest money of Rome was stamped with the ox or the plow. Cincinnatus and his kind, when the business of the state was off their hands, were busy on their farms beyond the walls.

"The country was at that time the home of senators," says Cato in Cicero's essay *On Old Age;* "for it was while he was at the plow that the message came to Cincinnatus of his having been made dictator." "Curius and the rest of the elders used to be summoned to the senate from their farm homes." "When they praised a man for his good qualities," writes Cato in his work *On Agriculture,* "they used to praise him as a good farmer and a good worker of the soil. He was thought to be most amply praised who was praised in these terms . . . and those who are given to that pursuit are least liable to evil thoughts." "Those great men, our ancestors," says Varro a hundred years later, "were not without reason in esteeming the Romans of the country more than those of the city; for as those in the country who are in the villa are of less spirit than those who live in

the fields and engage in some work, so they judged those whose home was in the town of less energy than those who tilled the fields." When Horace wishes a contrast in strong colors to the lax household morals of Augustan times, he goes back to the rustic soldier of the Punic wars.

> The manly brood of rustic soldier-folk,
> Taught, when the mother or the father spoke
> The word austere, obediently to wield
> The heavy mattock in the Sabine field;
>
> Or cut and bear home fagots from the height
> As mountain shadows deepened into night,
> And the sun's car, departing down the west,
> Brought to the wearied ox the friendly rest.

Even in the later times when the city had drawn the citizen-farmer away from the soil, his contact with it was not lost. The wealth of the ruling class continued to be the pastures and fields of the Campagna, the ambition of the humbler citizen never ceased to be the possession of acres of his own. When the Roman standards were planted on foreign soil and the conquered lands were sold or rented by the state, the noble found a field for speculation and the nameless to some extent the opportunity of winning a home. At the end of the second Punic war, the state was owner of some two million acres, a large part of it in the devastated areas. The question of the disposition of public lands, or of the hindrance of the large estate, or of confiscation and division into smaller holdings, was always to the fore in Roman politics. The senators and their kind were forbidden by the feeling of their class, and almost by

law, to engage in ordinary traffic. An act of 218 forbidding the senator to own more than one ship, and that of ordinary size, suggests the desire to keep the men whose proper sphere was government away from the distractions and corruptions of the commercial career. It is probably true that no state and no body of public men have ever been less actuated by plain commercial greed than the Roman republic and the Roman senate. The absence of economic detail from the pages of Roman literature is not due entirely to the failure of its authors to realize the part of economics in history.

Both circumstance and sentiment thus kept the leading men of the city close to the soil. The management of the landed estate was at the same time dignified, salutary, and as profitable as a man should wish whose desire for wealth was second to his devotion to the affairs of his country. When he needed restoration of body or soul, it was on his estate that he found it. When he returned to the senator's seat or the bench of the prætor or the consular bureau, the aura of the countryside came with him and breathed freshness and sanity into the life of the state. The gravitation of the citizenship from farm and hamlet to the growing capital was accompanied by the same effect; the life of the country was projected constantly into the city, and for many generations neutralized the tendency to urban sophistication. The practical works of Cato, the soldier and statesman, and of Varro, the soldier, administrator, and scholar, and the exquisite country flavor of Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, and of Cicero's *On Old Age,* are all alike witnesses to the rural imprint upon the life of Rome; for these men, even to Cato himself, were not men of the country first of all, but men of a city which

had never been weaned from the soil. The Rome of the citizen-soldier was not a city sharply defined and standing apart from the Latin acres; it was a city whose roots were deep in the soil and ever absorbing its fruitful juices. The city and the country were one.

In a character thus blended of citizen and soldier and rustic, it follows as the night the day that certain definite traits will appear. The Roman who subdued the Italian cities and wealthy Carthage was frugal to the point of abstinence. The life of his fathers had bred him to it. His food was the rude bread and homely porridge afforded by his grains, the fruits of his own garden and orchard, the flesh of his beasts in sparing quantity, the honey and oil of his bees and olives, and the temperate draught of wine. He was hard-working. The toil of generations of earnest men was in his blood; "industry grafted into the souls of the Romans," writes Livy. He was simple in his ways and ideas; simple, not consciously or for effect, but by nature. The scant sum given to certain informers of a plot against the city in 419 is recorded by Livy as "riches in the esteem of those times." He had the rustic distrust of luxury. Almost from the first, he was on his guard against the inroads of easy living. The so-called law of Numa forbade the use of wine to quench the funeral embers, and the tenth of the Twelve Tables was devoted largely to sumptuary restrictions. The wood of the funeral pyre was not to be planed; not more than three cloaks or three fillets of purple were allowed in either cremation or burial, nor more than ten flute-players employed; the bodies of slaves were not to be embalmed; expensive libations, funeral dinners, and wreaths were forbidden, and the erection of incense-altars; not more than one ceremony

was to be performed for the same deceased; gold was not to be buried or burned with the dead unless as a necessary part of the teeth. As late as 154, the first stone theater, already half completed, was ordered down by the senate. The whole life of Cato was a warfare against the growing taste for indulgence.

The luxuries of the mind as well as of the body were actively opposed. The citizen-soldier-farmer held art in contempt; beyond its giving distinction to the buildings that represented the greatness of the state, he did not even understand its uses. Beyond the contribution of practical knowledge to excellence in the ranks, at the rostra and on the senate floor, and in matters of livelihood, he understood as little the nature of education. All occupation that did not yield immediate and substantial results was unworthy in his estimation. The only education that counted with him was that which taught his sons to ride, to wield the weapons of war, to swim, to endure hardship and toil, to read and write and cipher, and to stand on his feet and deliver with effect his thoughts on the welfare of the state. His sole object was to render them serviceable to the republic and to equip them with shrewd, practical common sense for the affairs of every day. He saw that they learned the Twelve Tables by heart, and exercised the most careful supervision over their younger years, himself acting as their tutor whenever possible, and making them his companions at home and abroad in city or country as he moved about his affairs. The niceties of written and oral expression he hardly comprehended, and even despised. Even in public address he scorned anything that savored of finish. The first of the Roman orators to cultivate smoothness of period, rhetorical rhythm, and the art of

presentation, according to Cicero, the master in all these things, was Marcus Æmilius Lepidus Porcina, consul in 137, and the fragments of the early orations support the statement. "Master the subject, and your words will come," was the favorite counsel of Cato; the best eloquence consisted in the straightforward utterance bound to come from thorough knowledge of the matter at issue.

Besides his rustic simplicity, abstemiousness, and hard common sense, the Roman citizen-soldier had also the immovableness of the unchanging country. He was immovable in the stern austerity of family life to which his race was bred. His power was absolute over all the household except his wife, who as the mother of citizens and the representative of the home was dignified by the law with a certain independence. He was capable, in times of patriotic exaltation, of condemning a son to death for breach of discipline. He was stern no less with himself than with the members of his house. He held himself to faithful observance of duty to the gods, to the spirits of his fathers dead and departed, to his living kin, and to the stranger within his gates; he had the highest ideals of justice and integrity, and of all the qualities that go to make the man. His definition of *virtus,* virtue, or manliness, was comprehensive and enlightened. Of course it included vigor and fearlessness; for the rest, Lucilius with characteristic wordiness no doubt reflects the views of the earlier times: "Virtue, Albinus, is knowing how to set the true price upon the things among which we live and move and have our being; virtue is for a man to know all true values. Virtue is for a man to appreciate what is upright, useful, and honorable, what is bad as well as what is good, what is useless, base, and dishonorable. Virtue is to

know the end and measure of getting. Virtue is to know how to place their true value upon riches, to give to honor what is really its due, to be the enemy and assailant of bad men and bad morals, but to be the defender of good men and good morals, to magnify and wish them well and be their friends; and, besides, to hold the good of one's country first, the good of one's kinsmen next, and one's own good third and last of all."

He was as immovable in the face of the new as he was stern in his family relations and with himself. He was a conservative of the conservatives. He resisted not only change for the sake of change, but change that was grounded in reason. Novelty for him had no charm. The *mos maiorum,* the way of his fathers, was for him of the highest authority, in morals, in religion, and in politics, in matters public and private. His attitude in religion in this respect was extreme. His ceremonies and formulæ, once established and of the desired effect, were fixed. What had once been tested and found effective, he saw no reason to alter; in change there was peril. He preserved the exact wording, the exact spelling, of every formula, the exact movement of every rite. The song of the Salii, as they leaped and danced and clashed their sacred spears and shields to the glory of Mars, was conserved in this scrupulous manner until in the first Christian century it was practically a composition in a foreign tongue, and Quintilian declared it was scarcely intelligible to the priests who used it. The flamen of Jupiter was hedged about by commands and prohibitions whose meaning in many cases had long since been forgotten. He was forbidden to ride a horse, to look upon an army in battle array outside the city, to wear a ring which had not been broken and deprived of its

nature as a bond, to wear a knot in any part of his dress, to touch leavened bread. His bed must have the posts daubed with clay where they touched the floor, and he must not be absent from it more than twice in succession. A man in bonds, in case he entered the flamen's house, must be freed, and the bonds must be removed by being taken up through the impluvium and then let down to the street. The ancient worship of Latin Jupiter on the Alban Mount was maintained throughout the centuries; the pilgrimages to Juno of Lanuvium still continued long after a less primitive and barbarous Juno sat on the Capitoline and Aventine. The Roman and the Roman state were in all things very religious. They lived in the dread and fear of portent and prodigy, especially in times of pestilence and war. The stroke of lightning, the croaking or flight of birds in some peculiar manner, the earthquake, the birth of a one-handed baby or the hatching of three-legged chicks, and the like, all set both individual and state to searchings of heart, to consultations of priest and Sibylline books, to festivals of prayer and purification. Ardea is omitted in the distribution of meat on the Alban Mount, and the Latin festival entire must be repeated; a falling timber topples a goddess over, and a day is added to the Ludi Romani; a man has repeated dreams of Jupiter's displeasure at some detail in the games, and the senate orders their celebration anew; the sacred pullets will not feed, and the battle must not be fought.

Such things as these lasted on in the city until Cæsar's time; his enemies obstructed his plans by "watching the sky," and by other uses from the hoary past, until he broke through custom and law by disregarding them. In the unchanging country, the lore of superstition never

died. Livy himself, whatever his beliefs or disbeliefs, is not without reverence for the ancient survivals from the golden age of Roman character. "I am not unaware," he writes, "that, because of the same indifference which has brought with it the prevailing disbelief in signs from the gods, almost no prodigies are either officially reported or set down in the annals; but, as for me, somehow when I am writing the story of the olden time my mind takes on the cast of ancient days, and my conscience also forbids me to regard as unworthy of my chronicles the things that those sagest men of old thought worthy of the state's attention. At Anagnia that year two prodigies were reported, a torch seen in the sky, and a cow that spoke; she is kept at the public expense. At Minturnæ also in those days the heavens had glowed as with a blazing fire. At Reate there was a shower of stones. At Cumæ in the citadel Apollo dropped tears three days and three nights. In the city of Rome, two temple-keepers reported, the one that a serpent with a crest had appeared to several in the temple of Fortune, the other that in the temple of Fortune the First-born, the one on the hill, two prodigies of different sorts were seen, a palm that sprang from the court, and a rain of blood by day. . . . In the matter of the prodigies affecting the state, the Books were consulted by the decemvirs, who ordered the sacrifice of forty major victims at all the altars by all the magistrates together, and the wearing of chaplets by the people."

It was not that the Roman of these early times was entirely static in religion, for he was not. The beliefs and practices of the surrounding Latin tribes, of the more distant Etruscans and Samnites, of southern Italy

and Greece, were not without their impress on the Roman mind, nor indeed without a degree of welcome; but the character of the citizen-soldier-farmer resisted sudden change. It was only what met his need by being in accord with his nature that was wrought into his faith and practice, and it was by a slow and living process. By 217, the great gods of Greece had all found homes in the city of Rome, and in 204 the Phrygian Great Mother was brought as a means of sustaining the popular courage; but the Homeric Twelve had to lose much of their Hellenism before they were more to the Roman than instruments of state, and the goddess from Asia was three hundred years in winning her way.

But it was especially in the capacity of citizen and patriot that the Roman was steadfast and immovable, and most of all when calamity and danger were at their greatest. "Adversity tames us," writes Cato to his son in the *Origines,* "and teaches us our true line of conduct, while good fortune is apt to warp us from the way of prudence."

Adversity did indeed discipline the Roman, but it never subdued him. Probably no people in all history ever passed through such a fiery trying-out as the Romans endured and survived in the war with Hannibal. "The most memorable of all the wars that have ever been waged," Livy rightly calls it. The two strongest nations of the earth, each at the peak of prosperity and power and skill in the practice of arms, and both inspired by a hatred almost greater than their strength, met in a life-and-death struggle of seventeen years in which "so varied were the fortunes of war and so doubtful the event that those who finally won were the nearer to destruction." At the Trebia in 218, the Roman fortunes seemed

to hang upon the one shock with Hannibal's army, and the battle was lost. At Trasimene in 217, the Roman army was cut to pieces and scattered in the wildest rout over all Etruria. At Rome, after an anxious, uncertain day with the Forum thronged and the senate surrounded by the breathless, questioning population, "at length, a little before the setting of the sun, Marcus Pomponius the prætor appeared. 'There has been a great battle,' he said, 'and we have lost.' " This time the state seemed lost indeed; there was nothing between Hannibal and Rome. But there was no thought of yielding. An embassy from Naples with massive golden plate for the exhausted treasury was politely thanked for its generosity and pains, and the lightest of all the pieces accepted. Delegates from Pæstum received the same answer. The offers in money and men and ships by Hiero of Syracuse, the veteran ally of Rome, who "knows well that the greatness of the Roman people is almost more wonderful in adversity than in times of success," and that they "make use of no regular infantry and cavalry not of Roman and Latin stock," are partly accepted as far as men and ships are concerned, but the money is refused. For the first time the usual military pledge is supplemented by an oath not to retreat and never to step from the line "except for the purpose of picking up or seizing a pike, or of wounding the enemy or saving a citizen's life." Once more the army was re-created, the following year once more to be annihilated. Of the hundred thousand in the ranks at Cannæ, fifty to sixty thousand met death, the greater part of them Roman citizens, and among them eighty volunteers who were either senators or holding offices on which their seats in the senate followed. The remnant

was dispersed in every direction, and the road to Rome again lay open. At the first receipt of the news, the senators themselves assumed responsibility in the absence of magistrates, and in person took measures "to suppress the tumult and panic in the city, to forbid women in the street and to keep them behind their own doors, to hush the family funeral-cries, to have messengers in every case taken straight to the prætors and to have the citizens await at home the news of their fortunes, and besides to station guards at the gates to prevent all going out, and to compel the people to look for salvation nowhere but to the city and its walls. When the tumult should have subsided, then the senators were to be called back to the senate house to consult on the protection of the city." Yet even now they refused to ransom the captured, and would not so much as receive the Carthaginian officer sent to negotiate. The dictator and master of horse put through a draft from the age of seventeen, and included some of the boys not yet in the toga of manhood. They ordered the forging of new armor and weapons, and the stripping of temples and porticoes of the old-time spoils of the enemy. When one of a body of prisoner-envoys sent to solicit ransom for himself and fellows refuses to return to the enemy on the ground that he gave an ambiguous oath, the senate orders him arrested and conducted back to Hannibal under guard. The Italians and Greeks to the south and the Gauls to the north go over to the Carthaginians, "yet these disasters and the defection of allies never moved the Romans to mention peace, either before the consul's arrival or after his return had freshened the memory of the crushing defeat they had sustained. Even at the moment of this crisis, of such

great soul was the citizenship that all sorts and conditions of people went in crowds to meet the consul as he returned from the disaster of which he himself had been principal cause, and thanked him for not despairing of the republic. If he had been a general of the Carthaginians, he would have been spared no form of punishment."

"Hannibal was in Italy, the victor of Cannæ," Livy has Cato say; "presently he had taken Tarentum, Arpi, Capua; his movement upon the city of Rome seemed imminent; our allies had abandoned us; we had no soldiers for reinforcements, no naval allies to safeguard the fleet, no money in the treasury; slaves were being bought to put in the ranks on condition of their owners being paid for them when the war was over; against the same term of payment the contractors had said they would arrange for the delivery of grain and other supplies demanded by the uses of war; out of our private means we were contributing slaves to man the oars in numbers fixed according to the census; all of our gold and silver, following the lead of the senators, we turned over to the state; dependent women and children contributed their savings to the treasury." When at length, in 211, the long-expected comes to pass, and the dreadful Hannibal crosses the Volturnus, sweeps up the Latin Way through Frusino and Ferentinum and Anagnia and Gabii, and pitches camp on the Anio three miles from Rome, soon afterward to ride up to the very walls at the Colline gate, "two circumstances, one of great moment and the other slight, caused his hopes to fall: the one of moment, that while he in person was at the gates of Rome with his army he was told that sol-

diers had marched out of the city with colors flying as a reinforcement for Spain; the slight one, that he learned from a certain captive during those days that the land on which he had his camp had been sold with no reduction in price because of his presence. It seemed to him so arrogant and insulting that a purchaser had been found for the soil which he had seized in war and actually had in possession, that he straightway called a crier and had the silversmiths' shops about the Roman Forum put up for sale."

Such were the constancy and endurance of the Roman under stress, such the solid, old-fashioned virtues in general of the men who wrought and maintained the city of Rome and the Roman state. "It was our way in those times," says Livy of the comparatively recent day of the Macedonian wars, "in the midst of reverses to wear the countenance of success, and in success to keep our souls within bounds."

But, in the appraisal of character, action too should be allowed to speak. No race in the history of the world has had a nobler gallery of hero-portraits than the Roman people. Who was the Roman? Let us look at the long line of those remembered for deeds of daring and devotion. If the colors are sometimes intense and the lights high, this does not signify that the likeness is not present.

Lucretia, first of all, is there, spinning the wool late at night with her women, and dying by her own hand lest any Roman woman should justify by her example a life, however guiltless, that bore a stain. There is Collatinus, who, Tarquin though he is, resigns the consulship and goes into voluntary exile in order to relieve

the new régime of all embarrassment. There is Brutus, who would have brooked

> The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
> As easily as a king,

trying his sons for plotting against their country, and presiding at their execution. There is Horatius, the gallant defender of the bridge; and Mucius of the Left Hand, who holds his right in the fire to convince the Etruscan king of the Roman temper; and Clœlia, hostage in the Etruscan camp, who swims the Tiber with her fellow hostages, and brings them safe home through the rain of weapons. There is Menenius Agrippa, who narrates to the plebs in secession the story of the mutual dependence of belly and members, and there is the plebs that generously allows itself to be convinced. There are the Fabii, three hundred and six strong, marching out of the city on the voluntary mission of keeping the men of Veii in check, to be caught in ambush with not a man surviving. There is Coriolanus and his mother Volumnia, whose entreaties for the state turn back her rebellious son from assured revenge to exile and miserable death. There is Cincinnatus, leaving his plow in the field across the Tiber for the dictatorship and the rescue of a Roman army. There is Virginia and the resolute father who will have her dead but not dishonored. There is Marcus Manlius, who single-handed in the dead of night discomfits the Gauls on the rock of the Capitol; and the young Fabius, who, faithful to the religion of his family and the state, arrays himself in the priestly vestments and calmly walks through the astonished enemy's lines to the Quirinal, performs the wonted rite, and returns unharmed; and Cominius, who floats and swims his

way down the Tiber, gets into the city, and climbs the Capitol to deliver the message of help; and the old and feeble, refusing to enter and crowd the arx which will scarce contain the city's defenders under arms; and the dignified and venerable Fathers, in stately toga and with scepter in hand, immovable and solemn in their curule chairs, awaiting in the halls of their homes the savage invader's coming.

We see there Camillus, too, scourging back into the enemy's town at Falerii the master who would betray it by handing over his pupils to the Romans. We see the young Titus Manlius, short and compact and armed with dagger, sword, and shield, who faces the leering Gallic giant and cuts him down, and from the spoil of the necklace wins the name Torquatus for his descent. We see the same Titus Manlius, twenty years later consul for the third time, who has his son, returned the moment before to camp victorious from a duel with a taunting enemy, beheaded in the presence of himself and the army for disobeying orders by fighting outside the ranks, "a stern example, but wholesome for the youth of generations to come," remembered long in the phrase, "the Manlian discipline." We see Marcus Valerius the boy tribune, who with the aid of a bird divinely sent lays low a second terrifying warrior from the north and becomes Valerius of the Raven. We see Publius Decius Mus, the tribune who rescues the entire army from sure destruction in the Samnite war by volunteering to distract the enemy by leading a forlorn hope, and through a cool head and a sharp wit returns in safety with his little band; and, three years later, forewarned in a vision that in the coming battle one side will lose an army and the other a general, takes with him into the fight the



VIEW OF SENTINUM FROM SASSOFERRATO

THE SUPPOSED SITE OF SENTINUM IS NEAR THE ROAD

pontifex, duly to consecrate him at the proper moment, assumes the priestly robe, and calmly rides to death in the thick of the combat, to be found next day amid the heaps of the slain and covered with spears; and Publius Decius Mus the son, who forty-five years later repeats at Sentinum the deed of his father, with the proud claim that "this is the privilege of our house, to offer up our lives for the rescue of the state from peril"; and Publius Decius Mus the grandson, who in the war with Pyrrhus treads in the footsteps of sire and grandsire.

And there is Papirius Cursor, the ideal commander, a man who everybody agrees is worthy of all praise in war, excelling in vigor of spirit and strength of body, the nimblest and most enduring runner of his time, magnetic in his power with Romans and allies alike. There is Manius Curius Dentatus, at the simple sight of whom in his rustic dwelling as he prepared his frugal meal of herbs, the would-be bribers knew their hopes were vain; and Appius Claudius, authoritatively persuading the senate to make no peace with Pyrrhus, uttering such words of wisdom as, "every man is the architect of his own fortune," and even in blind old age commanding the respect, obedience, and love of all his household; and Gaius Fabricius, who magnanimously sends word to the Epirote king of a proposal made to the Romans by one of his intimates to poison him, and whose sterling nature is easily proof against Pyrrhus' offers of gold and power.

There is Regulus, sent by his captors to dispose the Romans to negotiation, but advising the wavering senate to continue the war, and proudly making his way through protesting friends and kinsmen to Carthage and the tortures of the cruel enemy to whom he gave

his word; and old Duilius, admiral in Rome's first victory at sea, pursuing a homeward way through the streets of the city with the special honor of a torchlight and the strains of a flute.

There is the dashing stripling Scipio, who rescues his father at the Ticinus, confidently claims the privilege of the consulship while under legal age, saves the day in distant Spain, restores unharmed to her family and lover the beautiful Iberian reserved for him by a zealous soldiery, discomfits Hannibal on African soil, and, when charged with irregularity in the Asiatic war, draws forth his accounts and tears them in pieces before the people, and, proudly mounting the rostra in the midst of silence, says: "On this day, tribunes of the people, and you, my fellow citizens of Rome, I measured strength with Hannibal and the Carthaginians in Africa and won the day. And so, since this is a day when quarrels at law and wordy strife should be dropped, I shall go straightway hence to the Capitol to give holy salute to Jupiter Best and Greatest and to Juno, and to Minerva and all the other gods who keep ward over Capitol and citadel, and offer thanks for their having bestowed on me, both on this day and often at other times, the purpose and power of discharging well the people's trust. If it is true that from my seventeenth year to these elder days you have always in conferring office on me anticipated the legal age, if it is true that I have always done service greater than the trust demanded, come with me, citizens, you too who find it well, and pray to the gods for men like me to lead you."

Paullus is there, prodigal of his great soul unto death, who atones for the sins of his colleague at Cannæ; and gallant Marcellus, the sword of Rome, with tears

for the fate of Syracuse, and honored in death by even the heartless enemy; and Fabius, the shield of Rome, with iron constancy under stress of criticism and calumny refusing to allow Hannibal the coveted opportunity for battle. And the sympathetic Flamininus is there, hero of Cynoscephalæ and liberator of cities. And Æmilius Paullus is there, stern old warrior victorious over Macedonian abroad and hostile citizen at home, riding resplendent in purple and gold in stately and hard-won triumph over Perseus and over himself; "for of his two sons, the only ones he had kept for himself at home to perpetuate his name and house and the rites of his fathers, the younger, at about the age of twelve, had died five days before the triumph, and the elder, of fourteen years, died three days after; who should have stood in purple-bordered robes beside their father in the triumphal car, looking forward to similar triumphs of their own."

And there were not only these, whose enlightened vision saw more clearly the reward of patriotic and manly deeds, and who lived and died under the eyes of the living and the dead, but there were the young men, untaught and even rustic, that filled the ranks of the legions, and looked with scorn upon death, "and often set out with quick and eager hearts to places whence they never expected to return." There was the Unknown Soldier.

And there was the Roman mother, daughter, sister, wife, and maiden betrothed. There was the Unknown Woman. If the history of human endurance could be written in all completeness, no chapter in it would be richer with inspiration than the story of Roman womanhood.

But above all there is the figure of old Cato the censor, the latest and most real of all the men that made the great republic, the man in whom the Roman of later days saw all the solid virtues of the past,—Cato bred in the country, a soldier at seventeen, with breast scarred over by honorable wounds before he arrived at years of manhood, a general who took more cities in Spain than the days he spent, who saw service in every land invaded by Roman arms, who disciplined his body with the soldier's regimen to the last, and kept his mental vigor unimpaired; Cato the industrious farmer and the keen and active citizen, who in young manhood, before residing in Rome, "early in the morning went on foot to the market-place and pleaded the case of all who wished his aid; then came back to his farm, where, clad in a working-blouse if it was winter, and stripped to the waist if it was summer, he wrought with his servants, then sat down with them to eat of the same bread and drink of the same wine"; Cato "who wrought with his own hands, as his fathers did, and was contented with a cold breakfast, a frugal dinner, simple raiment, and a humble dwelling,—one who thought more of not wanting the superfluities of life than of possessing them"; Cato of the dry-humored and pithy utterances, who said, "It is a hard matter, my fellow citizens, to argue with the belly, since it has no ears," and, "It is a hard matter to save a city in which a fish sells for more than an ox," and who would have had the Forum paved with sharp stones for the benefit of idlers; Cato who "used to say that he preferred to do right and get no thanks, rather than to do ill and get no punishment; and that he had pardon for everybody's mistakes except his own"; Cato the incorruptible, who took no part of the

booty in Spain, "except what he ate and drank," who "strove to keep not only himself, but also his associates, free from all taint of gain," who preferred "to strive in bravery with the bravest, rather than in wealth with the richest, and in greed for money with the greediest"; Cato content with the enmity of the unworthy citizens he constantly impeached, and trampling revengeful accusations under foot; Cato the censor fearlessly rebuking vice and taxing luxury and degrading the unworthy; Cato the austere moralist, who expelled a senator "because he embraced his wife in open day before the eyes of his daughter," who "thought it more praiseworthy to be a good husband than a great senator," who allowed no business to "be so urgent, unless it had a public character, as to prevent him from being present when his wife bathed and swaddled the babe," who was himself "not only the boy's reading-teacher, but his tutor in law, and his athletic trainer, and he taught his son not merely to hurl the javelin and fight in armour and ride the horse, but to box, to endure heat and cold, and to swim lustily through the eddies and billows of the Tiber," who declared "that his son's presence put him on guard against indecencies of speech as much as that of the so-called Vestal Virgins, and that he never bathed with him"; Cato the unremitting enemy of easy living as a danger to the state, the scorner of the trifling Greek, the unrelenting foe of his country's ancient rival in Africa.

"But far above all the patricians and plebeians of the best known houses," writes Livy, "stood Marcus Porcius. In this man so great was the vigor of mind and soul that, in whatever station he had been born, he would doubtless have attained fortune. No capacity was lack-

ing in him for either personal or public enterprise; he was quite as much at home in the business of the city as of the country. Some have risen to the highest honors of the state by knowledge of law, some by eloquence, some by glory in the field; but this man's talent was so wholly versatile that whatever he set hand to you would say he was fitted for that alone. In war he was of the greatest prowess, and famous for many remarkable fights; he was likewise, after he had risen to the great offices, a most able commander; likewise in peace, if you sought his counsel, he was most expert, if a plea was called for, most eloquent. Nor was he only of the sort whose tongue is powerful during their lifetime but leave no monument of their eloquence behind; no, his eloquence lives and flourishes still, perpetuated by writings of every kind. He delivered many orations both in his own defence and in defending and attacking others, for he wore down his enemies not merely by haling them into court but also by pleading the cases. He both attacked and was attacked with exceeding frequency, and you would have found it difficult to say whether the nobles pursued and pressed him harder, or he the nobles. Beyond all doubt he had a harsh temper and a bitter tongue to whose freedom he set no bounds, but his soul was uninfluenced by covetousness, he was a man of uncompromising righteousness, and held favor and money in contempt. In frugal living, in endurance of toil and dangers, he was body and soul almost of iron, of a sort that not even old age, the destroyer of everything, could break; in his six-and-eightieth year he defended himself in court, and himself made the plea in his case and wrote it out, and in his ninetieth year brought Servius Galba to trial before the people."

Such was the ideal of Roman character as clothed in flesh and blood, and posing in the robes and jewels of the tragic scene. That the heroic figure was ideal, is evident enough. Livy himself, the glorifier of noble deeds and noble men, was aware of it. "Details like these," he says, "which are better suited for display on the stage, which delights in the wonderful, than for sober credence, it is worth while neither to affirm nor to deny."

Perhaps it is the duty of essayist and historian to go farther than Livy, and to deny the perfect deed and the perfect character. If this is so, it is easy enough to point out how the Roman virtues were inevitably accompanied by the defects that were proper to them. If the man who built the Roman state was rustic, simple, frugal, abstemious, conservative, and practical, he was of necessity also to some degree rough, narrow, parsimonious, unimaginative, and unenlightened. If he was conscientious and strict in religion, he was also formal and inclined to superstition. If he was exact in justice and scrupulous in meeting obligation, he was also legalistic and could take advantage of the letter of the law. If he was always alive in the pursuit of the civic ideal, he was often quarrelsome and violent. If he was constant, stern, enduring, and a devoted patriot, he often forgot the lesser duty in the greater, and was harsh to friend and family and merciless to subject. If he was a great soldier and civilizer, he did not always resist temptation to shorten or ease the way to the goal by the use of unjust or brutal means. In times of real or of fancied stress he was not always nice in his choice of measures. Like other warring nations before and since, he could justify by supreme necessity the massacre of unarmed and unsuspecting men, as at Henna; hand over to soldiers for pillage

whole captured towns, as in Macedonia; deliberately seize what was not his own, as at Messana; take advantage of a defeated foe, as in the annexation of Corsica and Sardinia; destroy a helpless and inconvenient rival, as in the case of Carthage; provoke wars for the sake of mines or lands, enslave and traffic in prisoners of war, and find pleasure in the blood of the gladiatorial fight for life.

It is easy, too, to throw upon the city of Rome some flashes of the light of common day, to reveal the motley crowd that helped to make up the life of the capital on unheroic days. Plautus, on a morning not more than a score of years from Hannibal's fall at Zama, will help us. "I'll tell you," says one in *The Weevil,* "where you can easily and quickly find any sort of man you choose, whether villainous or upright, honest or a rascal. If you want a perjurer, go to the comitium. If you want a liar or a boaster, you'll find him at the altar of Cloacina. For rich and spendthrift husbands, look about the basilica. In the same place you'll meet the faded prostitute and the man who will bargain himself away. The fellows that club together for dinners have a place of meeting near the fish-market. At the lower end of the Forum is the promenade of the respectable and the rich. In the middle, near the canal, are the big talkers. The impudent, the blabbers, and the malicious are above the Pool; they slander each other out of whole cloth, and have plenty that might with perfect truth be said of themselves. By the Old Shops are those who give and take for usury. Behind the temple of Castor you will find men whom you will trust to your own cost. In the street of the Etruscans are men who will sell their souls to you, and who will either themselves deceive, or find

you the means to do it. In the Velabrum you will find the bakers, the butchers, and the fortune-tellers." The fortune-tellers, perhaps, whom Ennius also knew: "Superstitious prophets and impudent fortune-tellers, lazy, crazy, or forced by want, who see no path for themselves, will point out the high road to others, and from those whom they promise wealth will ask only a drachma. Let them only get that out of the pile, and they will let you have all the rest."

Nor need such men as Ennius himself and his friends be without the illumination that lends reality to the life of Rome. Scipio Nasica, calling one day on the poet at his home on the Aventine, is told by the slave girl at the door that her master is not in, though Scipio knows very well that he is. A few days afterward, Ennius in turn knocks at Scipio's door, to be surprised by his friend's calling from within that he is not at home. "What!" cries Ennius, "don't I recognize your voice?" "Oh, yes!" answers Scipio, "but when I called on you and the slave said you were not in, I believed her, and can't you believe me when I myself tell you I am not at home?"

Easiest of all is it to make Cato himself an example of the presence of alloy in the gold of Roman character. The old censor was not without the defects belonging to the qualities he so thoroughly represented. He was arbitrary in the use of the power his great office conferred. The faithful "watchdog of the treasury" was niggardly in the management of public finance. He enjoyed and never ceased from litigation. He was stubborn and unyielding. He despised the Greeks and their civilization, and recognized Greek letters only in extreme old age, and then grudgingly, with the excuse that it was for his son's sake. He promoted dissension among his

slaves, the better to manage them, he sold them off when they began to weaken with age, to escape feeding useless property, and at the conclusion of dinner flogged those who had in any way been remiss in its preparation or serving. We are constrained to agree with Plutarch when he says of these and other examples of the vigorous hero's strictness and sturdiness that "whether these things should be set down to greatness of spirit or littleness of mind, is an open question." Even in personal appearance, he was anything but the usual type:

> With eyes so grey, and hair so red,
> With tusks so sharp and keen,
> Thou'lt fright the shades when thou art dead,
> And hell won't let thee in.

And yet, let realist and skeptic prove as they will that not all Romans were equal to the best, and that even the best were not ideal, their effort is in vain. The breed of which he was the last was already a legend in Cato's own time, and the old man was hardly dead when he too became a legend. The world has long since formed for itself the image of those times. It remembers the citizen-soldier for the best that was in him. In this instance it is not the good, but the bad, that is interred with the bones. It remembers Cato for his fearless and dogged aggressiveness against the enemies of public and private virtue. It remembers the Roman people for its plain and wholesome living and its stern, enduring heroism. It remembers the Roman senate for its grave and impressive demeanor and its magisterial wisdom and dignity, and agrees with Livy that "he who said it was composed of kings had the true impression of its appearance." In these judgments, soon formed, almost

before the actors had left the stage, and long continued, the idealist world has seen the essential truth more clearly than the critical searcher after sordid fact. If it could formulate a reply to the skeptic, it would probably use again the measured speech of Livy: "But in matters as ancient as these, if what resembles the truth is accepted in place of literal fact, I shall rest content."

IV.

AUGUSTAN ROME

Non his iuventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum,—

'Twas not the sons of parents such as these
That tinged with Punic blood the rolling seas,
Laid low the cruel Hannibal, and brought
Great Pyrrhus and Antiochus to naught.

HORACE, Odes, III: 6: 33-6

Quid enim manet ex antiquis moribus quibus ille dixit rem stare Romanam? quos ita oblivione obsoletos videmus ut non modo non colantur sed iam ignorentur,—

For what is left of those morals of the olden time in which he said the Roman state was grounded? They are so far fallen away and forgotten that they are not only not cultivated, but are now not even known.

CICERO, De Republica, V: 2

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,—

The great round of the ages begins anew.

VIRGIL, Eclogues, IV: 5

1.

A GREAT FAILURE AND A GREAT SUCCESS

TO pass from the Roman state and the city of Rome and the Roman character of Cato's day to their descendants of Augustan times is to come under a new heaven and into a new earth where former things are passed away. The one hundred and sixty years between the destruction of Carthage in 146 and the end of the first Roman emperor's reign in the year 14 of the Christian era is a period of great and spectacular movements, of rapid and sweeping transformations, of tragic intensity. Three years before it began, the death of the venerable censor removed from the scene the last great citizen-soldier and the last disinterested champion of the commonwealth against the assaults of multiplying enemies without and within, carnal or of the spirit. At its end, the accession of Tiberius marks the transition of Rome beyond recall from a state composed of men to a state envisaged in one single man.

The history of Rome the state in this period of change is the story of a Great Failure and a Great Success. It is the story of the gradual decay and falling apart of an old organism, and the upward shoot of a new organism from the midst of the rottenness of the old. It is the story of the agony of death and the agony of birth.

The realization of persistent old Cato's will in the levelling of Carthage with the ground and the literal passing of the plow over the place that knew the city

no more removed the last great hindrance, real or fancied, in the path of Roman expansion and Roman security. The siege and sack of Corinth, in the same year, was not only the end of Roman effort to deal with the land of Greece as a protectorate, but the end of sentiment of any sort in the conquest and management of subject peoples; in so short a time had the gallant enthusiasm of Flamininus, proclaiming peace and freedom to Greece at the Isthmian games, and the still more real though sterner and more impartial devotion of the grave Æmilius Paullus, visiting famous Hellenic sites on the morrow of Pydna and nurturing his sons in Hellenic culture, passed to the hardness of the practical soldier Mummius, for the sake of final peace and order shutting the gates of mercy on mankind. The Roman territories, now comprising Italy to the valley of the Po, Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, the Spains, Illyricum, Macedonia, Greece, the Punic portion of Africa, and footholds on the coast of Asia, come soon to include, through conquest, persuasion, and legacy, Asia, Cilicia, Syria, Bithynia, Pontus, and Hither and Farther Gaul. They surround the Mediterranean and make it a Roman lake, and Roman authority reaches far inland from vantage points on its shores.

But the onward march of the Roman legions was not all success. So vast was the expanse of Roman territory, so great was the rapidity with which province after province was carved out and annexed from the first imperial venture in the crossing of the strait of Messina to the subjugation of Gaul two centuries later, and so enormous was the amount of energy, material and moral, required by it all, that neither government nor character was able to keep pace. Roman possessions and Ro-

man spheres of influence made up a mighty empire, but the Roman state was still the city-state of Rome, still thinking and acting in terms of a city, still unconscious of being the heart of a great and living body. The setting in order of the immense estate cried out for administrators who had seen the cities and learned the minds of many men, but the supreme authority over all this world of diverse tongues and diverging interests still continued to be lodged in a council of some hundreds of men, unworldly in the larger sense, of a wisdom great indeed but not sufficient for the demand; whose collective will was slow and uncertain, and whose action was inexpert; and whose character, once the compensation for mistakes of head and hand, had given way with a rush before the assaults of temptation that came with the flood of provincial wealth and the possession of opportunity. The senate of landed patricians, proud, dignified, and untouched by greed for aught but patriotic and family fame, had become, through death in the wars for their country and through corruption by the wealth which their houses wasted themselves to conquer for the state, a senate of moneyed men and fortune-seekers embarked in the state career as a paying thing. There were lands to be assigned, there was spoil to divide, there was tribute to come in, there were offices to fill, there were business openings, there were bribes to accept. The instruments by means of which they ruled the subjects of Rome were from their own ranks. Their training was that of the senatorial career. They had the practical education of young men destined for the public service, they had, as a usual thing, the soldier's experience and the soldier's qualities, they could manage an estate, they were possessed of the skill in

politics that helped them to office, they had the fund of practical common sense and shrewdness that came of mingling with the men who constituted the Roman state; but they knew little of provincial administration through actual experience until they had reached their fields of duty, and the scant knowledge they acquired during tenure of office was of little avail because their experience ended with the year. Proconsul and prop-rætor, with their trains of military and civil subordinates, looked upon the province as an opportunity. They went out for one year among peoples whose speech they did not understand and whose thoughts they could not appreciate, relieved their blundering, plundering predecessors, blundered and plundered in their turn, and came back to Rome as their predecessors had come, with purses so filled as to endure the drain of possible punishment and still be far from empty. There were able men among them, and men who retained their integrity; but there were more who were either by nature or circumstance not competent, and whose honesty would not bear the strain. When a Cicero went out in the spirit of a governor to whom a public office was a public trust, he became an example to grace the pages of history.

In a word, the great republic was without a civil service worthy of the name. The corruption of governors entailed the corruption and disorder of the governed. The far-flung area of the Roman possessions, from the Pillars of Hercules to Pergamum and from Carthage to the Rhine, was without the uniform and expert administration that alone could give it unity. The remoter provinces were dependencies, not parts, of the Roman state,—the farms of the Roman governors. Their laws were uncertain, their taxes excessive and

capricious, their fortunes fluctuating from year to year. There were those not yet convinced of Rome's superior strength, to say nothing of superior righteousness. There were gaps in the reach of her authority. There were mobile neighbors and mobile boundaries. There was piracy on the sea and brigandage and insurrection on the land. Travel, communication, and commerce were slow, uncertain, and unsafe.

Corruption and disorder abroad were equalled and surpassed by corruption and disorder at home. Each was at the same time the cause and the effect of the other; provincial opportunity was a stimulation to election bribery, and bribery before the governorship, with the buying up of courts at the end of the office, provoked abuse in the provinces. The rank and file were themselves affected. The real tragedy of the republic occurred in the city of Rome. Rome was not only unable to govern her world of provinces; she was unable to govern herself. The century preceding the advent of Augustus was the era of revolution.

The seeds had long been lying in the ground, had often put forth shoots to flourish for a day and wither, and had often been resown. Now, however, with the assured supremacy of Rome in the Mediterranean, with the sight and the touch of riches to rouse the appetite for more, and with leisure for the masses to think of themselves and their wrongs instead of the dangers of the state, the ancient grievances of the weak against the strong, of the many against the few, of plebeian against aristocrat, of the poor against the rich, of the nameless against the noble, and especially of the landless against the landed, which had once blazed up in the driving out of the kings, again in the secession of the plebs, and

once more in the Licinian laws, and was ever smouldering even in times of greatest unity, flamed forth in the fiercest heat of all. The times of the Gracchi brought at last a strain which the fabric of the state could no longer bear. The loosely constructed constitution of Rome, whose foundations were in the elaborate system of checks,—of consul upon consul, of tribune upon consul and upon tribune, of censor upon citizen and senate, of senate upon magistrate, of civilian upon soldier, and of the sovereign people upon them all,—and whose stability was no longer possible when Roman citizenship had grown to immense proportions and extended to distant lands, and Roman morals and patriotism no longer retained their austere cast, gave way.

The arbitrary deposition of a fellow tribune by Tiberius Gracchus and the popular party sixteen years after Cato's death, with the arbitrary passing of the reformer's agrarian measure, was the first real act of revolution. It provoked, and excused, other acts of violence, among them the deaths of both the Gracchi at the hands of the opposing faction. From that time forth the constitution ceased to be supreme. The Gracchi were followed in a score of years by Saturninus, and Saturninus by Marius. Four times in less than forty years had the people assailed their political enemies, and four times failed to gain their ends; four times had blood been shed and the time-honored traditions of government been set aside, and four times had both parties to the conflict been left more passionate and reckless. The quarrel became in Marius' and Sulla's time personal as well as partisan, and thousands of persons were slain without regard to law or precedent. The Rome of Sulla, however temporary or unconfessed, was a monarchy.

The Roman republic from the Gracchi to Julius Cæsar was an irregular, disorderly, and futile succession of monarchies. The use of force supplanted the use of law and reason. The monarchs of the people armed the mob or seduced the legions; the monarchs of the oligarchy employed the armies of the state to carry their measures.

A more just name for it all is anarchy. The Roman arms were supreme abroad, but confidence in Roman righteousness and capacity was being destroyed. At home the Roman state had crumbled, and the Romans were rending each other. The course of government by consuls, senate, and people was run. The extension of the Roman realm had been too rapid and too great to be at the same time solid and well knit. The stately phrase in which Livy describes the task he has set his pen is equally fitting when applied to the state whose fortunes he regretfully records: "An undertaking of infinite labor, going back as it does more than seven hundred years, and from small beginnings growing to such size that now it threatens to collapse from its very magnitude."

This was the Great Failure.

But the Roman state was not to perish, though the days of republican Rome were numbered. Eternal Rome does not die; it only changes. In the midst of death there still was life.

The final blow that brought to earth the tottering constitution was delivered by Julius Cæsar. Obstructionists were brushed aside, new laws took the place of old, realities were regarded instead of forms, the senate was crushed and re-created, the foundations of a new structure were laid. The blind half-measures of narrow

and selfish partisans gave way to the boldness and vision of a man of genius.

Augustus completed the structure which Julius designed and began. By the end of the emperor's reign of forty-one years, the Roman realm was compact, its limits definite, its administration converted into system. On the west was the stream of Ocean. On the south, the Atlas mountains and Sahara, and Syene in the upper valley of the Nile, marked the end of Roman dominion and desire. On the north, the Briton, the Dacian, and the Scythian were left in peace in their wilds beyond the Channel, the Danube, and the Pontus; beyond the Rhine only, the Roman eagles made unsuccessful advances toward the Elbe. On the east the limit was not established with scientific precision; the Roman standards traced a wavering line from Cilicia on the south to the eastern end of the Pontus, with Palmyra and other vassal states to mark and protect its course, and with Mede and Armenian, half hostile and half friendly to Rome, kept safely busy with their own quarrels beyond it. Order was created from the chaos of the old abuses. Governors continued to be sent, the more important responsible to Augustus himself, the less to the senate, but their terms of office were not always a single year, and the powers and duties of themselves and their official and commercial trains were better known. An expert civil service came into being, and the rights of the governed were recognized as well as the desires of the governor. The seas were clear and the roads were safe. Travel was easy on the great post-roads that led like arteries to the limits of Roman dominion. Prosperity followed in the wake of peace and order. The Greater Rome became a unit. For the first time, the mother city



ADAPTED BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS FROM PELHAM'S OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY

THE ROMAN SWAY IN 49 B.C.

felt herself the capital of a state, and not the state itself. For the first time, the provincial began to feel himself an active part of the empire. Roman law and the Roman tongue were spread abroad, the sign of a better civilization. Something like mutual confidence, and even gratitude, began to be felt; Rome looked to the provinces for men and means, the provinces to Rome for justice and security. What Strabo said of thirty nations of Spain near the Tagus might have been said in substance of most of the Mediterranean world: "Notwithstanding the fertility of the country in corn, cattle, gold, silver, and numerous other similar productions, the majority of its inhabitants, neglecting to gain their subsistence from the ground, passed their lives in pillage and continual warfare, both between themselves and their neighbors. To this the Romans at length put a stop by subduing them, and changing many of their cities into villages, besides colonizing some of them better." "These provinces, so widely scattered, so numerous, and so fierce, which never knew respite from wars of first class magnitude," says Velleius Paterculus not long afterward, "Augustus brought to so peaceful a state that they were free from even acts of brigandage."

And what was true of the Roman realm at large was true also of the more intimate and essential affairs of citizenship in the heart of the realm at the capital. The two great factions of conservatives and radicals whose differences Julius Cæsar was kept by his tragic end from composing had been convinced by thirteen years more of war on land and sea of the need of an individual will to save the state. The universal hope was for peace and order. Even to his enemies, the emperor embodied that hope. The senate was given new character by the

selection of stable men of property and character. Its business was no longer the unwieldy process of ascertaining the will of a crowd of inexpert and interested politicians; matters of moment were considered in privy council, and the findings presented to a senate at large which had learned to have respect for business as well as politics. However cautious to avoid the appearance, however sincere in the attempt to share his authority, the emperor was really the senate.

The senate was not the only authority to be lost in the emperor. The consuls were still elected, but not with the fierce partisanship of the olden days. The emperor himself was really the consulship. The scandals of maladministration by proconsul and proprætor came to an end. The provincial governors were responsible directly to the emperor or to the senate that knew his will. The emperor was really the governor of the provinces, and in case of abuse the court that awarded punishment. The ancient quarrels between tribune of the people and aristocrat no longer spattered the pavements with blood. The emperor himself became the tribunate. Election riots and election bribery were things of the past. The choice of the senate or the appointment of the emperor took their place. The emperor himself in reality became the electorate of the four million citizens of military age revealed by the census of 28.

That the emperor was really the army is truest of all. There were no more rival claimants to military power; it was by annihilating such rivals that Augustus had made himself supreme. Nor were his efforts confined to the visible and the tangible. By his measures for the moral inspiration of Roman citizenship, the emperor became in a sense the morals of the state. As

pontifex maximus, he was already the religious head of the state; but he became more. By reviving forms and restoring temples, he not only encouraged religion; by skilful use of the current of religious and patriotic sentiment and thought, he became religion itself. With Augustus, descendant and heir of the Julius who had been declared Divine, and whose temple in the Forum stood as a constant reminder, began the worship of the Roman state in the worship of its emperor.

In a word, the emperor became the state. He did not do it suddenly and without regard for opinion. In reality, he was the state from the moment his superiority in arms was assured. In word and appearance, he never baldly asserted the fact. He was never the emperor; he was the Princeps Senatus, the First Man of the Senate. The powers he already possessed were legally conferred from time to time by people and senate, and without display. The old offices were not abolished, the name of the republic was not forgotten or neglected; indeed, we may not disbelieve that the emperor purposed its restoration. The content only was changed; the mould remained unbroken. In the phrase of Seneca, Augustus "clothed himself in the garment of the republic."

The process was not a success in every detail. There were acts of the strong hand and the remorseless will. There were imperfect instruments of the best of wills. There were the irreconcilables who maintained that the new régime was tyranny, and never ceased to believe that the desired end could have been reached by clinging to republican substance as well as form. There are still today those who, forgetting that even the tyrant may have sincere and worthy desires, refer to Augustan reforms as "organized hypocrisy." And there are, on the

other hand, those thoughtless of the century that followed who are prone to justify too readily the seizure of arbitrary power as means to an end.

Whatever the judgment be as to the emperor's personal merit, whatever the verdict as to the effect of the new régime upon universal history, it is not to be denied that at the end of Augustus' seventy-seven years of life and the forty-one of his formal leadership of the Roman state, the result was peace and order, and a revived faith in the destiny of Rome.

This was the Great Success.



THE BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS AT NARNI

HERE AT NARNIA, SIXTY MILES NORTH OF ROME, THE VIA FLAMINIA CROSSED THE NAR, THE MODERN NERA

2.

THE CITY OF BRICK AND THE CITY OF MARBLE

IF we look to the fortunes of Rome the city during these years, we shall find them reflecting the fortunes of the state at large. The history of the capital, too, is the story of failure and success. In extent, in appearance, in administration, and in citizenship alike, the city of Augustus presented a remarkable contrast with the city of Cato.

The three or four hundred thousand inhabitants of Cato's time, which had swelled to a possible half million at the beginning of the last century before Christ, were now approaching a million. The city which here and there had straggled loosely beyond the walls had widened still more. The wall itself had been built against and built upon until its course was no longer easy to follow.

The southern part of the Campus Martius was crowded with buildings public and private. Beginning at the base of the Capitoline, among the larger edifices and monuments from south to north were the theaters of Marcellus and Balbus, the portico of Octavia, the Circus Flaminius, the great theater and portico of Pompey, the baths of Agrippa and the Pantheon, the fountain of the Virgin aqueduct, the polling-place called the Sæpta Iulia, the temple of Isis and Serapis, the portico of the Argonauts enclosing the basilica of Neptune or the Admiralty, the amphitheater of Sta-

tilius Taurus, the obelisk of Augustus, the altar of Peace, and, finally, the great mausoleum of the Julian family erected by Augustus at the beginning of his reign. Of the original area free for military exercises and general diversion, but little remained.

Across the Tiber, spanned now by at least five bridges instead of two, a populous living-quarter had grown up. To the south, docks and warehouses had multiplied. Small shipping came directly up the Tiber to the southern base of the Aventine; the larger craft dropped anchor opposite Ostia, where they were lightened by smaller vessels of parts of their cargo, and thus enabled to reach the capital. To the north of the Aventine along the river were the cattle-market and vegetable-market, and farther still, by the Campus Martius, the naval yards.

The district about the Capitoline, the Palatine, and the Forum was the heart of the city and the densest in population. The Capitoline was majestic with towering temples, the Palatine, in former times the residence of Crassus, Catiline, Hortensius, and Cicero, was now the home of the emperor, whose palace was part of a stately group including the portico and temple of Apollo. To the northeast, the expansion of the city was such that Mæcenas converted the ancient burial-ground outside the great dike of defence into a public garden, and the dike itself into a promenade. Near by were the gardens of Lamia. At the northern end of the city were the gardens of Lucullus and Sallust, later to become, like other private parks, the property of crown and public. There were the gardens of Agrippa in the Campus Martius. Across the Tiber, to the north, there were the gardens of Drusus, Cassius, Clodia, and others, all existing in

Cicero's time; at the extreme south, on the brow and slope of the Janiculum, lay the gardens bequeathed to the people by Cæsar, who had planned and begun a great number of beautifications and utilities whose realization was cut short by his death and accomplished by Augustus, and whose vision had also contemplated the diversion of the Tiber to the right as it passed Rome, the consequent annexation of the ground between its old channel and the new one at the base of the Vatican and Janiculum, and the construction of a canal to the south through the Campagna to the Pomptine marshes, a distance of seventy-six miles, to connect the capital with the sea independently of the Tiber, already too deeply silted at its mouth for the ready passage of larger shipping.

Roughly, the city already covered, though in places thinly, the area to be enclosed two hundred and sixty years later by Aurelian's wall. The whole was divided into fourteen regions, or wards, and surrounded by a customs-barrier with thirty-seven points of entrance. Seven aqueducts now, instead of the two of Cato's time, supplied the city with water.

But the transformation of the city's appearance was more remarkable than its increase in size. The city of the Republic had been of wood and tufa and sun-dried brick and stucco, with few ornamental features except those afforded by the more pretentious public buildings and temples, the honorary statues and monuments in the Forum, and occasional relics of the sculptural art of Greece. It had never been the way of the Romans to build pretentious residences. As Horace proudly wrote:

Scant were their private means; the public, great;
'Twas still a commonwealth, their state.
No portico, with private rod surveyed,
Assured one man the cooling shade.

The laws approved the house of humble sods;
'Twas only to the homes of gods,
The temples, reared with earnings of the nation,
They gave rich marble decoration.

Not only the native simplicity and frugality, but the necessities of war, and especially the uncertainties of civil war, retarded the city's progress in this respect. There were houses reputed wealthy on the Palatine, and Cicero in 68 is concerned about the artistic furnishings of his; but the character of the residences even in that pretentious quarter may be inferred from the nickname of "Palatine Venus," applied to Crassus because of the six columns of marble, the first to be used in a Roman house, which adorned his atrium; and the nature of ordinary dwellings is suggested by Strabo's remark that, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of the city, there has been plenty of "wood and stone for ceaseless building, rendered necessary by the falling down of houses, and on account of conflagrations, and of the sales, which seem never to cease . . . each owner knocking down and rebuilding one part or another, according to his individual taste."

This was the crude city which Augustus found of brick and left of marble. Since the city was not adorned as the dignity of the empire demanded, and since its condition exposed it to the dangers of flood and fire, the extent to which he improved and beautified it was such that he could with justice make the celebrated boast.

To a Roman who saw both cities, to a Livy, for example, who was born four years after Augustus and survived him three years, the boast would have seemed almost literally true. For the first time in her history, Rome had come upon a period of quiet and assurance, and could look to the future with little apprehension. After the victories over Carthage and Macedon, the state had enjoyed a period of freedom from danger, but its quiet was the quiet of exhaustion; with a restoration of strength came the renewal of strife between citizen and citizen. When the city finally found herself free, after a century or more of anarchy, and for the first time in five hundred years her will was summed up in a single man, she advanced with a great bound to the position of the first city in the world in wealth and magnificence as well as in power.

The hand of the emperor himself was foremost in effecting the transformation. On two bronze tablets beside his mausoleum in the Campus Martius, containing a detailed account by himself of the achievements of his reign, there was included a paragraph enumerating his improvements in the city. After mention of the senate house, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, the temple of the Divine Julius, the temple of the Great Mother, and a dozen other buildings and monuments, he continues: "The Capitolium and the theater of Pompey, both of them works involving great expenditure, I restored without the inscription of my name. The water-conduits that in several places were old and ruinous I refitted, and doubled the water called the Marcia by letting into its channel water from a new source. I completed the forum and basilica of Julius, the latter between the temples of Castor and Saturn, and both of

them begun and carried forward by my father (Julius), and also, when the basilica had been destroyed by fire, I amplified the ground and began it anew in the name of my sons (grandsons, Gaius and Lucius), providing for its completion by my heirs in case of my death. When consul for the sixth time, by decree of the senate I restored two-and-eighty temples of the gods in the city, neglecting no single one which needed restoration at that time. In my seventh consulship, I (re)built the Via Flaminia from the city to Ariminum, and all the bridges except the Mulvius and the Minucius. On private ground I built from the spoils of war the temple of Mars the Avenger and the Augustan forum. The theater near the shrine of Apollo I built on ground bought in large part from private citizens, to be named in honor of Marcus Marcellus my son-in-law."

"More than that," says Suetonius in his biography of the emperor, "he often urged other prominent men to adorn the city with new monuments or to restore and embellish old ones, each according to his means. And many such works were built at that time by many men; for example, the temple of Hercules of the Muses by Marcius Philippus, the temple of Diana by Lucius Cornificius, the hall of Liberty by Asinius Pollio, the temple of Saturn by Munatius Plancus, a theater by Cornelius Balbus, an amphitheater by Statilius Taurus, and by Marcus Agrippa in particular many magnificent structures." Among the last were the Pantheon, the baths of Agrippa, and the fountain of the Virgin aqueduct, all in the Campus Martius.

The city of Augustus was a magnificent spectacle. Its heart was solid and brilliant with pillared temples, basilicas, and porticoes, with arches and statues, all of

gleaming marble from every quarter of the world. Where marble was not employed, there was the hardly less beautiful travertine, the fine-grained, creamy limestone from the great beds by the Anio near the Apennines. Where there were neither travertine nor marble, there was the durable stucco which covered and beautified the walls of kiln-dried brick and indestructible concrete of which the great masses of business houses and dwellings were constructed. The city had a regular, a massive, stable, reposeful look. Columnar and arched construction was everywhere present to the eye, and in the principal thoroughfares the upper lines of palace and apartment house kept an almost steady level of seventy feet.

But it was not a monotonous city. There were marbles of different colors, there were colors applied to frieze and cornice, there were tinted stuccoes, there was gilt and bronze, there were hundreds of little shrines at corners and crossways, with bright-hued flowers on their altars twice in the year at least. There was running water on every hand, in the great ornamental fountains of the aqueduct-heads, and in the smaller fountains and basins for popular use. There were sun-dials here and there. There was the alternation of gay shop front with stately temple and rich palace. There were breaks by market and square. There were the breathing-places of the city where public or private gardens refreshed the eye and the ear with fountain and stream and statue and trim gravelled walks that wound among verdure and flowers. There was not lacking the picturesqueness of the ancient and meaner parts that belong to great cities. The crumbled wall of Servius, half hidden among the crowds of houses, shot up in a tower here and there,

and monuments to the age and heroism of departed times were never far away. The rise and fall of hill and valley, the winding river with its massive bridges, the abruptness of the central hills, were not the least aids to variety. The temples and palaces of the Capitoline and the Palatine were outlined in splendid relief against the sky, high in air above the general level of the city's roofs, with the sun shining on their columns and varicolored cornices and giving sharp line to their lights and shadows.

But here let Strabo the geographer aid the imagination by giving his impression of the city of Augustus. "The Grecian cities are thought to have flourished mainly on account of the felicitous choice made by their founders in regard to the beauty and strength of their sites, their proximity to some port, and the fineness of the country. But the Roman prudence was more particularly employed on matters which had received but little attention from the Greeks, such as paving their roads, constructing aqueducts, and sewers to convey the sewage of the city into the Tiber. In fact, they have paved the roads, cut through hills, and filled valleys, so that the merchandise may be conveyed by carriage from the ports. The sewers, arched over with hewn stones, are large enough in some parts for wagons loaded with hay to pass through, while so plentiful is the supply of water from the aqueducts, that rivers may be said to flow through the city and the sewers, and almost every house is furnished with water-pipes and copious fountains. To effect which Marcus Agrippa directed his special attention; he likewise bestowed upon the city numerous ornaments. We may remark, that the ancients, occupied with greater and more necessary con-

cerns, paid but little attention to the beautifying of Rome. But their successors, and especially those of our own day, without neglecting these things, have at the same time embellished the city with numerous and splendid objects. Pompey, Divus Cæsar, and Augustus, with his children, friends, wife, and sister, have surpassed all others in their zeal and munificence in these decorations. The greater number of these may be seen in the Campus Martius, which to the beauties of nature adds those of art. The size of the plain is marvellous, permitting chariot-races and other feats of horsemanship without impediment, and multitudes to exercise themselves at ball, in the circus, and the palæstra. The structures which surround it, the turf covered with herbage all the year round, the summits of the hills beyond the Tiber, extending from its banks with panoramic effect, present a spectacle which the eye abandons with regret. Near to this plain is another surrounded with columns, sacred groves, three theaters, an amphitheater, and superb temples in close contiguity to each other; and so magnificent, that it would seem idle to describe the rest of the city after it. For this cause the Romans, esteeming it as the most sacred place, have there erected funeral monuments to the most illustrious persons of either sex. The most remarkable of these is that designated as the Mausoleum, which consists of a mound of earth raised upon a high foundation of white marble, situated near the river, and covered to the top with ever-green shrubs. Upon the summit is a bronze statue of Augustus Cæsar, and beneath the mound are the ashes of himself, his relatives, and friends. Behind is a large grove containing charming promenades. In the center of the plain, is the spot where this prince was

reduced to ashes; it is surrounded with a double enclosure, one of marble, the other of iron, and planted within with poplars. If from hence you proceed to visit the ancient forum, which is equally filled with basilicas, porticoes, and temples, you will there behold the Capitol, the Palatine, with the noble works which adorn them, and the piazza of Livia, each successive place causing you speedily to forget what you have before seen. Such is Rome."

And the splendid capital teemed with a life as crowded, as varied, and as picturesque, as the city itself. The menials of house and shop were astir at early dawn. The clients knocked at the door of early-rising patrons at cock-crow. High two-wheeled carts from vineyard and garden came laboring up to the customs-gates, paid the tax on their loads of produce, and rumbled into the city, where the markets were alive with slaves and plebeians at their morning trade. The streets that led to the Great Forum and the forums of Cæsar and Augustus adjoining streamed with magistrates and men of affairs and lawyers and clerks on their way to senate and shop and court. Everywhere was the confusion and din of a great city, though in the central parts there was no wheeled traffic by day. The turmoil of busy contractors with mules and workmen, and cranes swinging into place huge beams and blocks of stone, while funeral processions were mingling with trains of ponderous wagons, was maddening to the poet meditating the Muse.

At their posts in the streets and stations were the seven thousand police of the newly organized service. Soldiers and officers in uniform lent color to the throng, and prætorian guards were on duty before the emperor's



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS

FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE TIBER;
THE CURVED ROOF ONLY IS VISIBLE

palace and the senate. A fire broke out, and the *vigiles* were soon on the way to the scene. Horace came sauntering down the Sacred Way toward the Forum, and was buttonholed by a bore, who released him only when forced by a court appointment in the near-by Julian basilica. A knot of bystanders gathered to witness the amusing scene. The pontifex maximus with Vestals and attendants passed through the crowd, which respectfully divided, and silently wound his way up the Capitoline to the temple of Jupiter Best and Greatest. The golden colonnade of Apollo on the Palatine was opened, and Horace and Propertius were there to see it, with its columns of richly colored marble from Africa and its statues of the many daughters of the ancient Danaus, surrounding the temple of shining marble and its wondrous doors of storied carving in ivory, its chariots of the Sun above the pediment, its statues of Apollo, Leto, and Diana, and Myron's four oxen that seemed to be alive. A chorus of white-robed boys and girls of noble parentage chanted the *Secular Hymn* in the temple on the Palatine, and passed through the Forum and up the steep to repeat it on the Capitoline. A procession of priests and victims and lordly dignitaries and stately members of the emperor's house moved up the Flaminian Way from the base of the Capitol to dedicate the altar of Peace at the north of the Campus Martius.

Men and women resplendent in bright-hued stuffs were carried in gorgeous chairs or conducted on foot to entertainment or social diversion by retinues of liveried slaves. There were pretentious dinners that lasted from mid-afternoon to early morning, in houses splendid with marble, bronze, and tapestries, and there were friendly reunions of genial spirits in quiet, flowery garden nooks

and under opaque arbors, with eating and drinking and reminiscence to the music of brooklet and fountain. There were walks on the sunny dike of the old wall, through gardens that covered the once unsightly ancient burial-ground on the Esquiline. Mæcenas entered the theater after an illness, and was greeted by prolonged applause that was returned in echo by the hills across the Tiber. He sat and chatted with Horace between the acts.

On the sands of the amphitheater, wild beasts by hundreds were slain in the artificial chase, and men butchered each other to make holiday for the roaring mob. The Circus Maximus resounded with the cheers of scores of thousands as the daring driver grazed the posts and whirled on with glowing wheels in the dusty career. In the intervals between heats, Ovid flirted with the not unwilling beauty beside him. The great triumphal procession of the emperor approached from beyond the Palatine, with officers and guards in brilliant uniform, with standards and banners and trumpeters, with captives and spoils and prancing horses and glittering cars, and as the long victorious pomp wound down the Sacred Way,

> And through the bellowing Forum,
> And round the Suppliant's Grove,
> Up to the everlasting gates
> Of Capitolian Jove,

the men and women who had climbed to walls and battlements,

> To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
> Their children in their arms, and there had sat
> The livelong day with patient expectation

to see great Cæsar pass the streets of Rome, burst forth in universal shouts of *Io triumphe,*

> That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
> To hear the replication of their sounds
> Made in her concave shores.

The solemn parade of Marcellus' funeral advanced on the way to the Forum and thence to the tomb, with somber music and dirge of hired mourners; and dancers and clowns; and six hundred cars, each bearing an actor wearing the wax-mask and insignia of a distinguished ancestor and each preceded by the appropriate number of lictors; and the tokens of the greatness of the dead; and the funeral torches; and the dead himself, high on the funeral car and couch with face upturned to the sky. The dead Augustus himself, on a day in August, was borne up the Appian Way from Campania by an escort of chosen men, to lie in state in the vestibule of his home on the Palatine until his impressive carrying forth on the shoulders of senators to the Forum, where Tiberius, before the temple of Julius, and Drusus his son, at the rostra of the olden times, pronounced the last words of praise over the master of Rome and the Roman world before his body was reduced to ashes.

3.

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW

THESE people, the gowned and bedizened rich, the togaed nobles with their retinues, the nameless multitude in tunic and rags, that fill the streets of the imperial city,—who are they?

They are no longer the Romans of Hannibal's time. The eye of a Scipio Africanus, an Æmilius Paullus, or even a Cato, would be strangely bewildered were it to look on the motley throng that jostle each other in the midst of wealth and magnificence. It might recognize the form and essentials of the city of other times, but it would despair in the search for the old familiar types in the strange faces and strange demeanor of the new. The population has swelled, but changed. The old stock in large part has perished, and new blood has taken its place.

The old stock has perished. When Horace speaks of the young manhood of Rome made fewer by the sins of sires who have whetted the sword against each other instead of the Parthians, he is speaking literal truth. Within the hundred years preceding, there had been twelve civil wars, with their dreadful losses in the field and their still more dreadful, if not such numerous, losses in proscription. Three hundred senators and two thousand knights were on the death-list in the proscription that cost the Ciceros their lives. Four thousand seven hundred were doomed by Sulla on the overthrow of the Marian party. Marius, but a few years before, had hunted and butchered for five entire days the sena-

tors and other distinguished men who had sided against him. The victims in the proscriptions were picked men, men of the old stock; two Cæsars, two Crassi, and the orator Antonius were among those slain by Marius. Besides the civil wars, there had been in these hundred years the wars with Jugurtha in Africa, with the Cimbri and the Teutons, with the Italians in their struggle for the franchise, with Mithridates and the pirates, with the Gauls and the Britons and the Germans, with the Parthians and the Spaniards and the tribes along the Danube. And before all these there had been the great Punic wars. At Cannæ and Trasimene, the flower of Roman citizenship had fallen by scores of thousands. The year after Cannæ, the senate was far below the normal three hundred, and the number of vacancies could not be legally filled. The war with Hannibal alone is thought to have consumed a third of the citizens; and its long drain of seventeen years was continued without intermission by the wars in Macedon, Greece, and Asia that lasted for fifty years, years marked not only by deaths in the field but by loss to the social fabric through the withdrawal from family life of the strongest and most fit.

The old stock fell away, and the new flowed in and mingled with the remnant. Who were the new? They were the strangers from allied cities in Italy and from the provinces who were drawn by the needs of the capital and their own desire for adventure. They were the artists and craftsmen and professionals and traders from Greece and the Orient. They were the discharged soldiers of both foreign and Italian blood. They were the men and women slaves of two hundred years of wars and kidnapping in every Mediterranean land. Ten thou-

sand slaves a day is said to have been frequently the sale at Delos. A hundred and fifty thousand was the result of one campaign in Epirus. It was the regular thing for the captives of a conquered town to be sold with the spoil. Ninety thousand Teutons and sixty thousand Cimbri were sold as slaves after the victories of Marius and Catulus, and Cæsar made a like disposition of fifty-three thousand Aduatici. The number of these unfortunates in Italy at large and in the city of Rome may be estimated from the two great uprisings of 134 and 102 in Sicily, when two hundred and forty thousand slaves were said to have taken up arms, with the destruction on both sides in the five years of the second war of a hundred thousand men, and from the insurrection of Spartacus in 73, when two years of campaigning were necessary to subdue the seventy thousand rebels in Italy. It is estimated that in the most populous time of the city there were two hundred and eighty thousand slaves in Rome, about one to every five free men. Slaves in gangs performed the rough labor of the country estate, and the houses of the prosperous in country and city alike were filled with slaves. Slaves herded the cattle and tilled the soil, paved and repaired the roads and streets, reared the aqueducts and public buildings, were the city's carriers, street-cleaners, and errand-runners, its scullions, cooks, waiters, and valets, its actors and artisans and gladiators, and in many cases its artists, physicians, schoolmasters, and pedagogues. Their lot at the worst was worse than death, at the best a very endurable life. They could be free in all but name, they could purchase freedom from their savings, they could be set free for merit of their own or even for the sake of their owner's pocket. The more frugal and the more

gifted did attain liberty in very great numbers, and became freedmen lightly attached to their former masters as clients, soon to sever these bonds and integrate with the mass of the free. They prospered and mingled in marriage among themselves and the humbler Romans and the free from the provinces, and their sons became the well-to-do, the respectable, the better class of the new to fill the place of the better class of the old that was constantly disappearing.

There was thus a great modification in the population of the capital. The patricians now were in large part the fresh creations of Julius Cæsar, who had found the original families so depleted as not to suffice for the proper filling of positions requiring patrician blood. The other nobles were of origin no less recent. The senate under Cæsar, with a membership of nine hundred, comprising soldiers, sons of freedmen, and even Gauls, had been a scandal to Romans of the old school, and Augustus himself had reduced the number and increased the property qualification. Even so, it was now an assemblage mainly of moneyed mediocrities. The middle classes were the plebeians, and the plebeians were the slaves, of a generation or two before, and both had been replenished by the immigrants and captives that had come to the city in pursuit of fortune or in the wake of war. Racially, the result was a cosmopolitan motley. "It is Rome you are dealing with, a city made up of the nations of the earth," wrote Quintus Cicero in counsel to his brother on the winning of votes. Socially, there were still the patrician and the noble élite, there were still the equestrian class and the plebs and the slaves; but they were not of the ancient mould.

Nor was their moral fiber of the old heroic type. The

stern consecrations of the men whose first thought was duty to the state had almost wholly passed. Rustic frugality and simple-mindedness had wholly passed. The ancient and intimate bond between the city and the life of the country had been dissolved. The Campagna was still fruitful, but belonged only to the few, and the vast acres with their population of overseers and slaves saw little of the Romans except as they came to sumptuous villas on a rich man's holiday. The life of the country was no longer projected into the life of the city; the life of the city was extended to the country. The common people not only had no connection with the soil, but were fed in large part at the state's expense on grain imported from distant provinces. The list of those receiving grain at nominal prices when the custom was introduced under Gaius Gracchus had swelled enormously by the time of Clodius, who made the distribution free, and under Cæsar was reduced from three hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand. The few but already noticeable idlers of Cato's time, for whose benefit the grim old censor would have had the Forum paved with sharp stones, had grown into a monstrous rabble dependent for subsistence upon a government glad to purchase its good will and good behavior on these terms.

Whatever may be said as to the poverty of these recipients of bounty at the hands of the state, and of others who received their gifts from the rich houses of Rome, they enjoyed at least the luxury of that for which they did not render a return in labor or money. And the idle and luxurious poor were matched by the idle and luxurious rich. The day was past when a Fabricius struck a senator from the rolls for having more than

ten pounds of plate. For two hundred years the city had levied upon the wealth of the world. In spite of disorders and wasteful wars, the Rome of Augustus found waiting a rich inheritance, and the moment that the question of mastership was settled the coffers of emperor and subject were overflowing with wealth.

The ease, indulgence, and luxury against whose first slight inroads the self-denying Cato had so persistently fought had at last broken down every defence. In 195, the old censor had seen danger in the women's desire for the repeal of the Oppian law, a sumptuary regulation of the second Punic war which forbade the wearing of costly dress and more than half an ounce of gold. The return of soldiers from Asia in 187 with dining-couches finished in bronze and upholstered in precious stuffs, with fancy ornamental tables, "which in those times were regarded as sumptuous furnishings," and with expensive tastes in dining, was called "the first invasion of the city by luxury from foreign sources." "It was from that time that the cook, the meanest of slaves among the men of old both in price and in employment, began to be valued, and what had been mere service began to be considered an art." In 169, the artificial chase in which the ædiles exhibited sixty-three wild beasts from Africa and forty-two bears and elephants was another sign of increasing luxury. Yet, had Cato's vision extended a century and a half beyond his death, he would have agreed with Livy, that "things like these, which in those times were conspicuous, were the merest seeds of the luxury that was to come," and would have been more than ever convinced of the dangers that lurked in prosperity. "I am greatly concerned," he says in the *Origines,* "lest the cheerful times we are now en-

joying bring on too much indulgence. Adverse fortune tames us, and keeps us in the right idea of duty. Favoring fortune and the lightness of heart it brings are apt to drive us from the course of good counsel and understanding."

And the effect of ease and indulgence was not only the weakening, but the degradation, of character. The Roman had always been practical, and more or less unsentimental and hard in dealing with men in his power; but now the unquestioned possession of authority over subject and slave, the freedom from effort and responsibility, with the frequent witnessing of the perilous race, the pitiless slaughter of animals in the shows, and the cold-blooded setting of man against man in the sports of the arena, had changed hardness into selfish cruelty. Worse than all these, there grew up the scandalous evils that affected the life of the home and undermined the foundations of the state. Times had changed since Cato refrained from kissing his wife before their daughter and from bathing with his son, and ejected from office the brother of Rome's most popular general for besmirching the name of the state by favors to a harlot. A Clodius by amorous intrigue had violated religion as well as the home of Cæsar, and escaped punishment. A Clodia had flaunted her vices in the face of society and been able to maintain a certain standing. A Cæsar had been both profligate and pontiff. And now an Ovid, who had set before the public *The Art of Love,* could complain of exile in the tones of injured innocence, and the emperor's own daughter Julia could be almost less an outrage in Roman eyes for being a woman of the streets than her father for sending her away to banishment.

Yet, with all its resignation to the seizure of power by a single man, with all its hardness and cruelty, with all its idleness and self-indulgence, with all its security and irresponsibility, the Rome of Augustus retained a conscience. There were still the poets and the moralists. They gathered up the feeling of the age about itself, and left it expressed for their own and after generations to read.

The world was tired of discord and war, and resigned to the idea that the peace it so gladly accepted was possible by no other means. The phrases of Tacitus, writing a short time afterward about the Augustans, are expressive of the truth: "the whole world weary of civil strife"; "they preferred security for the moment to ancient ideals and danger"; "he lured them all with the sweet prospect of peace"; "believing there was no other remedy for the divided state than rule by a single person." The philosophic resignation of Livy, the acceptance of the new by Horace and Virgil, dispossessed though they once had been, the almost total absence of conspiracy against the emperor, the rapid recovery of affairs, were all a great testimony that men were possessed by the desire for peace and stability. When once the desire was gratified and the result seemed permanent, resignation grew into relief and gratitude. The response of the poets to the emperor's advances, their words of praise, the coöperation of one-time enemies, the people's applause, the worship of the Genius of Augustus and the State, are not to be interpreted as mere adulation. The hand that so surely and so quickly created order out of the chaos of a century might well seem divine. The emperor himself and his party at times

might well forget the darker episodes in the course of action by which they had reached their end.

For the feeling of the emperor and his friends was hardly that of triumph unalloyed. In the midst of success, their souls were possessed by a sense of disillusionment and skepticism. When Mæcenas had finished the ministerial duties of the day, he slipped off the garment of state and sought refuge in pleasure as the real end of living. Horace was sometimes afraid of being thought to take seriously his own preaching. Augustus himself, at the end of a long and laborious life, called in his friends to his bedside and asked them whether they thought he had played fitly the comedy of life.

If there was not always the skepticism of disillusionment, there was at least its sadness. The ample harmonies of Augustan literature are deepened and enriched by a strain of homesickness and regret. It is not the literature of an age that is satisfied with itself and at rest. It is the literature of an age that has triumphed, but has not triumphed in righteousness as its fathers triumphed in the citizen-soldier days. It is the literature of a city that looks longingly out to the unspoiled life of the fields and the mountain valleys, and back to the austere virtues of the olden time. This is the real meaning of the rich enthusiasm of the *Georgics*, and the gentle rustic moods of Tibullus, and the exquisite country touches of Horace. This is the meaning of Cicero in the generation previous, with his face turned backward to Cato and the great examples before greed for money and lust for power had transformed the Roman realms into civil battlegrounds, and of Lucretius, contrasting the present with the primitive past. And this is the meaning of Livy, the unconverted republican,



THE EMPIRE OF AUGUSTUS

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS FROM FIRTH'S AUGUSTUS

and of Horace, the convert to imperialism. In the age in which he lives, Livy "sees these modern times, in which the very strength of a people now long exceedingly powerful is working its own destruction"; he undertakes his onerous task with the prospect of relief from contemplation of the ills which his age has known for so many years, of relief for at least so long as he loses himself in reviewing the brave days of old; "either love of the task he has undertaken deceives, or there has never been a greater state than the Roman, nor one more righteous or richer in good examples, nor a commonwealth into which greed and high living set foot so late, or where humble means and thrift were so long and so highly honored"; "in recent days, riches have brought in avarice, and unlimited pleasures the impulse toward indulgence in luxury and license to the ruin of oneself and all that belongs to life"; let the reader attend, and see "what has been the life and what the character of the Roman people, and through what men and in what ways, at home and in the field, its sway was established and increased, and then let him follow on and see how, as discipline gradually weakened, character first began to crumble, as it were, and to give way more and more, until it started on a headlong rush to ruin and brought us to these times of ours, when neither our vices can be endured nor their remedies." "This self-control, this regard for fairness, this greatness of soul, that in those times belonged to the entire people," he says of a famous political event,—"where could you find it now in a single individual?" Horace almost repeats the words of Livy's preface: "Fruitful of sin, our times have defiled the marriage-bed, our children, and our homes; this is the source from which came the stream

of ruin that has overwhelmed our country and people. . . . The generation of our sires, worse than that of our grandsires, has brought forth us their still more worthless children, soon to beget a progeny worse than ourselves."

This is the meaning, too, of Augustan reform. The age was under conviction of sin. It had reached the end it sought, and the end seemed good; but the memory of the means employed would not be gone, and it drove men on to attempt a return to the morals and faith of older and purer times. The woes of the present were the end of a long decline from rectitude and piety. "The sins of thy fathers, O Roman," chants Horace, "though guiltless thyself, thou shalt continue to expiate, until thou hast restored the crumbling temples and sanctuaries of the gods, and their images begrimed with black smoke. Humble thyself before the gods, if thou wouldst rule. From them comes every beginning; in them see every end. It is neglect of the gods that has brought many woes on mournful Hesperia."

This is the meaning, finally, of Augustus himself. Augustus was not alone and single-handed the masterful soldier, the legislator, the builder, the reformer of morals and religion. The man who placed himself at the head of soldiery, overcame his enemies and seized the state, who labored unceasingly and enlisted the talent of the times in the task of reconstruction, who kept to the ancient forms while destroying the ancient substance of the constitution, who used the same bedroom, winter and summer, for over forty years, who disliked pretentious palaces except as they contributed to the dignity of the capital, whose furniture was hardly choice enough for a private citizen, whose ordinary gar-

ments were made after the old manner by the women of his household, who ate but lightly and of plain food and was sparing in the use of wine, who worked far into the night, who was afraid of thunder and lightning, suspicious of omens and dreams, and restored the temples and service of the gods, who sternly banished his own daughter once for all and who was not himself free from the stain of vice,—this man was the personification of his age, of its weariness of talk and its despair of peaceful means, of its opportunism, of its pride, of its skepticism and disillusionment, of its regret and its lapses, and of its longing to get right again with men and gods.

Augustus the imperial master was the expression of the political conclusions of the age. Augustus the reformer expressed the conscience of the age. In the massive lump of disorder, selfishness, and cynicism, that conscience was the saving leaven. In the fields furrowed by war, it was the seed of a new Rome.

Rome did not die. The old city of the Republic crumbled, but did not fall. Out of it appeared a new and larger and more splendid Rome, not yet of perfect stature and beauty, but established in the mould of the city that was to come. The Roman state did not disappear. It was recreated from the ruins of the old, to become the greater Rome whose work was to complete with better method what the old had begun. Roman character did not perish from the earth. It lost in part the peculiar virtues of the men who thought and felt in terms of farm and family and city-state, but it lost also their narrowness and crudities.

Roman citizenship was being born again. To be a Roman from now on was to think in terms of the em-

pire, not of the city alone, to think in terms of the human kind, not of race alone, to think in terms of eternity rather than time. The singer and chronicler of the earlier days, and the poetry and prose of the later, had crystallized the character of the brave days of old. They had done not only that; they had amplified and created. Now again they took the leaden metal of a rough age, the character of a ruler and régime that were charged with rising upon the ruins of ancient liberty, and transmuted them to the lustrous gold of an ideal to light the way for another succession of the generations of men. Men thought of the perils and escapes of the already ancient city,—from the Sabines, the Albans, the Etruscan, and the Gaul, from Pyrrhus and Hannibal, from Antiochus and from Cleopatra, from the even greater savagery of civil war,—and saw in her the Eternal City. They thought of the steady advance of the Roman arms from Romulus to their own day and from the Seven Hills to the four ends of the Mediterranean world, they thought of the spread of civilization to barbarian lands, and of the pacification of warring tribe and nation, and saw in her the City of Destiny.

V.

GREECE AND ROME

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio,—

Greece, taken captive, took captive her rough conqueror,
and brought the arts to rustic Latium.

HORACE, Epistles, II: 1, 156-157

Sed quo sis, Africane, alacrior ad tutandam rem publicam, sic habeto: omnibus qui patriam conservaverint, adiuverint, auxerint, certum esse in cælo definitum locum ubi beati ævo sempiterno fruantur,—

But, that you may be still more eager in your efforts for the state, Africanus, consider thus: that for all who have striven to protect, aid, and increase it there is set apart in the skies a sure abode for blessed enjoyment of eternal life.

CICERO, Somnium Scipionis, 13

Quid dicam insulas Græciæ? quæ fluctibus cinctæ natant pæne ipsæ simul cum civitatum institutis et moribus,—

What shall I say as to the islands of Greece? which, begirt by waves, are themselves almost afloat, together with their institutions and morals.

CICERO, De Republica, II: 4, 8

1.

HELLENISM AND ROME

A CULTIVATED Athenian, entering Rome for the first time in the closing years of Augustus' reign, would have been impelled to exclaim first of all at the size and splendor of the capital. Its distances especially would have impressed him. The descent from the Alban slopes into the plain, and the approach up the long, level arrowy stretch of the Appian Way, already bordered by tombs, through the infinite rolling fields of the Campagna; the towering temples and palaces of the Capitoline and Palatine, the massive colonnaded basilicas and temples of the Forum at their base; the profusion of ornament and color everywhere, the endless thoroughfares traversing hill and valley, the spacious gardens, public and private; the magnificent distance of the Flaminian road as it left the base of the Capitoline on its unswerving way through the buildings and monuments of the Campus Martius like a tramping Roman legion; the generous sweep of the broad Tiber and the answering sweep of the Janiculum and its greenery high above,—together produced an effect of amplitude and richness unmatched in any other city.

The stranger from Athens would have cried out next at the many features of Rome that reminded him of his own city. He might have noticed that Rome was situated upon hills in a plain not distant from the mountains and was fifteen miles from the sea, with Ostia as a port, as Athens was situated on rocky eminences in a plain rimmed on three sides by Hymettus, Pentelicon, and

Parnes and was five miles from the sea, with Piræus as a port. He would surely have noticed that the Capitoline with its arx and temple of Jupiter was in some sort a parallel to the Acropolis and the Parthenon. He would have seen everywhere the column, architrave, and pediment of his native city, in many cases constructed in the very marble he knew at home. The Roman basilica would have reminded him of the Athenian basilica by its form as well as by its name, and the portico would have reminded him of the stoa. He would have seen in temple and square and garden and palace a great many Greek statues and copies of statues. The theaters of Pompey and Balbus and Marcellus, though not resting on the rock of hillsides, would have reminded him by their architecture and appointments in general of the theater of Dionysus at the base of the Acropolis. If he had attended a play in one of them, in company with the thirteen thousand or so Romans who found seats there, he would probably have been struck by the fact that the stage setting, the costumes of the players, and the matter of the play itself, were all Greek. He might even have recognized the play as an adaptation of Menander or Euripides. In the great law courts, he might have been told that the pleader at the bar who was speaking apparently with much straightforwardness and simplicity was an Atticist who patterned after the Athenian Lysias, and that his more florid opponent professed the style of Isocrates, but that Cicero, greatest of all the Roman orators, a generation before had combined the excellences of all the styles.

Had he been invited to dinner by a prominent Roman, the Athenian would have noticed the pillared atrium, the peristyle, and the triclinium, and commented

on the retention of Greek names here and elsewhere. He would have been served by slaves with Greek names, and entertained by dancers, musicians, or readers of Greek education. The host and guests would have graced their conversation with Greek phrases, and some of them would have conversed with the stranger in his own tongue. If a Horace and a Virgil had been present and recited from their verses, his ear would have recognized Sapphic or Alcaic stanza and the long roll of the hexameter, and he would have commented on the way in which the content of their poetry, as well as its form, kept him thinking of the ancient Greek lyric and the Iliad and Odyssey.

"I feel really very much at home in your city," the Greek might have said, politely. "There is so much in your architecture and painting and sculpture, and so much in your literature and history, that resembles our own, and I find you speaking Greek so well, that as soon as I get used to the bigness and variety of everything I shall feel as if I were among my own people rather than among strangers."

After saying this, he might have added: "But then, you *are* my own people. Your hills were settled by Greeks, you know, even before Æneas and Romulus, and Æneas himself was the son of a Greek goddess, and Troy was of Greek origin if you go back far enough."

"Yes, you are quite right," the Roman might have replied. "We are indeed kinsmen. Our origin is common, our languages resemble each other, and our purpose in history has been the same. If we Romans seem to have appropriated your literature and art rather than to have created our own, it is because our time has been employed in conquering and organizing the world

and making the spread of a better civilization possible rather than in attempting to do over again what you have already done so well. With you, the emphasis has been upon the creation of enlightenment; with us, it has been upon the means of spreading and making it of effect in the far parts of the earth; but our destiny is the same. We are the two great instrumentalities of the gods in the work of civilizing the world."

Quite naturally, the Athenian would not have forgotten the exquisite refinement of the Parthenon or the graces of life in general in his native city, and would have had his reflections as he looked on the art and manners, and especially the amusements, of Rome. The secret thoughts of the Roman would have been busy with the contrast between the Greek character of his day and that of the times of Pericles, and with the contrast between them both and the robust vigor of Roman character. But the thoughts of both would have remained discreetly unexpressed.

In his judgment of Greek and Roman civilization, the Athenian visitor to Rome in the time of Augustus had incomparably the advantage of the average twentieth century visitor. The Greek could not only see the superficial likenesses, but distinguish the essential differences. The modern who makes the acquaintance of ancient Rome, whether through its remains or through lecture and book, sees usually only the merest resemblances. All his life he is led to associate Greek and Roman things more or less without discrimination under the term "classical," with the consequence that he has only a dim idea that Greece and Rome are separate individualities, and that his ideas as to what constitute these individualities are dimmer still. He has read and heard

of and seen the classical style in architecture, and sometimes it has meant pure Greek, sometimes Roman, sometimes Renaissance, and sometimes all at once. His thoughts of classical sculpture, painting, and religion are hardly more distinct. If he knows neither Latin nor Greek, the usual medium of acquaintance with Rome and Greece, or knows Latin alone, he entertains the loosest notions as to the traits that distinguished Rome from Greece and the Roman from the Greek.

Lack of opportunity to make real acquaintance with Greece and Rome, however, or failure to seize the opportunity, is not the only obstacle to a better appreciation of their differences. At best, the undertaking is not easy. Let it be the business of this chapter to attempt a division of the word of truth in a really difficult matter.

What glimpses of the sturdy Roman folk in their early stages are possible to us, when as yet they were subject to little more than local influences and the wider world was unknown and almost unheard of, arouse the curiosity as to what their civilization would have become had its course been allowed to run thus undisturbed to a natural end. In such a matter, however, conjecture only is possible, and is of little profit. Such was the number of influences which affected Roman civilization from its infancy up, and such the power of one of them, the Hellenic, that it is only with difficulty that its primitive character can be appraised, and there is almost no part of the finished product which may be called wholly native to the soil of Latium.

Long before Rome became an important factor in history, the cities of central Italy had known something of the civilization of the eastern Mediterranean. Phœ-

nician and Mycenæan had reached the shores of the peninsula, and, directly or through other peoples, had left their wares in the markets of the Latin towns. In their wake, in the course of time, came the great westward colonial movement of the Greeks. There probably had been groups of Greeks in Italy as early as a thousand years before Christ, but the wave of colonization reached dimensions only in the eighth century, not long after the coming of the Etruscans and the founding of Rome. In less than a hundred years, Cumæ became the center of a Greek culture on the coasts and islands of the Naples region; Tarentum, Metapontum, Sybaris, and Croton were Hellenizing the south of Italy; Rhegium and Zancle were on either side of the straits of Messina; while Naxos and Catana, to the north and south of Ætna, with Leontini and Syracuse farther south and Gela and Selinus to the west, had gone far toward making Sicily a Greek island. The influence of Cumæ was soon strengthened by Pæstum, founded from Sybaris; and the rise of Massilia, the later Marseilles, in 600, at the mouth of the Rhone, was a cardinal event for Rome.

It was not long before the crude city on the Tiber began to receive from these Greek neighbors something of greater importance than the mere pottery and stuffs that found their way to her shops either directly from their ships and wagons, or indirectly through Etruscan traders. The alphabet of the Greeks came to Rome in the earliest days from Cumæ. The Greek system of weights and measures influenced the Roman. The so-called Servian reform is thought to bear the marks of Greek military and political life. The Diana of the Aventine temple, said to have been an imitation of the

Greek Artemis at Marseilles, was the first image of deity known at Rome. The event was important; the Romans had taken from the Greeks, perhaps with some assistance from the Etruscans, their first lesson in the conception of deity under human form and endowed with human personality. The old formless gods of the field, the forest, and the sky were already beginning to recede from the city.

As time went on and the city increased, nowhere was the influence of Hellenism more effective or more manifest than in religion. At the beginning of the Republic, some four score years after the statue of Diana is said to have been placed on the Aventine, another strong impulse toward the imitation of Greek worship resulted in the first direct appropriation of a Greek cult. The bringing of Apollo and the Sibylline Oracles from Cumæ was the initial event in a series whose end was the naturalization at Rome of all the major deities of Greece. As the strange gods became well known, they were identified with the principal native Italian deities and the two pantheons were blended into one. The Zeus and Hera of Olympus became Jupiter and Juno of Rome; Poseidon and Athena became Neptune and Minerva; Ares and Aphrodite, Mars and Venus; Apollo and Artemis, Apollo and Diana; Hephæstus and Hestia, Vulcan and Vesta; Hermes and Demeter, Mercury and Ceres. By 217, the second year of the war with Hannibal, the process was complete. The Greek deities had been Italianized in name, and no doubt to some extent in substance. The Italian deities had been Hellenized into gods made in the image of man and possessing personal attributes. The ancient rustic deities were no longer recognizable in them. They had be-

come the gods of a great state religion, with pillared and pedimented temples and impressive statues, a stately priesthood in gorgeous regalia, and solemn spectacular processions moving through the crowded Forum to public sacrifices before monumental altars on the hills. Their brothers and sisters, the countless minor deities of the earliest men of Rome, had faded from the public life of city and village, and lingered only in the seclusion of the old-fashioned household, and in field and hamlet remote from the forces of innovation. So far as the visible life of the capital was concerned, the simple and unpretentious religion of the olden time had largely disappeared.

But the change during the first three centuries of the Republic from simplicity to elaborate and showy form, and from the many gods to the few, was not the only transformation wrought by contact with Hellenism. In the train of Greek religion soon came Greek philosophy. The religion of Homer's gods, long questioned in their own land, had given way among intellectual Greeks to the speculations on the physical nature of the universe and the moral nature of man whose evolution resulted in the severe philosophic faith of Zeno the Stoic and the defiant philosophic skepticism of Epicurus. The process was repeated at second hand in Rome. Philosophic thought revealed to the intellectual class among the Romans the fallacy not only of the old-time rustic beliefs, but also of the newer Greek faiths. Ennius, in the early second century translating with approval the blasphemous teaching of Euhemerus that the gods were only glorified benefactors of times long past, was the rude forerunner, first, of Epicurean lecturers from Greece, and, finally, of Lucretius, denying both the immortality



THE RUINS OF OLYMPIA

TWO COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERA,
IN WHICH WAS FOUND THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

and the incorporeal nature of the soul, asserting the total unconcern of the gods with human affairs, and crying anathema on all religion. The Stoic, with his more pious teachings of ultimate truth regarding the nature of matter and the soul, was hardly less destructive of orthodox faith.

The cultivated portion of Roman society in the last century before Christ was not on the whole, however, contemptuous of the gods, or even irreverent. The thinking Roman still believed, but not in the usual sense. He believed in maintaining the existing régime because he respected the tradition of his fathers, and because he saw in religion a salutary institution for society in general and for the state. As to the content of religion as conceived by the ordinary uninquiring mind, the intelligent Roman was not only skeptical, but indifferent. It is true that he was only one among many Romans, and that the many, had they considered his attitude at all, would have regarded him as fallen away from the faith; but he represented the evolution of religion, and represented progress. The old faith appealed no longer to right reason or to cultivated sentiment. To the best minds, it had become an instrument of political and social control; to the best hearts, a chill and empty form. As the Etruscan and Greek faiths had filled the native Latin religion with a new life, so now a new faith was needed to fill once more with a fresh vitality the exhausted body of the old. That regenerating contribution was to come from the east, and the process had already begun.

The effect of Greek proximity on the religion of Rome was paralleled by its effect upon Roman literature and culture in general. If the effect is not so strik-

ingly visible until comparatively late in the Republic, the reason is to be seen both in the more intimate nature of religion and in the fact that, with the Roman, religion was a practical interest affecting the state, while the art of letters and the other luxuries of the mind he had to be taught to appreciate.

Prior to the earliest actual contact of the Roman with the Greeks of southern Italy in the first decades of the third century, over two hundred years after the inauguration of the republic, the literary art could hardly be said to exist at Rome. Whatever prose there was consisted of such purely practical compositions as the laws of the Twelve Tables, the simplest public and private chronicles, treaties, and other documents of like nature. Poetry existed only in legal and religious formulæ descended from the earliest days, in the ancient hymns chanted by priests or sung in honor of dead ancestors, and perhaps in a rough form of drama. All of this was in the Saturnian verse native to Latium, a rude measure sounding somewhat like the familiar "The-queen-was-in-the-parlor-Eating-bread-and-honey."

So far, Roman literature was hardly an art. But with the taking of Tarentum in 272, at the close of the war with Pyrrhus, and the extension of Roman administration throughout lower Italy, there began a much more intimate mingling with the Greeks and a much greater familiarity with Greek art. Livius Andronicus, brought from Tarentum as a slave and employed as teacher and craftsman in letters at Rome, marks the visible beginning of Roman literature. His translations of the Iliad and Odyssey for schoolroom purposes, his adaptations of Greek comedy and tragedy performed on Roman holidays at the end of the first

Punic war when Roman officers had brought home from the Sicilian campaigns an enthusiasm for the hitherto unknown Greek stage, and his lyric sung by matrons in procession in honor of Juno on the Aventine, were all in Saturnians, and no doubt crude enough, but they represented the launching of a movement whose effects upon both letters and life were of great magnitude. In less than fifty years after the advent of Græco-Roman literature with Livius, the Saturnian measure as a literary form had practically disappeared, and in less than a hundred an extensive body of Roman literature in Greek form and with Greek content had come into existence, together with much that was really Roman. Ennius, the "father of Roman literature," had written tragedy and comedy and an innocent form of satire, and naturalized the hexameter in his epic, *The Annals of Rome.* Nævius had followed with tragedy and comedy in the Greek manner, but with satire and an epic on the second Punic war which were of Roman stuff. Pacuvius had devoted himself to tragedy alone; Plautus, Cæcilius Statius, and Terence, to comedy. There had been histories of the war with Hannibal composed by Fabius Pictor in Greek and Cælius Antipater in Latin.

In the meantime, Hellenism had found other ways of ingress. Marcellus, in 212, had captured Syracuse and carried rich spoils of art to Rome, to be placed in the temple of Honor and Virtue. Tarentum, recovered from Hannibal in 209, had made another contribution of like nature. Scipio Africanus had championed the cause of broader liberal culture in the education of Roman citizens. Titus Quinctius Flamininus, the hero of Cynoscephalæ, had brought back to the city in 197, in the treasures of the conquered Philip, the first art contribu-

tion of the eastern Greeks to the beautifying of Rome, and had been elder brother to Greece in the campaign of its liberation from Macedon. In the renunciation of power over the Greek cities, the one magnanimous act in the grand style by the conquering Roman state, is no doubt to be seen the effect of the now more intimate contact of Roman nobles with the art and letters of an intellectually superior race. Ten years later, Fulvius Nobilior had brought home two hundred and eighty-five bronze and two hundred and thirty marble statues and placed them in the temple of Hercules of the Muses, built especially for the purpose. Æmilius Paullus had toured the great centers of Greece after Perseus' defeat at Pydna in 168 and radiated fresh enthusiasm to the lovers of enlightenment, and had handed on the torch to his son, the younger Scipio by adoption, and through him to the Scipionic circle, including such men as Terence the writer of comedy, Polybius the historian, Panætius the Stoic, Lælius the administrator and philosopher, and Lucilius the satirist. Philosophers and orators from Greece had visited the city, delivered public lectures, and been received into the homes of Rome's leading men. In the meantime, too, from the defeat of Philip of Macedon, the necessities of diplomacy and administration had made Romans more or less familiar with Greek lands and Greek ideals, and the increasing number of artists, teachers, traders, and adventurers in general who came to Rome in pursuit of fortune had contributed to the same effect. To all these more or less enlightened sources may be added the less liberalizing but intimate contact with the Greek and Greek-speaking slaves that now began to throng the streets of Rome.

The Hellenizing movement of the hundred years succeeding the attempts of Livius Andronicus did not cease during the century of broils and wars that intervened before Augustus reduced the Roman world to order. Sometimes its agents were not the disinterested and generous kind that Flamininus, Paullus, and the Scipios had been. The sack of Corinth in 146 filled the public gardens and temple-museums of Rome with the marbles and bronzes of fallen Greece. The Roman governors, the commercial exploiter of art abroad, and the dealer and dilettante at home, by fair means or foul filled the private gardens, palaces, and shops. Not every coarse and plundering Verres was matched by a refined Lucullus, nor every extortionate Appius Claudius by a Cicero who paid for the art that beautified his villas. The effect, however, was identical in kind. The daily sight of Greek art and the frequent discussion of Greek literature and history familiarized the minds of thoughtful men with Greek ideas. The architecture of the city's best buildings was as Greek in the impression it made as the Græco-Roman drama that amused its public, or the Græco-Roman gods that protected the state. Even in education a change was perceptible. In spite of the opposition of practical Romans of the sterner sort, the Hellenic ideal of cultivation gradually possessed itself of the minds of the upper class. Men like Scipio and Lælius, whose vision was too broad for them not to realize both the greater fulness of life and the greater usefulness that were the gift of liberal culture, soon rapidly multiplied, and the ideal of the broader education after the manner of the Greeks at length ceased to be opposed, though its realization was always limited to the comparatively few. It was not that the ideal of

Cato and the Roman fathers was discarded or despised; it was only supplemented. Practical training in the elements of reading, writing, speech, and numbers, and in the manly accomplishments, continued as before in all classes; but for all who desired and possessed the necessary talent and means there was added to this the study of Greek and Latin literature, the study of Greek philosophy and rhetoric under Greek masters at Rome, and a period of finishing in Athens, the great center of learning and the arts, or in some center of less fame made important by the presence of a great master; such as Rhodes, where Posidonius taught.

The most fruitful period in the history of Hellenism at Rome was the century of Cicero, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil, and the greatest figure in it the orator himself. If a personality is needed to illustrate the effect in both intellectual satisfaction and usefulness of Hellenic culture at its best, none will better serve the purpose than Cicero. Nothing on Roman soil could have been more Greek than the education Cicero received after leaving Arpinum at an early age for Rome. Its curriculum, even where the content was Latin, was patterned after the Greek. Its masters were Greek rhetoricians and philosophers, some of whom could not speak the Latin language. The future orator learned to read, write, and speak as readily in Greek as in his own tongue. He used the Greek orators as models and the Greek essayists and poets as mines of intellectual richness. He even kept learned Greeks in his house, and the Stoic Diodotus died under his roof. He spent two years of his early manhood in study at Athens and other cities in Greek lands. Such was the enthusiasm which possessed him that from one of the most active and most

anxious lives ever lived he still found time and strength to digest and re-create and transmit the riches of the Greek intellectual life, and thus to place the world of his own and succeeding times forever in his debt.

What Cicero was in prose to Greek thought in general, Lucretius in his poem *On Nature* was to the physical and ethical speculations of Epicureanism in particular; and what both were to Greek philosophy, Virgil and Horace were to the epic of Homer and the lyric of sixth century Greece, and Catullus, Ovid, and Propertius to the later, more ornamental, and less purely Greek poetry of the Alexandrian era, when the Hellenic art of Athens the Periclean capital had passed into the Hellenistic art of the great Egyptian city and other centers in the realms of Alexander's conquest. All these, with Cæsar and Quintus Cicero, the younger Ciceros, Asinius Pollio, Varius, Quintilius, Mæcenas, Augustus himself, and many a lesser poet and patron, were educated in the broader culture, and were saturated with the literature and other arts of Greece. Versifier, dramatist, essayist, and pleader followed the advice and example of Horace and thumbed the Greek exemplars night and day.

The age of Cicero and Augustus was not only the most fruitful period of Hellenism at Rome, but approached the climax and culmination of the Hellenizing movement. That movement may have reached greater numbers of Romans from Claudius to Hadrian, but it never again so vitally wrought on the Roman intellect. What the elder civilization had had to offer had been set before the younger. Whatever the appetite of the vigorously growing younger civilization had required had been seized upon, digested, and assimilated. Greek re-

ligion had entered into both the body and the soul of the religion of Rome. Sculpture and painting had contributed all that these arts at Rome could receive. The architecture of Rome had taken from the Greek as much as served its purpose. The rough prose of the rustic Roman had absorbed the substance and been inspired by the form of Greek oration and essay until the tongue and pen of Cicero rivalled the force and refinement of Demosthenes and Plato. Through the poetry of Horace and Virgil, the poetry of Greece had entered into the national life-blood of Rome. The speculative word of the moral philosophers of Greece had been made flesh in Roman living. The lessons of Greek political failure and success had contributed character to the Roman ideal of government. That the man at court or in the salon, the poet and the philosopher, the councillor and the administrator of provinces, should be masters of speech in both tongues, had become the rule of taste, if not of necessity. Rome had grown to the vigor of a world capital, Greece was in the pallor of decline. The life of the Mediterranean world which had centered in the Athens of Pericles, in another form now centered in the Rome of Augustus. The blood of Athens had not been lost; it had been transfused, and circulated now from another heart.

2.

ROME AND HELLENISM

SUCH was the course of Hellenism in the city of Rome. Such in the main was its course also in the Latin-speaking centers of the empire at large which reflected the life of the capital. To pass thus in rapid review the facts of its history, however, is to risk the danger of believing that the Roman identity had been transformed or swallowed up by the Greek. The popular mind, indeed, is accustomed to think of the two as much the same; and there are also those who, even after more intimate acquaintance, conceive of Roman art as a barbarous imitation, of Roman literature as a pale reflex of the Greek, of Roman religion as differing from the Greek in only the occasional employment of Latin names instead of Greek for the same deities, of Roman civilization in general as bearing the relation to Greek civilization of a poor copy to an inspired original, and of Rome as at least a Hellenistic city, to be classed with Pergamum, or Rhodes, or Alexandria, or Athens, or other centers of Hellenic distribution after the conquests of Alexander.

If we are to appreciate Roman institutions and Roman character and Rome's contribution to the world's work, these conceptions must be modified. The contribution of Greece was incalculable, but Rome none the less remained Rome, and the Roman did not cease to be a Roman.

In the first place, Hellenism affected at first hand an

exceedingly small part of the population of Rome. The masses, so far as its intellectual and spiritual import was concerned, were all but unreached by the waves of influence whose force grew less in proportion as they radiated farther from their center among the wealthy and ruling classes. Plebeian in the city and rustic in the country, going about their daily life of commonplaces, still worshipped in the manner of their fathers the little gods of home and farm and flock, trained their sons and daughters in the practical affairs of life as their ancestors had done before them, and spoke no language but their own, and that not in the polished phrases of a Cicero, but in its natural vigor, direct, untortured, and idiomatic. They did not recline at exotic banquets, but sat at table and ate sensibly of what belonged to the season and the place. Their pleasures in the city were not those of the refined, but such as suited the taste of the multitude, for whom to the end the excitement of circus and amphitheater and the humor of the mime afforded charms in comparison with which the attractions of legitimate art were nothing. In the country, they continued in the simple festivities of the olden time. They saw Greek architecture and sculpture on occasion, and sometimes went to Greek plays in Latin, but even when not the prey to boredom underwent small change of character. Art had no problems for them, and letters were not necessary to their enjoyment of life. They were not schooled by Greek sages, living or dead, in the control of the passions, nor given to any philosophy beyond the homely good sense always native to the Italian people. The speculations of religious inquiry, the doubts of the skeptic, the exhortations of ascetic and reformer, did not trouble them. They did

what tradition had taught them to do, and asked no questions.

Nor must those who belonged to the inner circles be supposed, except in the cases of the very few, to have undergone sweeping change. Whatever their culture, they remained on the whole the same practical, strenuous, and straightforward people. If their ideas of what was really practical in education were broadened, the extended training of the new education looked nevertheless to practical ends. If their sense of the beautiful was quickened by the presence of Greek art, the fact did not communicate to them either the ability to execute, or, very greatly, the desire. They were almost boastfully content that others should mould the figure of bronze or marble, win the palm in oratory or science; their mission, their art, was to bring to the world the blessings of peace under just and merciful rule. If contact with Hellenic culture reacted upon their manners, it did not insure them unerring judgment in matters of taste. Their attempts at refinement resulted too often in mere display. If acquaintance with Hellenic philosophy made them ever so skeptical of religion, they clung none the less to the forms of their fathers, and gave them up only after three centuries of resistance to the Christian faith.

Thus far, we have dealt with the failure of Hellenism to change the Roman individual. In the broader fields of the national life the persistence of character was still more marked.

If the spirit and practice of Roman government were modified at all by contact with the political life of Greece, it was in the direction of contrast rather than of likeness. The Greek continued to look toward the

freedom of individual community and individual citizen; the Roman went on as he had begun, bending all his energies toward the consolidation of the whole and the regulation of individual conduct with reference to effect upon the whole. Lucilius, member of the philhellenic Scipionic circle, writing that "the part of virtue is to consider first of all the good of the state, next the good of one's kinsmen, and, third and last of all, oneself," is Greek in the use of hexameter, but deeply Roman in sentiment. The contrast between the two tendencies is reflected by the attitudes of Greek and Roman toward deity; the one characterized by a sunny familiarity and general elasticity of contract, the other by solemn formality and the sternest obligation on both sides. At the death of Germanicus, the stoning of the temples by his Roman lovers was grounded in the feeling that the gods had failed in their obligation. It may be conceded that in the finer arts the Roman possessed much less genius than the Greek, and that he made himself the benefactor of the modern world rather by transmitting to it the treasures of remote antiquity than by creating art of his own, but in the art of governing men he early displayed unquestioned genius, and soon outstripped his teachers by improving on their lessons. If Livy's account of the Servian reform is based on truth, it was the Greek who gave the Roman his first effective instruction in the organization and equipment of a citizen-soldiery; but the space of a few centuries sufficed for the younger people to become the foremost power in the peninsula, and finally to go beyond its borders and conquer and set in order the nation that had been its instructor. In administrative as well as in military science, Rome built up a system which for centuries

held the world firm against the assaults of barbarism, which profoundly influenced its government after her fall, and which furnished the model for the organization of the greatest spiritual power mankind has ever seen. Most of all was the legal system of the Roman a creation of his own. At a time when his written language was still unwieldy and obscure, he had already begun to codify his laws; and the result of his thousand years of effort to adjust the relations of men one to another and to the general whole was a body of law which had been called into being by the living needs of people and state, which had been proved by the practical tests of time and constant use, and whose virtue was such that it continued to exist as the basis of the principal legal systems of Europe to modern times, and in many instances still constitutes almost the entire fabric.

But not even in the less original contributions of the fine arts and letters was the change wrought by the impact of Greek upon Roman so sweeping as is often supposed. The architecture of Rome, however plentiful its use of column and architrave in the marbles of Greece, is not identical with the builder's art of Athens, or even a close copy. By tradition, by the convenient presence of great quarries of marble, by physical setting, by the nature of architectural demand in a civilization of diminutive city-states, the Greek was kept faithful throughout to the column-and-lintel ideal of grace and beauty. The Roman, with no tradition but hillside wall and primitive hut, with suggestion from Etruria and Greater Greece, with a great variety of the coarser materials, with the needs of a city of hundreds of thousands and a realm going out to the ends of the earth, evolved the art of building giant utilitarian structures

upon immense foundations of mingled cement and stone, with vault and arch to sustain and the Greek orders to adorn. The essential principle of Greek construction is the rectangular; the column and beam are what make it stand. What made the Roman building defy the centuries was the partnership of massive wall and vault; Greek column and architrave were inessential, and served only to beautify. The Greek impressed the world with the single exquisite type of the temple, so perfectly realized that later days have added nothing to it, and with the lesser beauties of theater and portico. The Roman accepted the temple, modified it in the direction of greater exuberance and mass, and gave the round form and vaulted roof a greater currency. He accepted the theater, but with orchestra cut in two and stage brought nearer the audience. He popularized the portico. Beyond this, however, he practically created the monumental aqueduct, the amphitheater and the circus, the great law-court, the forum-group of public buildings, the triumphal arch and column, the public bath, the imperial palace, the wall and castle and city-camp of the frontier, the bridge, and the road, itself not undeserving of the name of architecture, and spread them over all the world, to be useful in their own time and to inspire the exquisite building of the Renaissance.

In the less practical arts of sculpture and painting, he was less creative; yet even here he made contributions. For the purely Roman triumphal arch and column, and for other monuments of the kind, he so developed and naturalized the historical relief and the art of portraiture that they lost all oriental, if not Hellenic, character. The stately processions on the altar of Peace and the arch of Titus, the multitudinous campaign

scenes on the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, are neither oriental nor Hellenic nor Hellenistic, but the national art of Rome. The accurate realistic portraiture of Roman sculpture and Pompeian painting claims kinship not so much with Greek art as with the busts and portraits of the early Italian Renaissance.

Roman literature has lent itself in greater degree than the other arts to the encouragement of exaggerated views regarding the extent to which Hellenism possessed itself of Rome. Literature is printable, portable, and easily scrutinized. When the enthusiastic discoverers and printers of the Renaissance had made Greek letters available as well as Roman, it required but a glance to see that Cicero and Horace and Virgil were not the independent creators they had been thought to be, and that Plautus and Terence and Seneca were even more indebted to other hands. The fine old figures of the Romans began to look less Roman, and their periods and verse to ring with a hollow sound. It was the scientific study of literature, which began in the latter eighteenth century and has not yet run all its arid course, that first made known to the world the enormities of Roman unoriginality. The patient and mechanical comparing of title with title, phrase with phrase, word with word, syntax with syntax, concept with concept, was made to reveal that the Roman dramatists had only plundered from the Greek, that Cicero was a second-rate Isocrates and his essays a dilution of Plato, Xenophon, and Posidonius, that the early Roman historian filled in his gaps with Greek material, that Roman criticism was copied from the Alexandrians, that Horace's odes were a miscellaneous borrowing from the Lesbians and Euripides, and that Virgil was only an adaptation of The-

ocritus and Homer. The idols revered for centuries were found to have feet of clay. The masters to whom the world owed its ideal of Roman character stood revealed as little better than Greeklings.

The scientific study of literature has usually been true in detail, but often false in the conclusions it has caused to be drawn. There is a difference between mere borrowing and assimilation. The Roman essayist and poet did not plunder or plagiarize; they appropriated. Even in the drama, which in any country and at any time is the first form of literature to be indiscriminately borrowed, translated, adapted, and imitated, the Roman was not without effect. For better or worse, he helped to crystallize its rules, he enriched it by the doubling of plot and characters, gave it a native content in the prætextata and togata, and inaugurated historical drama. He transmitted the drama of Greece in the Romanized form which in the Renaissance inspired the classical masters of Italy, Spain, France, and England, and developed the mime and the native Atellan play into the forerunner of modern Italian farce.

If in drama, however, the amount of direct transfer is so great as to excuse the charge of unoriginality, this is not true of the remaining forms of literature. Ennius used the hexameter, but his epic was the story of Rome. We have noted that Lucilius wrote in the same Greek form, and with others of the Scipionic circle stood for Greek culture, but there is little in common with the spirit of Greek literature in the strenuous and stern patriotism, the contempt for affectation, and the disregard for polish which characterize this son of Italian soil. It would be hard to find anywhere in Greek literature the militant hedonism, the stoical Epicureanism,

the religious unbelief, the fervent passion for calm and quiescence that distinguished Lucretius, whose meter is Greek, whose science is from Greek sources, and whose philosophical system is Greek, but whom no one ever thought of as anything but Roman, as no one ever thinks of the passionate loves and hatreds of Catullus as anything but Italian. Tibullus belongs only to the landscape of the Roman Campagna and the Sabines, Ovid and Propertius to the streets and drawing-rooms of social Rome, Livy, Tacitus, and Juvenal to the imperial capital fallen from the faith of its fathers, Pliny to the court-room and the respectabilities of middle-class success, Martial to the cosmopolitan city whose endless variety invited the spectator and provoked the satirist.

The comparatively little internal and essential effect of Hellenism upon either Roman literature or Roman character is illustrated by Cicero's works and life. It is possible that Cicero was less Roman than many others of his time, and that his intimacy with the best thought of Greek literature may be looked upon as the cause which contributed most toward making him the lover of the gentler aspects of life who in the intervals of action enjoyed the library and the villa, his family and friends, and who cared little for a coarse stage and the rough sports of the amphitheater. Yet, "Rome's least mortal mind" though he was, he was thoroughly Roman in his absolute devotion to the state. He was an idealist in everything pertaining to its welfare, his having served it was his proudest boast, its downfall was his deepest sorrow, and his resistance to its enemies in the time of need cost him his life. However he may have failed in vision, his patriotism was that of the good old times

when the citizen-soldier held no parley with the enemies of the republic. The sentence in which he expresses his anguish of soul at the overthrow of the old régime is worthy to be placed beside the lines of Horace on the return of Regulus to Carthage and death: "I have mourned for my country longer and more deeply than a mother ever sorrowed for her only son."

In spite of his broad and deep culture, too, Cicero shared with his race the practical bent for which it has always been noted. He was indeed broader than old Cato in his conceptions as to what constituted the practical, but he was thoroughly practical none the less. However much to his liking the Greek language and literature, the methods of Greek masters, and his two years of sojourn and study in Greek lands, he looked upon them all primarily as means to the practical end of becoming a finished orator and pleader and rising to leadership in public life. He regarded all knowledge and all accomplishments as tools to be used in achieving his ambition. "The poets, too, must be read," he writes in *On the Orator,* "one must know history, all teachers and authors in the field of the liberal arts must be read and thumbed, and, for the sake of exercise, praised, interpreted, corrected, adversely criticized, refuted. Every subject must be discussed from contrary points of view, and whatever in them seems capable of proof must be brought to light. One must have a thorough knowledge of common law, be well acquainted with the statutes, be cognizant of all the past, be familiar with the ways of the senate, the discipline of the state, the law of nations, treaties, conventions, the basic principles of government. One must also dip into every sort of urbanity and acquire a certain charm of witty speech with which,



TUSCULUM AND THE ALBAN MOUNT

THE TUSCULAN VILLA OF CICERO WAS IN THE VICINITY

so to speak, like salt, to sprinkle all his discourse." In Cicero, the orator and stylist swallowed up everything else. It is true that, both as a student and in his later years, he loved the philosophical content of Greek letters, but his enthusiasm for its purely æsthetic qualities, at least in poetry, is open to question.

For other forms of Greek art aside from letters, Cicero cared little. What he has to say of them is not only so scant as to show that they had no appreciable place in his interest, but consists, almost without exception, of reference merely for illustration, and conventional in the extreme. The sculptures with which he adorns the Tusculan villa are shipped from Greece, but are valued more for their appropriateness than for intrinsic art value. The great names and the great works of the golden age of Greek art are mere commonplaces to adorn the pages of the stylist or the paragraph of the barrister. His acquaintance with them is only superficial, and his enthusiasm, in spite of repeated experience on Greek soil and contact with Greek art in Magna Græcia and Sicily, is less than his knowledge.

In a word, in his attitude toward art in general, in his roughness and directness of attack in the orations, in his occasional descent in them to coarseness, in his complete devotion to country, in his regard for knowledge and accomplishment as first of all a means to practical ends, Cicero represents thoroughly the spirit of Roman character; and even his more refined tastes and qualities are more reasonably accounted for as the legacy of a father fond of retirement and books than as the contribution of contact with Greek letters. And what is true of his character as a man is true also of his works. The essays on rhetoric are the summing up of Roman

achievement in the art of speech. Despite their debt to the masters of Greece, the orations are a Roman product. The letters are a great searchlight playing upon the darkness of Rome the city and Roman lands and Roman character in an era unmatched for interest in the whole course of Roman history. The essay *On Old Age,* in spite of whole paragraphs from Xenophon and Plato, is the expression of Roman national and individual character, and the other moral essays are hardly less saturated with Roman experience.

What is said of Cicero's life and works may be said with as much truth of Horace and Virgil, in whose education Greek was quite as prominent, and in whose poetry there is even a greater abundance of the marks of Hellenism. Their debt to Greek letters is great indeed. Greece gave to them, as it gave to many others, the metrical conveyance of their poems, no small part of the substance of the poems themselves, a wealth of ornament, much of the richness of their intellectual furnishing, and a measure of their sureness in taste and execution. But the real Horace is an Italian poet, and a Roman. He is Italian by birth and experience, Italian in person, habit, and temperament, Italian in his love of Italy's natural charms and the life of her people, Italian in his homely wisdom. He is Roman in his pride in Rome's past and present, in his faith in her destiny, and in the intimate relation of his art to life. He is a national poet, the interpreter of Italian landscape and life, of Roman ideals as expressed in the Augustan régime, of the religion and philosophy of the simple householder in town and country, of the more sophisticated conclusions of the educated class. The *Satires* and *Epistles,* with such parts of the *Odes* as are most in tune

with their mellow strain, are among the world's most original achievements in letters. The *Eclogues* of Virgil are indeed but youthful and frigid performances, like the great mass of Theocritean imitation throughout the ages; but the *Georgics* and the *Æneid* are tossed aside as bloodless imitations of Hesiod and Homer only by facile critics who have never felt the genial charm of Italy or been impressed by the grandeur of Rome.

Finally, in an account of the many details of Hellenic culture which entered Rome, it should not be forgotten that the process covered hundreds of years, and that the apparently easy invasion met in many cases a real resistance. If Hellenism had really gone far in the changing of Roman civilization, the slightness of its effect on the Latin language would be strange. In spite of original kinship, in spite of a borrowed alphabet, in spite of early religious and literary schoolmastering, in spite of later mingling of manners and speech in the streets of the capital, the language of the Romans resisted and remained itself. A greater contrast between individuals of the same family would be hard to imagine than that between the dignified and disciplined tongue of the Romans, in which every word and every syllable keep place in the ranks and the periods advance with the sure and steady precision of marching legions, and the elastic and supple Greek, which never hesitates to transgress at the bidding of impulse, with a sunny confidence that gracious breaking of the law will bring its own pardon.

The contrast between the two tongues is but a reflection of the contrast between the two races, and the resistance of the Latin language to Greek is a reflection of the resistance of Roman character and culture in general to Greek. With what opposition the encroach-

ments of Greek religion on the soil of early Latium were met, witness is lacking, and we are left to imagine. Even supposing, however, that the religious ideas and the cults of Greece found easy entrance into the young state because of the toleration which seems never to have opposed a strange religion provided it threatened no moral or civic damage, and supposing that Greek architecture, sculpture, and letters received a ready welcome, there were other invasions of the Greek which were obstinately resisted. This was notably so in education, which was always of moral and civic import to the Roman. To the citizen-soldier of the early day, the Greek ideal of symmetrical development of all the faculties at once may have seemed appropriate for Greeks on the soil of Greece, but how it was necessary to his own ideal of citizenship he did not see. On the contrary, he could not understand how it could be other than dangerous. In his eyes, the speculations of philosophy and the subtleties of dialectic were hair-splitting and triviality, not to say immorality. To compose in Greek, to criticize Greek poetry, to appreciate the beautiful in statue and painting or architectural part, were not only beside the point, but weakened and corrupted manhood and unfitted Roman youth for the common sense duties of Roman citizenship at home and in the field. It was this belief in the dangers of individual indulgence in the non-civic accomplishments and in the free thought of philosophic inquiry that caused the public burning in 181 of the so-called *Books of Numa,* a number of rolls on pontifical law and the theory of wisdom discovered in mysterious chests of stone at the base of the Janiculum, the expulsion from the city of two Epicurean teachers in 173 on the ground that they were dangerous

to Roman youth, the decree of 161 forbidding Greek philosophers and rhetors a longer residence, and Cato's motion of 155 in the senate to dismiss from Rome, where they had come on a political mission, the three philosophers at the head of the principal schools at Athens. It was this spirit that prompted the tearing down in 150, at the instigation of a Scipio himself, of the partly completed theater of Longinus, condemned as an encroachment of luxury because, like the Greek theater, it had permanent seats of stone. It was this spirit that lay at the root of Cato's stubborn hostility to Greek culture in every form.

The opposition of Cato was so virulent that it seemed to sum up and include in itself the hatred of all the old-school Romans. With him and with his following, natural bitterness on grounds of moral danger to Roman citizenship was intensified by political circumstance. The Scipios, Flamininus, Paullus, and their like, who, partly by attraction and partly by shame at the deficiencies of their countrymen, had assumed the championship of Hellenic culture and Hellenic cities, represented to the censor not only the aristocracy, but the aristocracy who had drawn Rome into the troublesome and expensive business of a sentimental protectorate over distant and unworthy lands. When reaction against the idealist foreign policy gathered head, it was the Catonists who gave it momentum. The blasphemous old patriot mocked at all Greek culture, declared Socrates a monstrous chatterbox who tried to subvert the citizenship of Athens, and predicted that the rule of Rome would be at an end if she allowed Greek letters to infect her.

Perhaps Cato's taking up of Greek literature at an advanced age is the sign of at last having learned to

see the injustice of condemning at one stroke all things that were Greek because luxury and sophistry had first come to Rome with men from Greek lands. If this is the case, it does not mean that he thought the better of Greek character. Not only he, but Romans in general, and even many of the philhellenic, retained to the end their contempt for the person of the Greek. Nor were their dislike and distrust directed to the contemporary Greeks only, a conquered and humiliated race represented at Rome by slaves and fortune-hunting professionals and quacks and abroad by toadies and evaders of the law; they thought of Greek character, ancient and modern, as always the same.

"If there has ever been among our people any person not disinclined to cultivation in those studies and not without good will toward them," says Cicero of Greeks and Greek education in the oration for Flaccus, charged by Greek cities with extortion, "I think that I am such a one now, and that I was still more in my days of greater leisure. There are among that people many good, cultivated, and decent men, who have not been brought here to this trial, and many brazen, illiterate, and worthless whom I see appearing, stirred up for various reasons. This, however, I must say about the race of the Greeks: I grant them letters, I grant them skill in the teaching of many branches, I do not deny them charm in conversation, acuteness of intellect, and flow of eloquence, and, finally, if there is anything else they lay claim to, I will not dispute them; but scrupulous good faith in the giving of testimony, that nation has never observed, and of the force, authority, and right of the whole matter they have no idea. . . . One of our own people on the witness stand, how he keeps

himself in hand, how he guards his every word, how fearful he is of saying anything in anger, or of speaking more or less than is called for! Do you suppose for a moment that they do the same? With them an oath is a jest, the giving of testimony a game to be played. . . . To pass over the Greece of today, long now shattered and ruined by its own counsels, let me say that the famous Greece of days past, once flourishing in wealth, authority, and glory, fell because of this one evil, the unlimited and unrestrained freedom of popular assembly."

Again, in his essay *On the State* he is thinking of Greek character in permanence: "What shall I say as to the islands of Greece, which, begirt by waves, are themselves almost afloat, together with their institutions and morals?" Livy entertains a like opinion of Greek lightness: "The Athenians, you see, were waging war against Philip with letters and talk, the only weapons with which they are strong." Virgil's tale of Sinon and the taking of Troy, his famous comparison of Roman and Greek in the sixth book of the *Æneid,* and the astute and evasive Ulysses of Roman literature, are all alike reflections of the Roman idea of the Greek. Augustus turned Greek phrases, but probably never thought of a Greek as a social equal. It is easy to imagine Greece and the Greeks all but absent from his thoughts and Julius Cæsar's as they were about the Roman task of setting in order a world in which the Greeks counted little more than bystanders. Tiberius forbade Greek words and phrases in the senate records. The favor of Claudius was academic, the exhibitions and plunderings of Nero were less expressive of the love of Greece than the love of self, and Domitian in

Greek costume presiding at Greek games is suggestive of the fad. Vespasian's endowment of Greek professors and the education of his sons in Greek were probably the tribute of the bluff old Roman soldier to a genius he suspected rather than understood. Hadrian's enthusiasm was based on travel and study and real appreciation, but marked the culmination of the so-called revival under Claudius. Whatever the contribution of Hellenism to life and letters under these emperors, it can be regarded as only slight compared with the times of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace.

We must conclude, then, in spite of the imposing array of facts denoting the contact of Greek with Roman, that neither the character of the Roman nor the character of Roman civilization was changed, if by change is meant the loss of identity. The natural cleavage that exists between the east and the west in the Mediterranean today was only less pronounced in ancient times. The Roman became in no sense a Greek, and the march of Roman civilization through the centuries did not swerve. It marched with firmer and more elastic tread, but it remained the tread of Rome. That Hellenism contributed to Roman culture and character is beyond dispute, but it did not contribute by taking possession of Rome. It did not possess, but was itself possessed. It did not swallow Romanism, but was swallowed up in Romanism. Its real contribution was not external but inner, not to the members but to the blood. It was one of the meats in the world-diet from which Eternal Rome received nourishment and strength for her task.

VI.

THE ROME OF THE EMPERORS

Nec ignoro ingrati et segnis animi existimari posse merito, si obiter atque in transcursu ad hunc modum dicatur terra omnium terrarum alumna eadem et parens, numine deum electa quæ cælum ipsum clarius faceret, sparsa congregaret imperia ritusque molliret et tot populorum discordes ferasque linguas sermonis commercio contraheret ad colloquia et humanitatem homini daret, breviterque una cunctarum gentium in toto orbe patria fieret,—

I am not unaware that I am open to the charge of being ungracious and slothful if I speak thus casually and in passing of the land which is at the same time the fosterling and the mother of all lands, chosen by the will of the gods to add glory to heaven itself, to gather into one fold the scattered nations of the earth, to humanize their religion, by the mingling of speech to draw into one communion the discordant and barbarous tongues of the many peoples, to confer enlightenment upon the human race, and, in brief, to become the one parent-land of all the nations in the whole world.

Pliny, N. H., III: 39

Ut enarrabilis gratiæ per totum mundum diffunderetur effectus, Romanum regnum divina providentia præparavit,—

That the working of unspeakable grace might be spread abroad throughout the whole world, Divine Providence prepared the Roman empire.

Leo the Great, a.d. 440-461

1.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

FOR good and ill, the collective vigor and wisdom of Augustus and his staff of soldiers and statesmen, together with the irresistible movement of events which modern men call nature and evolution and the ancients thought of as Fate or Destiny, had given definite shape, and almost definite limits, to the Roman empire and the city of Rome, and determined the traits of Roman character. The history of the two centuries that follow is only the story of how the shape of empire and city was modified, and the limits fixed, and how the Roman character comported itself.

The bounds of the Augustan empire, maintained and stabilized by Tiberius, who had been a chief instrument in their definition, were first extended by Claudius. Britain, on whose remote and secluded shores no invader's foot had been planted since Cæsar's visit ninety-seven years before, again felt the power of Roman arms in A.D. 43. The Claudian conquests of seven years, almost undone by the great rebellion of Boadicea in 61, were confirmed and carried farther into west and north by the generals of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. Marked under Hadrian by the drawing from the Solway to the Tyne of the great rock wall seventy-four miles long, with its ditches and dike and roads, and its turrets and mile-castles and twenty-three permanent camps, whose remains form one of the modern world's most picturesque and moving monuments, again extended for an interval of time by the wall of Antoninus

Pius from the Clyde to the Forth, these conquests were kept secure in the peace and comforts of civilization until, three centuries later, the decaying empire itself was obliged to detach the hands now clinging in desperation to Mother Rome. In similar manner, through the spacious solitudes of the gap between the waters of Rhine and Danube ran the great palisade of Hadrian, and, a century later, the long two hundred and thirty-two miles of wall and fosse from Rheinbrohl to Regensburg, with its fifty-eight camps, a definite line protecting the Roman Peace from the assaults of crude and unstable barbarism. On the Rhine itself, the Roman cities of Colonia and Mogontiacum, now Cologne and Mayence, became the capitals of lower and upper Germany, whose limits reached beyond the stream. On the lower Danube, Trajan in the two campaigns that ended in 106 reduced to submission the land of the Dacians, now Roumania, and completed the march of the long line of defence from Scotland to the Black sea. Farther east and south, the fluid boundary of Augustus in Asia, at first made firmer by Nero's achievement of friendly peace with Parthia on terms of the Armenian protectorate, and then established for the moment on the Tigris by Trajan's annexation of the protectorate, and of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, was definitely fixed by Hadrian's drawing of the line back to the Euphrates; though Mesopotamia did not cease to be the aim of imperial ambition. On the south, from the ancient seat of the oldest civilization, divided into upper and middle Egypt and the Delta, the Roman border, protected by camp-city and desert, ran an irregular course along the south of the long and narrow fringe of fertility, planted with three hundred Roman towns, whose



ADAPTED BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS FROM PELHAM'S OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY

THE ROMAN SWAY IN 69 A.D.

western end was Tangiers and the coast. Carthage, again arisen, was the world's third city, Alexandria the second. Across the straits, the Spains and Lusitania, with capitals at Tarraco, Corduba, and Emerita, and Gaul, with its thriving and cultured cities in the Rhone valley and its widely distributed Roman posts, brought the empire's limits to the western ocean.

The empire shaped by Augustus may thus be said to have reached substantially its limits under Trajan, to have settled itself solidly into them under Hadrian, and henceforth, with the exception of incursions into Mesopotamia, to have made its sole task the maintenance of boundaries and the tutelage of the civilization which was working out its destiny within the protecting lines. It was no idle or unimportant task. The empire stretched from the Spains to Mesopotamia, three thousand miles, from the Tyne to the upper Nile, from the sands of the Sahara to the wilderness of Scythia.

Nor was the task meanly performed. Already bound by ties of gratitude and pride at the end of Augustus' reign, the diverse and widely sundered parts of the empire, ever knitting more closely as the rich blood of Rome coursed through their members, became by the end of the second century the world's foremost example of unification. Its two great languages existed side by side, each making conquest in its proper sphere, the Latin penetrating Hellenic lands as the language of administration, the Greek making way in the west as the language of culture. Its administration was uniform in type and firm, yet varied and liberal to suit the needs of nature among its diverse peoples. It had upwards of fifty thousand miles of magnificent highway, and they that went down to the sea in ships were assured of paths

unhindered. Its travel and commerce were more fluid and easy than ever again till the age of steam. Its manners and methods were Roman everywhere in the north and west and south, and penetrated only in less degree the ancient east. The Roman building remains are alike whether in England or on the Sahara's edge, at Rome or Athens, on the Nile or on the Rhine. The camp-towns of Amboglanna and Timgad, the villas at El-Djem or in Belgium, are all of the mark of Rome. Its aqueducts were ministers to every city of size. The remnants of more than seventy amphitheaters are known, and hardly the humblest town was without its theater, baths, and forum after the fashion of Rome. There were upwards of five hundred memorial arches and gates, and countless other honorary monuments, dotting its length and breadth as the signs of triumph in peace and war. The temples, shrines, and altars of Roman gods were everywhere, and the religions of all the varied and polyglot nations were welding into one. Mobile trader and soldier spread the faith of the humbler classes; teacher, lecturer, philosopher, and publisher mingled the intellectual currents.

In a word, the ancient world had been Romanized in material ways and means, in manners, in thought, in religion. Nor was it Romanized by mere force. The hold of the empire was not the throttling grasp of the tyrant, though its firmness allowed no question. Many a land, indeed, like Greece, passed more or less willingly to Roman control; but in other cases the results were like. After the first bitterness of conquest or annexation had passed, and Roman rule could be known by its fruits, the imperial government concerned itself as little as it might with detail, leaving the subject nations to



ROMAN BRIDGE OVER THE GUADIANA AT MÉRIDA

THIS WAS AUGUSTA EMERITA, FOUNDED IN 23 B.C.,
CAPITAL OF LUSITANIA AND CALLED THE SPANISH ROME

follow their own established customs wherever these did not conflict with its own necessities.

"It governed from on high and afar," says Franz Cumont, writing of how Belgium was Romanized, "and the tyranny of central authority, the despotism of state, and the interference of bureaucracy, were much less during the first centuries of the Empire than with most modern nations. The Cæsars limited themselves to maintaining order and security, and to the exaction, in return, of military service and the payment of taxes. . . . No violence had constrained their subjects to abandon native customs, beliefs, or language."

Belgium was only a type. Proud in the consciousness of its own superiority, the state relied only upon the spread of its civilization for the transformation of conquered peoples, who acknowledged the moral conquest and submitted their wills in a spirit of conciliation which no enslavement could ever have secured. Rome gave them peace by ending their wars of ravage among themselves, and assured them prosperity by opening up the ways between them and the outer and richer world. It educated them.

"In the lands governed by Rome," says Haverfield, "instruction was better under the Empire than at any other time from its fall to the nineteenth century." The survival of Latin in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Sicilian, Sardinian, Italian, and far away Roumanian is the most eloquent proof of the power of Roman civilization. Even Greece, whose superior language and culture remained themselves, received and acknowledged the benefits of Roman rule. Whatever liberties it lost were probably more than counterbalanced by freedom gained. "For see," writes Plutarch, "that if we enumerate the

greatest blessings which polities enjoy,—peace, liberty, material prosperity, populousness, and harmony,—as far as peace is concerned the communities have nothing to desire from their politicians: every Greek, every barbarian war has departed from us and vanished; as regards liberty they have as much as the rulers accord to such communities, and perhaps as much as is good for them. Good seasons and populousness are blessings to be sought from the gods."

The rapidity as well as the thoroughness with which assimilation took place is witness to the potency of Roman culture. The Belgians, "bravest of all the Gauls because farthest removed from the civilization of the Rhone province," within two centuries of the day that Cæsar overcame the Nervii, had adopted "the speech, the government, the manners, and even the religion of Rome. Prosperous cities and villages were being administered according to the laws of a race of jurists. Villas in which could be found all the refinements of luxury rose in countrysides made fruitful. An extensive commerce brought to industrious populations the products of their neighbors' activities, and even those of the far away Orient. And an ardent spirit of loyalty rendered thanks to the emperors for all these benefits assured by their protection." Not an inscription in Celtic or Germanic has been found in all Belgium; as in Britain also, Latin, and always correct Latin, is the language of the stones. "At the time when idolatry disappeared, it is doubtful whether in all the extent of the Gallic prefectures there existed a single temple where ceremonies were celebrated according to ancient local rites and in the native idiom."

If a farther testimony to the appeal of Rome is

needed, it may be seen in the ease with which the Roman Peace was kept among its hundred million citizens and subjects. The standing army employed in all the vast realm three thousand miles from west to east and two thousand from south to north, including the most diverse lands and nations, was a bare three hundred thousand men, and these were distributed in permanent city-camps along the infinite reaches of the great circumference rather than at points within, with duties which at many places and times were civic rather than military. All Gaul was held by one garrison of twelve hundred men at Lyons. There were in Asia five hundred towns without a single garrison. The cities of the empire conformed to the Roman type. Wherever the Roman standards had been planted, the organization and institutions of Mother Rome were repeated, and one more living cell was added to the great organism. Rome was not mistress of the world; she was its heart. When we contemplate the extent and variety of the lands whose destinies were shaped by her, and reflect on the peace of centuries, disturbed only by border warfare and the momentary conflicts of emperor unseating emperor, and contrast the ancient state of these lands with the modern, the word of Gibbon no longer savors of exaggeration: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

It is against this imperial background that the city of Rome must be set if its proportions and character are to be appreciated. The Rome of the emperors was no longer the city-camp of regal and early republi-

can days whose ambitions aimed no farther than at the building of Latium and Italy into a compact unit; nor the victorious city-state of the late Republic, unwieldily exploiting her provincial farms; nor even the Rome of Augustus, the responsible mistress of a wearied and submissive world. City and empire had completed the process of growing into one. By the time of Hadrian's death, Rome was the capital city of a unified and solid state of which she herself was an organic part. Distant and diverse cities shared and repeated the life of Rome, and Rome was compounded of the empire's life.

Just as the empire had been but slightly extended or altered in outline from Augustan to Hadrianic times, but had settled into its mould and taken permanent shape, so the area covered by the city was not greatly changed, but only established within the limits which were to define its form for eighteen hundred years. The outline of Rome was indeed not to be given the concreteness and precision of the line of a walled town until a century and a half from Hadrian, but the limit that divided city from suburb and country in the time of the early emperors was no less definite. That line was the customs-limit of Augustus, enclosing the fourteen regions of the city and protecting its merchants against the easy prices of outside rivals. Extended by Vespasian at his survey of the year 73 to include the outer parts of the Esquiline, it was pierced by thirty-seven gates, a few of which may have been the gates of the ancient Servian wall where the barriers touched its course, while the far greater number were architectural street openings through the line where it ran outside the wall. It was this customs-limit, marked by stone pillars at intervals between the gates, which in the main

determined the course of the wall when Aurelian's engineers closed in the open city with its monumental fortification.

And, just as the changes in the great organism of the empire were not in the pushing forward of boundaries, but in the enrichment of life within the far-flung lines of the Roman army along wall and stream and desert, so the changes in the city itself were less those of outline and extent than those of character. The Rome of the first two hundred years of the Empire grew ever more wonderful to look upon, its population multiplied, and its life progressed from change to change.

The Rome which Augustus had repaired, restored, adorned, and amplified, whose limits he had determined, whose streets he had lighted and policed, whose life he had set in order and enriched, was not without its imperfections. The new city was heir to a city already ancient and long neglected. Its legacy was not only the time-worn temples and public architecture whose restoration was more or less unhindered, but crowded quarters threaded by narrow streets and crooked alleys like cañons, where tall living-houses were decayed and crumbling, and where ownership was in dilatory hands, and the only renovation was that performed by speculators who bought up and wrecked the buildings whose fall was imminent, or that which was forced by their actual tumbling to the ground. Before the city could really become "the golden Rome possessing the treasures of all the world," it needed purification in its meaner parts.

Such purification the city received. Its agent was fire. The Rome of ancient times did not enjoy the immunity from fire of the modern Italian capital. Its crowded sections of tenements largely built of wood,

its market districts packed with shops and magazines containing easily combustible wares, its frequent public buildings with frames and roofs of timber, its inadequate means for the fighting of fire, the cramped spaces that hindered the use of the means, were invitations to destruction. At least seven great fires occurred in the two hundred years preceding Augustus, some of them raging for days before they burned themselves out or could be stopped. Their breaking out was usually either about the Forum or between the southern base of the Capitoline and the Tiber. How many lesser conflagrations there were in the same districts, or how many in districts of less importance, can only be imagined. Nor did the service of the seven thousand men equipped by Augustus after disastrous fires in the year 6 of the new era insure a greater safety. The reign of Tiberius, in addition to several of smaller dimensions, saw two great fires, one on the Cælian in 27, the other in 36, causing more than five million dollars of damage, on the Aventine and reaching to the Circus Maximus. There were heavy losses under Caligula and Claudius, and even after the great fire of Nero there are widespread conflagrations recorded under Titus, Domitian, Antoninus Pius, Commodus, Maximinus, Aurelian, Carinus, and Maxentius. The fire of Titus in 80 ravaged the Campus Martius for three days and three nights. One of the fires in the reign of Antoninus Pius destroyed three hundred and forty living-houses. Aulus Gellius in the same reign witnessed the outbreak of another in a many-storeyed tenement on the Esquiline, saw the fire spread to all the neighborhood, and heard a bystander remark that the high rents at Rome would long since have led him to invest if only there had been means of protection against

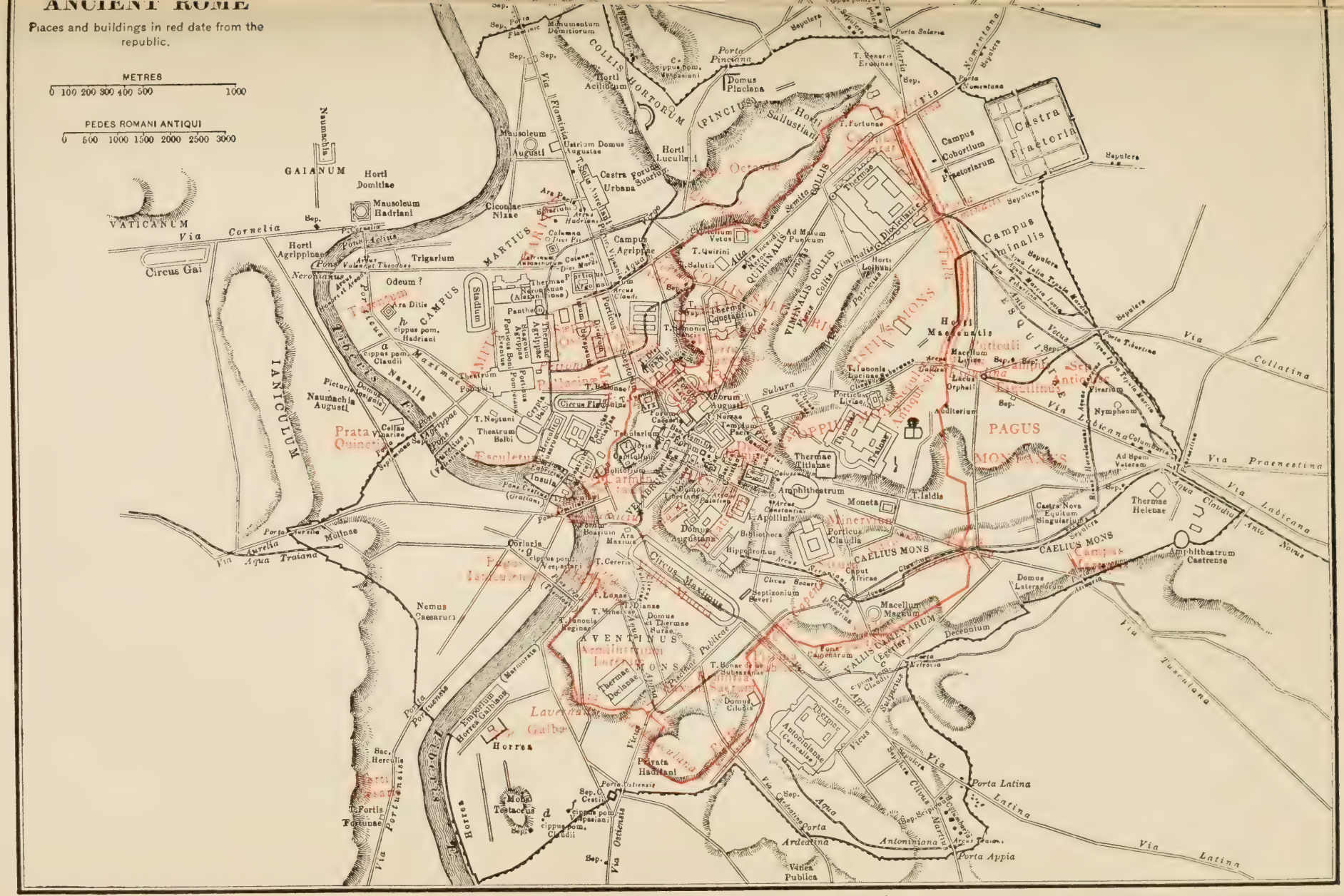
the continual fires. The fire of Commodus began near the temple of Peace to the northeast of the Forum and swept the neighborhood as far as the great libraries on the Palatine. Sometimes the fires were due to accident, sometimes to armed conflict in the streets. The Capitol was burned when the Vitellians stormed it in 69; a street fight between people and prætorians in 237 brought on a fire that levelled a large section to the ground. The sufferings of single buildings are a reflection of the general fortune. The Pantheon was burned in 80, struck by lightning and burned again in 110; the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline was burned in 83 B.C., in A.D. 69, and in 80; three times in the course of a century the Circus Maximus was partly ruined, and once perhaps completely.

There were of course other means of purification. Frequent floods of the Tiber and occasional earthquakes hastened the disappearance of old and unsightly structures, and became the allies of natural business enterprise. But Rome was a capital city and the seat of absolutist princes, and it was to the emperors and their wealthy circle of friends that the city owed its character. Piso won the praise of Augustus for building his palace as if Rome were to last forever. The popular belief may not have been true that the hand of Nero was responsible for the greatest of all Rome's fires, which broke out in July, 64, and for nine days and nights converted the city into a sea of fire; sparing entirely only its heart in the Forum and Capitoline and the four outlying regions to the south, northeast, and east, and across the Tiber; destroying utterly three, and reducing the remaining seven to blackened and smoking wastes out of which, like islands, rose the parts that as if by miracle had

escaped the general fate; but the charge was the reflection of what had been many a prince's and courtier's thought as he looked on unsightly obstacles to the beautification of the capital.

From Nero Rome began anew. To the great monuments of the Augustan city that had escaped annihilation, there now began in the Forum and on the Capitoline and in the Campus Martius, and in lesser number on the circumference, the accretions public and private which by the first decades of the third century made Rome the most magnificent capital in the world's history. Broad and straight thoroughfares took the place of many a crooked, narrow street whose course had remained unchanged since the burning of Rome by the Gauls four hundred and fifty years before. Palaces for the richer and middle classes and apartment houses for the lower order, built about courts and stairways, and showing many windows on the streets, made the newly built residential parts resemble modern Rome in dimensions and general character, and far surpass it in splendor without and within. The Augustan limit of seventy feet, reduced by Trajan to sixty, gave the long lines of blocks a solid and reposeful, as well as regular, appearance. The inner regions were solid masses of giant buildings; the outer were grand with monuments that rose in the midst of greater spaciousness.

There was hardly an emperor or prominent man of wealth who did not actively have at heart the pride of the city. To the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula on the Palatine, were added those of the Flavian emperors and of Severus, until the ancient hill was a vast pile of palaces and temples, a magnificent sight from any direction, but especially from the Appian


ANCIENT ROME
Places and buildings in red date from the republic.
METRES
0 100 200 300 400 500 1000
PEDES ROMANI ANTIQUI
0 500 1000 1500 2000 2500 3000
VATICANUM
GAIANUM
Naumachia
Via Cornelia
Circus Gai
Horti Agrippinae
Horti Domitiae
Mausoleum Hadriani
Ciconiae Nixae
Mausoleum Augusti
Ustrinum Domus Augustae
Horti Lucullani
Castra Fortunae Urbanae
Horti Acilianum
Porta Pinciana
Domus Pinciana
Horti Sallustiani
T. Fortunae
Castra Praetoria
Campus Cohortium Praetorianarum
Campus Viminalis
Horti Maecenatis
Via Collatina
Via Praenestina
Via Labicana
Via Tiburtina
Via Nomentana
Via Salaria
Via Flaminia
Via Aurelia
Via Aqua Traiana
Via Portuensis
Via Ostiensis
Via Appia
Via Latina
Via Tuscolana
Via Ardeatina
Via Antoniniana
Via Publica
Via Horatia
Via Triumphalis
Via Sacra
Via Nova
Via Appia
Via Sublicia
Via Lata
Via Recta
Via Labicana
Via Praenestina
Via Collatina

Way, where the huge portico-façade of Severus' Septizonium was the great object in the vision of those who approached the city from the south. The Coliseum, seating fifty thousand persons, rose in one part of the Golden House and Park of Nero after Vespasian came to the throne and restored the space to the people. To the Great Forum and the two fora of Julius and Augustus were added the fora of Domitian and Vespasian, and, most splendid and impressive of all, the forum of Trajan. The baths of Titus, Trajan, and Caracalla were added to those of Agrippa and Nero. The mausolea of the Flavians and of Hadrian were added to that of Augustus. The temple of Peace was reared in Vespasian's forum, the temple of Vespasian at the head of the Great Forum, the temple of Antoninus and Faustina at its northern edge, the great temple of Venus and Rome by Hadrian near the Coliseum. There were elsewhere sculptured columns a hundred feet high in honor of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, and a monolith of red granite fifty feet high in honor of Antoninus Pius. Besides arches to Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius, there were the arches of Titus, of Hadrian, of Marcus Aurelius, of Septimius Severus. There were miles of porticoes to shelter from sun and rain, and scores of porticoed enclosures for business and pleasure. There were great bridges that brought the number to eight. There were a dozen aqueducts, many of them carried on monumental arches above the ground. The five aqueducts of the last days of the Republic poured seven hundred thousand cubic meters of water daily through the pipes and fountains of Rome. The eleven waters of two hundred and fifty years later must have doubled and tripled the amount. The four aqueducts of

modern Rome, which is probably the most abundantly watered of the world's cities, have a daily flow of four hundred and fifty thousand meters. "If anyone," says Pliny for Vespasian's time, "will take the trouble to calculate the abundance of the waters in public, in the baths, reservoirs, artificial streams, palaces, gardens, and suburban villas, and the distances they come, the arches built to carry them, the mountains tunnelled through and the valleys levelled up, he will confess that the whole world has produced nothing more wonderful."

For the most part, it is only of the prominent examples of all these kinds of buildings that knowledge has survived. The smaller, and not always the less beautiful, were countless in their total. There were minor public baths to the number of eight hundred, there were four hundred temples, there were thousands of shrines and fountains at the corners and sides of the streets. The best and most beautiful building material the world afforded was seen in profusion on every hand. The streets were laid with monumental pavement of basalt from the stream once sent forth from the Alban crater. There were rugged and vigorous peperino and creamy travertine in the arches of aqueducts and the walls of forum and amphitheater. There was the fine white marble of Luna near Carrara, the creamy-golden and purple-veined marble of Numidia, the black-streaked grey-green marble of Eubœa, the sparkling translucent marble of Paros, the ruddy and black mottled Africano, the variegated Phrygian, and more than a hundred other kinds from every part of the Roman dominion, in column and architrave and in the heavy veneer of walls and floors, in ornament within and without. It is estimated by Lanciani that at least four hundred and fifty

thousand columns of marble found their way to Rome through Ostia. There was stucco as hard and as fine as marble itself. There were porphyry and granite, and serpentine and alabaster, and other decorative stones of every color and from every place.

In and on and about these colossal and splendid and varied buildings, sacred and profane, there were to be seen in street and square, in park and promenade, in temple-museum and private palace, the spoils, unwilling and willing, of two hundred years of conquest and two hundred years of benevolent domination. And, not least, like a green girdle around the majestic city of over a million men, lay an immense chain of parks, some in the natural state, some carefully landscape-gardened, the acquisition of the reigning families for the city by gift, inheritance, purchase, and confiscation throughout the two hundred and fifty years that followed on Julius Cæsar's death and the bequest of his gardens on the other side of Tiber.

To complete the wondrous picture, we need only to look down upon the wide and peaceful fields of the Campagna, by this time little touched by the plow but alive with flocks and herds and dotted by hundreds of palatial villas with luxuriant gardens, and to see running their unswerving way through the clear sunlight of summer to the city's portals, the eleven great highways, with their richly variegated border of splendid tombs in the shade of pine and cypress, over whose smoothly jointed basaltic pavement rolls the traffic of all the world's roads that lead to Rome.

Such was the city two centuries after the days when it came to pass that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Its mar-

bles and ornamental stones, from every possible quarry, its reliefs on column and arch that told of triumphs in every distant border, its architectural styles that were reminiscent of Etruria, Greece, and of Egypt and the east, its commerce from every strand, its museums, temples, libraries, palaces, and gardens, rich with the art and letters and relics of every civilization, its shrines that sheltered the religions of every land, made the imperial capital the visible representative of all the world.

It was no less the representative of temporal than of physical space. The great structures and restorations of Hadrian's times were already mellow with age. The monuments of Augustus were the venerable remains of an already distant part. The still remoter monuments were hoary with antiquity and carried the imagination back to the heroic days of the early citizen-soldier, and beyond to the primitive huts of shepherds on the hills. Rome was the capital of the world in space, the capital of the world in time, the Universal and Eternal Mother.

2.

OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS

SO, too, were the Roman people the cosmopolitans of time and of space. The fortunes of the Roman stock paralleled the fortunes of the city of Rome. The old had almost disappeared, the new had taken its place and in its own turn become old, the newer still was an inundation that all but overwhelmed what had gone before. The heroic Fabians, Fabricians, Æmilians, and all the others of the score or so of the noble houses that for three hundred years had supplied the major part of the greatest consuls of Rome, were gone. The Cornelii alone remained, yet with ambiguous title to nobility; Sulla's ten thousand slaves had taken the name at their emancipation. The forty-five patrician senators of Cæsar had diminished to one in Hadrian's time. Of the twenty-five families raised to patrician rank by Augustus and Claudius, nineteen had died out by the time of Nerva, in less than a hundred years. Vespasian had recruited the aristocracy from Italy and the provinces, as Claudius had from Gaul. Only one generation after Nero, half of the nearly four hundred senatorial families recorded in 65 had disappeared. The violent deaths that had thinned Roman blood in the broils and battles of the later Republic were continued in the terrors of the early Empire. Three hundred knights and thirty-five senators perished under Claudius; in Tiberius' latter years, we are told that not a day was without its executions; the poisonings and secret dagger-thrusts of Nero's and Domitian's times, the judicial murders, the

forced suicides, and the less illegal penalties, with conflict in the field when imperial succession was at stake, contributed their part; and all these causes of death depleted first of all the purer Roman blood.

What violence did not accomplish was consummated by vice and the decay of the family fortunes. Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, and Vespasian had all subsidized or pensioned prominent houses, and the gaming-table and orgy often undid the imperial charity. Aristocratic poverty refused to rear or beget children, or even to marry. Aristocratic vice compelled the childlessness that poverty had volunteered. Violent death and voluntary childlessness and unrestrained vice were the conflagrations of racial Rome. They left standing only the ruins of the ancient Roman stock.

Against and into and around and over these human ruins, and out of their torn-down fragments, the Roman people of the Empire gradually built itself. The city was ever destroying, but ever renewing its life by reaching out for new material. It had long ago absorbed the population and life of the surrounding plain, and taken to itself the life of Italy; now it was blending into one the peoples of the world. Cicero's Rome, "made up of the coming together of the nations," had become the Rome of Petronius, "the inn of the universe." The Roman army was no longer composed of Latin and Italian farmers, but of men from distant parts of the empire paid to bear the arms of their mistress. At the most, they were officered by men of peninsular or Roman blood. The tradesmen and artisans that occupied her shops and streets, the innumerable slaves that thronged the palaces of the rich and the homes and business places of the middle class, her teachers and

doctors and artists, the soldiers and sailors in her garrisons and on her galleys, her writers of history and poetry, and even her emperors, represented all quarters of the Roman world. Septimius Severus was an African of Berber origin, Trajan was a Spaniard, Hadrian derived from a colony in Spain, Vespasian was a Sabine mountaineer. Of all the men of letters achieving fame, exceedingly few were born at Rome, and many came from outside the borders of Italy. The available names of slaves and freedmen at Rome are seventy per cent Greek; in Latium outside of Rome they are sixty-four; in Cisalpine Gaul they are forty-six. It is estimated that ninety per cent of the permanent population of Rome were of blood not purely Roman. From slave to freedman, from freedman to citizenship, from citizenship to prosperity and prominence, from prominence to nobility; from foreigner and provincial to native-born, from native-born to established family standing, from established standing to ancient stock; from poverty to means, from means to wealth, from wealth to aristocratic poverty, from aristocratic poverty to extinction by voluntary or forced sterility,—this is the way in which the people who filled the streets and the dwellings of Eternal Rome went on in the process of everlasting change.

Yet it need not be supposed that Rome was not a city of Romans. The physical city of wood and tufa and sun-dried brick and stucco had been changed and enriched by the use of other material and other methods, but the presence of marble veneer and Greek members did not make of Rome a city of the east. The coming of Greek and oriental blood could fertilize and modify the life of Rome, but the Roman people in essence were

slow to change. To suppose otherwise would be to forget the assimilative power of Rome. The tenacious and enduring character that Romanized the world would hardly yield and disappear in its native city. For both ill and good the Roman type was wrought upon, and its features changed, but it never ceased to be of a Roman stamp. The citizen mingled of Roman and foreign blood remained a Roman. The population mingled and shifted, perished and was renewed, but the Roman ideal lived on. It may have touched little the lives of the multitude, but it always wrought upon the best minds and the best souls, and the cosmopolitan mass was never without a leaven. The Italian provincial needed only days to make him as much a Roman in spirit and thought as the Roman-born themselves. The cultivated provincial from farther distance required but a longer time. Plautus from Umbria, Ennius from Calabria, Lucilius from Campania, Horace from Venusia, Cicero from Arpinum, Livy, Virgil, Pliny, and Catullus from the north of Italy, Mæcenas and Persius from Etruria, Juvenal from Aquinum, are never thought of as other than Roman. Terence, Fronto, and Severus from Africa, Martial, Quintilian, the Senecas, Trajan, and Hadrian from Spain, Antoninus Pius from Lyons, are not less Roman than Lucretius, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus. They may differ one from another in blood, and all from the Romans of centuries before, but in essentials they conform to type. They are alike in language and manners, alike in their conception of virtue individual and public, alike in their pride in the city that represents to them the welfare of the world, alike in their faith that Rome is the City of Destiny.

They were alike, too, in being cosmopolitan. The Ro-

man of the better classes was a citizen of the world. If he was not himself the mingling of Roman with foreign blood, he was at least in daily contact with men of alien descent or birth, had continually before his eyes the products of art and industry from other lands, and in many ways was in touch with the empire's universal life. There was not only the continual residence in the capital, and the continual coming and going of the nations of the earth on errands of business and pleasure, but great numbers of Romans themselves travelled, or were employed abroad in the administrative duties of government or commerce. The city of Marcus Aurelius or Severus contained more of the world and knew the world far better than the city of Augustus, and the world of their times contained more of the city and knew it better than the world of Augustus' time. The blood of the provinces had flowed to Rome, and the blood of Rome to the provinces. If Rome was the less a city of Romans, the world was the more a Roman world. The edict of Caracalla in 215, giving the franchise to all provincials, crowned the long process of Romanization. The world was doing its business in the Roman way, defending itself with Roman arms, employing the Roman tongue, thinking the thoughts and praying the prayers of its Roman organizer.

3.

A WEB OF MINGLED YARN

THE citizen-soldier of olden days had been proud of his country's achievements in the field, and of his own contribution to the common fund of courage and endurance that established it in the foremost place among the nations of the earth. Repeated triumphs over barbarous peoples, and the steady extension of Roman boundaries almost without his willing it, had waked in him the consciousness that he was a chosen instrument. The gods were his protectors and warrant; he was to rule the world. His face was turned toward the future. The Roman of the Empire, on the contrary, was not called upon to take his place in the ranks and fight for Rome's existence. The vision of his ancestors had been realized. Destiny had been fulfilled, and Rome was mistress of a world made into one invincible power, and blessed with peace, prosperity, and justice. His pride was the pride of success already accomplished, and his faith was warranted by actual fact.

And yet, with all his pride and with all his faith, the Roman of the Empire was content neither with himself nor with his times. Through all his thoughts and words there ran a strain of regret. Now that his race had a past and a literature and monuments of its own, the history of his fathers entered more than ever into his education. Now that autocratic rule had removed from his shoulders all responsibility in field and forum, he both lacked the blessedness of self-approval that comes of action in a righteous cause and was free to indulge in

contemplation. He looked back upon the simplicity, the incorruptibility, the self-sacrifice, and the heroisms of the day when Rome was really a commonwealth; he looked about him upon the motley throng of hybrids and aliens of which the Rome of his own day was composed, upon the complexity of its life, upon its idleness and aimlessness, upon its selfishness and servility; and was uneasy with the sense that, after all, the only greatness was the greatness of character, and that Rome's real glory was in the past.

The Rome of the emperors, unlike the Rome of the citizen-soldier, is vocal. It stands condemned out of its own mouth. It is more than vocal; it is vociferous. A stinging sense of unworthiness impels it to shout abroad the imperfections of its own times in contrast with the virtues of the olden times. The result has been two character-paintings, in the one of which are seen no shadows, in the other no lights. The world in general has taken the Rome of the emperors at its word, or what is usually supposed to be its word. It has accepted the Roman of the Republic as an ideal of virtue, and the Roman of the Empire as an example of utter depravity.

If, after the usual manner, we are to accept the judgment of the city during the first two centuries thus passed upon itself, we must see the Rome of the emperors, with Tacitus, as "the cesspool of the world," and, with Lucan, as a city "filled with the dregs of all mankind." We must see it, with Juvenal, a city of fires and tumbling houses where crowd and confusion by day and noises and riot by night make life a horror; where it is unsafe to go out to dine without first having made a will; where upstart freedmen and Greeklings are pushing greedily aside the last remnants of the genuine

Roman stock, whose tissue is rotten with vice and decadence. We must see in it a city of men spoiled by riches and power, at ease in sedans and followed by endless trains of clients and attendants, or lolling on the dinner couch and thinking themselves disgraced if not surrounded by throngs of slaves, who are "flogged for a murmur, a cough, a sneeze, or a sigh," and put to death by hundreds if one of their number is caught in crime.

We must see in it a city of mad extravagance and criminal self-indulgence. Caligula wastes twenty million dollars a year, and makes way with half a million, the tribute of three provinces, in a single day; Lollia Paulina, his wife, possesses a headdress of pearl and emerald valued at twenty-one millions. Nero dissipates eighteen millions without a thought, and pays a hundred and seventy-five thousand for the Egyptian roses at a single dinner. His Golden House, a square mile of pleasure-grounds and palaces, is at last "a home fit for a man." Poppæa bathes in the milk of five hundred asses, and her mules are shod with gold. Domitian gilds the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline at the cost of a million. Marbles and metals, furnishings and table dainties, are gathered at enormous expense from all quarters of a slavish world. There are songbirds at three hundred dollars, and a dish of them at five thousand; there are nightingales' tongues; Æsop the actor's son dines at a million by drinking down a pearl. Apicius kills himself because only half a million of his fortune remains. Kriton, physician to Plotina, knows twenty-five different pomades and essences. In days when the price of a freedwoman's mirror exceeds the dowry of a bride in the good old republican times, emancipated dames in

towering heads of other women's hair have their sickly children drowned like kittens, and reckon the years by husbands instead of consuls. Vulgarity and meanness are quite as common as extravagance. Hosts who once were slaves gabble at dinner of the rarity and cost of dishes and service, and guests who are served with different wines according to rank backbite in their presence the entertainers whose favors they accept.

We must see in it a city crowded with idle poor whose vices are as bad as those of the idle rich. Shameless hundreds of thousands receive the dole from patron and emperor, grumbling as they accept. They praise or slander, applaud or hiss, protect or waylay, cringe to or insult, for hire. Their murmurs for "bread and games" have brought them sixty-six days of games and spectacles in Augustus' times, and under Marcus Aurelius a hundred and thirty-five.

We must see in it a heartlessly cruel city. For the amusement of an idle population, hundreds and thousands of noble animals are slain in the artificial chase. Strabo sees a Sicilian bandit dropped into a cage of savage beasts. The use of gladiators, begun in 264 B.C. as a funeral function and quickly secularized, has possessed itself of the Roman people and become a business. The captive in war, the slave, the criminal condemned to death, the swordsman under contract, are compelled to face their fellows on the sands. Six thousand rebellious gladiators and slaves are crucified in 71 B.C., and their hanging corpses, one to every fifty yards, line the road from Rome to Capua. Five thousand pairs are brought on in the one hundred and twenty-three days of Trajan's triumph over the Dacians. The chattering, pitiless mob is outraged by an awkward stroke,

and grants or refuses its favor to the prostrate fighter at the impulse of merest whim. It delights in the mortal dangers of the charioteer; when its favorite color loses, you would think the city mourning a second Cannæ.

We must see in it a city rotten to the core with depravity and vice, a city in which honor sells itself for nothing and violence knows no law. Seven Cæsars out of twelve meet their end by assassination, and every holder of the throne to the time of Marcus Aurelius is the object of conspiracy. The hired informer is everywhere; no man is safe from his neighbors, friends, or family; a chance word, a smile, a glance, may furnish the pretext for his denunciation and death. Religion is a mockery; in the streets of Croton, and probably in Rome, you can find a god more easily than a man, and yet the Romans are godless. The temples of the newly arrived superstitions from Egypt and the east are little better than assignation-houses. Marriage is a farce, or, at best, a social and economic convenience. Adultery is taught by manual. Both sexes are prostituted, and every class. The wives and daughters of emperors are guilty with the rest. The women of noble families dress in stuffs that display instead of conceal. No one longer cares for poetry unless it is indecent. The pursuit of rich and childless men and women for the sake of places in their wills has become an established profession.

Such is the usual indictment against the Rome of the emperors. The formal truthfulness of these details is hardly open to question. The whole line of literary witnesses,—Livy, Horace, Persius, Ovid, Lucan, the Senecas, the Plinys, Petronius, Martial, Juvenal, Tacitus, Suetonius,—widely diverse in station, experience, blood, and temperament, some of them enemies, some

of them friends, of the imperial régime, agree in condemning substantially the same abuses.

For those who are in search of the whole truth, however, it is not enough that such details should be individually true. They must not only be true in themselves, but truthfully representative of the total life of the time. Before accepting them as such, let us inquire more carefully both into their nature and into the nature of their interpretation.

It should be remembered, first of all, that the testimony on which the general judgment is based refers in much the greater part to the spheres of power and wealth. The figures upon which it centers our attention are Tiberius, Julia, Caligula, Agrippina, Nero, Domitian, Faustina, Commodus, and the high social circles that actively and passively conformed with the morals and manners of the imperial house. It should be remembered, farther, that of these it is almost wholly those of the first century who give the Rome of the Empire the reputation it bears. Our witnesses present the worst details of the worst classes at the worst time of the Empire, as they also present the best features of the best men in the best times of the Republic.

The character of the testimony also should not be forgotten. Who are our witnesses? They are the contemporary historian, writing with moral intent and with face turned toward the heroic days of his fathers; the poet-idealist, setting the actual present below days past or to come; the satirist, of purpose magnifying the ills at which he strikes; the epigrammatist, finding in the sins and follies of men the target of his neatly driven shafts; the biographer, mingling gossip with history to make his pages lively; the philosopher, contrasting the

actual with his ideal of renunciation; the partisan, unwilling to confess either virtue in the present or imperfection in the past. And, of all these, it must be added that some are fresh from simple and unspoiled rearing in provincial towns and for the first time behold the grossness of the age in the capital city, while all measure their own times in the town by the standard of rustic morals in the brave days of old. Exaggeration and prejudice inhere in this kind of testimony. Its painting is in nothing but black and white, and takes no account of background. The exceptional, the piquant, the startling, the scandalous, all in high relief, are its material.

But not even this far from perfect testimony reaches directly the average person of modern times. The Rome of the emperors, distorted once by moralist and satirist and partisan, is distorted again by those who interpret their witness. From what are twentieth century ideas of Roman society formed? From the commentaries of ancient and modern writers, who illuminate the text of Latin authors with exhaustive assemblage of references to the unusual; from the sermon, which from the early Christian orators down has systematically darkened paganism to make Christian times the brighter; from the historical novel, with its calculated and superficial use of the sensational; from the moving picture, with its exploitation of the horrible; from the brief and glittering commonplaces of essay, editorial, and platform lecture.

Farther still, these interpreters find quick and effective allies not only in prejudice, but in time and distance; for time and distance, just as they make the good seem better, magnify the worse. Our own passions, extravagance, and immoralities, known at first hand in all

their environment, are divested of half their power to alarm. *Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner,* is true in essence, if not in letter. Placed at a distance in space and time where they had no background of ordinary manners to give them proportion, ours might seem as deadly as the corresponding abuses of ancient Rome.

We need not wholly condone the faults of this harlot that sat on the Seven Hills. They were grievous enough, but they were not entirely unrelieved. The web of life in Rome under the emperors, as in other places and in other times, was of a mingled yarn, good and ill. There were, indeed, suspicious Tiberius, mad Caligula, conceited and self-willed Nero, tyrannical and heartless Domitian, and decadent Commodus, but the Rome of the Empire is after all more truly represented by the business-like Augustus, whose hand was on every lever of the monster machine of state; by Claudius, in his silly and ponderous way improving the legacy that suddenly came to him; by Vespasian, the rugged old soldier frugal to parsimony, "restorer of temples and public ceremonies," and making sentimental pilgrimages to the mountain home of his boyhood; by sane and vigorous Trajan, beneficent and public-spirited; by Hadrian, on foot and bareheaded at the front of his columns, rebuilding the monuments without inscribing his name, perfecting the civil service, knitting together the Roman world, desiring "to see himself all that was to be seen, to know all that was to be known, to do all that was to be done"; by Antoninus, called "Pius" because of devotion to his aged father; by Marcus Aurelius, self-controlled and self-denying, the philosophical saint; by the better sides, instead of the worse, of even the vicious emperors and their vicious friends.

We need not wholly deny the sincerity and the competence of our witnesses, but we should recognize that even they, if their total testimony is taken, are by no means wholly hostile. Their very existence is proof that the Rome of their condemnation was not wholly depraved. They were not alone in their protest, but were the product of their times. Their utterance was the crystallization of the general sentiment, and their audience was the common run of intelligent men. Juvenal did not say for himself alone, "Surely the path of a tranquil life lies only through virtue," and "Virtue is the sole and only title to nobility," and "The very greatest reverence is due to boyhood." The ideals of a Tacitus or a Seneca were not confined to themselves. The idealist, the satirist, the philosopher, all had their audiences. Art is a social product. They represent the active conscience of the age. That the conscience was shocked by vice, excess, and crime is itself an indication of health.

Nor are we left without positive witness as well as negative, direct as well as indirect. There were still compassion, love, devotion, and heroism, even in the darkest reigns. When the pages of first century literature are searched for evidence of virtue as they have been searched for that of vice, they soon reveal the presence of much that helps to redeem the age. The amphitheater at Fidenæ, not far north of the city, collapsed in the reign of Tiberius, killing and maiming fifty thousand persons. The amphitheater is the symbol of Roman hardness and inhumanity, yet the downfall of this one converted it into a monument of compassion and generosity. "The palaces of the nobility were thrown open to the sufferers," says Tacitus, "physicians and medicines were provided for them, and the city

during those days gave itself over to the custom of its inhabitants in the olden time, who used after great battles to take charge of and care for the wounded without pay." Of the perilous times of 68 and 69, when Nero died and three emperors successively rose and fell, Tacitus can write: "The time was nevertheless not so sterile of virtue that it did not afford also its good examples. Mothers accompanied their sons as they fled, wives followed their husbands into exile, kinsmen were daring, sons-in-law constant, slaves held to their fidelity even in the face of torture. The supreme trials of fortune, death itself, were bravely met by great men in a manner which won them praise equal to that bestowed on men of old." The younger Pliny surely was possessed by high ideals, and lived among attractive and virtuous people; the elder Pliny was a monstrosity of devotion to letters and science, who never lost a moment of time, and consulted over two thousand volumes in preparation for his *Natural History,* itself a hundred and sixty volumes of close notes. Exclude from the epigrams those aimed at meanness, vice, and extravagance, and Martial is the illustrator of a great city filled with people of every sort, busy in the struggle for a livelihood and appreciative of the ordinary joys of life.

But there are other witnesses besides these writers of poetry and prose whose testimony should be heard. There are the shapeless and at first sight unconciliating walls and floors of the private house, with the wilderness of minute objects of daily use taken from them which fill the museums,—lamps, vases, urns, kitchen ware, remnants of foodstuffs, fragments of clothing and shoes, toilet articles, tools, crockery, votive offerings. There are wall-paintings and reliefs, illustrating in a

thousand details the life of the men who had them executed. There are tens of thousands of inscriptions from the neighborhood of Rome alone, which tell of the life not only of emperor, official, and courtier, but of the artisan, the common soldier, the merchant, the subofficial, the priest and sacristan, the imperial slave, the husband, the wife, the child, the brother, the sister, the comrade-in-arms, the comrade-in-toil. There are these witnesses not only in Rome and Italy, but in the most remote provincial towns, to which life flowed from the capital, and from which life flowed in turn back to the capital to freshen and reinvigorate the blood of Rome.

When we have thus examined more attentively the usual testimony of letters, and have listened also to the less vocal witness of material things, we see the Rome of the emperors in a less repulsive aspect. Its life is more kaleidoscopic, more universal, more recognizable, more human. We discover that it is almost a modern city, and find ourselves accounting for its mixture of good and evil as we account for that of life in our own times. We recognize the cruelty of the amphitheater, but we think of the bullfight in Spain and the prize-ring and football field in English-speaking lands, and realize that ancient brutality also was tempered by art and sportsmanship. There were not only spectators who without conscience enjoyed the deadly game, but also men like Cicero, whose taste was offended by it, and those like Seneca, Pliny, and Tacitus, who abhorred or despised it. There were not only the swordsmen fighting for life and butchered to make a Roman holiday, but those who elected the career for its rewards of money or fame. The gladiator who was "the sigh of the girls at Pompeii," was close kin to many a hero of the mod-



TOMBSTONE OF MINICIA MARCELLA

WE ARE TOLD OF HER DEATH
BY PLINY, IN EPISTLES V. 16

ern ring and field. We recognize the excesses of the circus-loving populace, but remember the modern delight in the race-track and the perilous feats of the tent, the insane betting of England and America, and the Continental lottery. We recognize the triviality and aimlessness of those who spent half their daylight and more than half their dark in the pleasures of bath and dinner, but remember the innocent features of both, and the varied and salutary diversions of the baths. We realize the presence of vice, but reflect that the satirist's denunciations are more of ambition, greed, and luxury than of the deadlier sins, and that the same charges in the same vocabulary are found three centuries later in Jerome's denunciations of Christian laxity. We recognize the hardness of slavery, but realize both from ancient evidence and modern experience that its inhumanity was tempered by kindness and the presence of opportunity. We remember the organized charities of Trajan in behalf of the deserving destitute, the unfortunate debtor, and the orphan. We recognize the parasitic idleness of the crowd, but realize that ruler and aristocrat had always with them the problem of the helpless unemployed, from the time of the Gracchi down, and that the spirit of charity and justice played a part, as well as selfishness. We recognize the evils of despotism, but remember that the strong man had been begotten by need and brought forth in the throes of the state for its own salvation. We recognize the emperor's vices on occasion, but realize that under normal conditions he was the busiest and most earnest man in the Roman world. We recognize his occasional rapacities and extravagance, but remember the size of his realm and the relativity of values. The public receipts in

Cicero's time were ten millions of dollars; Augustus' budget of thirty millions was less than five per cent of the budget of New York City. We recognize complaisance under abuse of power, but reflect that the best men differed as to means of preserving the state, and that the triumph of any means involved the acceptance of bad along with good.

And not only are our thoughts corrected and our judgments tempered by this greater amplitude of evidence, but our visual imagination is made clearer. We see not only Rome the capital, but the one thousand one hundred and ninety-seven smaller cities said by Ælian to be in Italy, the twelve hundred in France, the three hundred in Africa, and the other innumerable little images of Mother Rome. We see not only the disorder and bloodshed of the "Year of the Three Emperors" in the capital, but the provinces undisturbed in the peace and quiet assured by the great machine of administration even when the throne is in question. We see not only poison and the sword and dagger at work in palace and forum, but advocate and judge conducting cases in the courts according to due process of law, and little boys in the schoolroom at break of day thumbing their sooty Horaces and Virgils under the eye of the bawling master, and women of the people filling bronze pots at the five hundred fountains of Rome. We see not only the hundreds of thousands being entertained in amphitheater, circus, and theater, but other hundreds of thousands who indulge in the simpler pleasures of the spacious garden and promenade, or make excursions to field or inn beyond the gates. We see not only Agrippina and Claudius, and Nero with his mistresses, but Pliny writing love-letters to the young wife who is

bound to him in ideal companionship as well as in law. We see not only the careless Romans walking the streets with eyes vacantly on the ground, but the stream of tourists with astonished gaze uplifted to monuments, climbing the marble steps to palace and hill, and ascending the spirals of Trajan's and Marcus Aurelius' columns. We see not only the imperial purple and glitter, the brilliant uniforms and dress of officer and noble, but the press of the throng in tunics who swarm like ants. We see not only the dinners and assemblages of the rich, but the meetings of the men who do the hard work of Rome, the guilds of the workers in wood and iron, the carders and fullers of wool, the shoemakers, the tanners, the porters, the potters, the paviors, the dealers in goods and supplies, the clothmakers, the mechanics, the boatmen of the Tiber, the drivers, the men of the city's more than two hundred bakeries and almost two hundred public magazines and over eight hundred baths. We see not only the palace, the basilica, the portico, and the public monument, but streets and alleys and shops and blocks of houses that look very much like those of modern Rome. We see not only the triumphal procession of the emperor with all its symbols of the glories of this world, but the religious trains of Isis, the dancing and whirling priests of the Great Mother, the mystic celebration in the dim grot of Mithras, and the secret assemblage of those who have sworn to be faithful unto death to the God of Galilee.

We may go still farther, and detect in all this welter of life in the Rome of the emperors, so much of which was really bad and so much of which is made by partial evidence and prejudice to seem more vicious than it was, some features that warrant us in speaking of actual

progress in the great essentials of human experience. Back of all the scandalous conduct rightly and wrongly charged against women lies the fact that women have gained in freedom for good as well as ill, and in the upper circles have attained to something like real emancipation. The jades and freaks of Juvenal's satire are more than offset by the noble-minded women of Seneca, Tacitus, Pliny, and Plutarch, and by the representative hundreds the memory of whose old-time virtues is preserved on stones like that of Claudia:

Stranger, slight is the boon I ask: stop thou, and read;
Here is the tomb,—alas, not fair!—of a woman fair.
The name her parents gave to her was Claudia;
She loved her husband faithfully with all her heart.
Two sons she reared: the one she leaves behind on earth,
The other in the earth she laid away to rest.
Of charming speech she was, she was of gracious step.
She kept the house; she spun the wool. I have said. Pass on;—

or like that of another, who possessed "purity, loyalty, affection, a sense of duty, a yielding nature, and whatever qualities God has implanted in women." It is not too much to infer, from the total evidence, that in the middle class, at least, "female morality was probably as high as it ever was, as high as the average morality of any age," and that "the ideal purity, both in men and women, in some circles was actually rising." The memory of the citizen-soldier virtues and of the old-fashioned matron of the Republic was still made flesh in many a Roman family.

And back of the splendor and extravagance of the times may be seen the workings of a keener intelligence, a more compassionate heart, a more generous hand, and

a spirit more quickly responsive to God. Claudius and Nero were enthusiastic lovers of Greek letters and art, Vespasian first endowed instruction in Greek and Latin rhetoric, with pensions at the end of twenty years, Hadrian was the most liberally educated of men, Antoninus Pius honored and supported professors of rhetoric and philosophy in all the provinces. Nor was the intellectual life a merely barren product. Since its beginnings a thousand years before, Greek philosophy had advanced from physical speculation to ethical inquiry, from ethical inquiry to the formulation of systems, and now in Marcus Aurelius and Roman Stoicism passed from speculation to exemplification in life. What had been purely intellectual and had led to skepticism of the old religion, was now itself charged with the warmth of living faith. Magnate and emperor were open-handed toward capital and province, and the empire was dotted with monuments inscribed to them by appreciative cities and men. The blessedness of pity, the claims of gladiator and slave and subject, the ugliness of the abuse of power, the obligation of man to man outside the law, the beauty of living for others, were daily growing less unfamiliar to Roman sentiment. The ideas that revenge is wrong, that sin is in the thought, that a noble man is his own ancestor, that the golden age is in the living future and not in the dead and helpless past, that the Kingdom of God is within and lies in a tranquil soul, that God is one and the same in all lands under whatever names He may be worshipped, that the soul is to the body what God is to all creation, that "the true worshipper of the gods is he who acts like them," that it is "better not to believe in a god at all than to cringe before one who is worse than the worst of men," that "to

look for a form and shape in a god is a mark of human feebleness of mind," that penitence and self-sacrifice are means of drawing near to Him, were daily growing less unfamiliar to Roman thought. "Seneca often one of ourselves," is Tertullian's appreciation of the better life of paganism as preached by the Stoic of Nero's day. The ethics of Cicero are soon to find a place in the body of Christian doctrine. Fellowship in the economic and funeral guild, mystic communion in Mithras, and spiritual aspiration in Isis will some day be transformed, along with the web of paganism, into the fresher web of Christian life.

The Roman world was getting together. It had already gotten together in visible empire. It was knitting now into the empire of the spirit. The visible empire was already passing its prime. Its pace was soon to slacken, its step to falter, its body to suffer dissolution and decay. But Rome was not to die. It was to be perpetuated in the life of the spirit.

VII.

THE FALL OF THE PAGAN EMPIRE

Exaudi, genetrix hominum, genetrixque deorum:
  Non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus. . . .
Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam:
  Profuit invitis te dominante capi;
Dumque offers victis proprii consortia iuris,
  Urbem fecisti quod prius Orbis erat,—

Hear, O mother of men and mother of gods:
Not far from the skies are we when in thy sacred abodes.
Thou hast made of diverse nations a single fatherland:
The reluctant, with thee to rule, have found it gain to be vanquished;
In bestowing upon the subdued equal rights in thy law,
Thou hast made a City what before was a world.

Rutilius Namatianus, I: 47-50; 63-66

Fiunt, non nascuntur, Christiani. Auratum squalet Capitolium, fuligine et aranearum telis omnia Romæ templa cooperta sunt, movetur urbs sedibus suis et inundans populus ante delubra semiruta currit ad martyrum tumulos,—

Christians are made, they are not born. The gilded Capitol is foul with neglect, cobwebs and grime cover all the temples of Rome, the city is moved to its depths, and the surging people pass the half ruined shrines to hasten to the tombs of the martyrs.

Jerome, Epistle CVII: 1, 4

1.

THE CRUMBLING OF EMPIRE

THE very culmination of the empire's greatness marked also the beginning of its visible decline and disintegration. Marcus Aurelius himself, the last in the succession of the five good men under whose rule the ancient world attained to its climax of prosperity and happiness, was the first emperor constrained to defend the Roman frontier by active and long-continued service in the field.

The ruler in whom was at last realized the Platonic ideal of philosophy governing the state had been on his throne but a year when the Parthians broke through the Roman lines in the east. Four years of campaigning by Avidius Cassius reëstablished the lines and put the ancient foe in his place; but no sooner was this break repaired than a second and far more serious one occurred in the north. Impelled by the pressure of still more distant barbarians, the Teutonic and Slavic nations between the headwaters of Danube and Rhine come crashing against the wall of Hadrian, and roll over it in a mighty inundation which does not spend itself until it has swept into Italy at Aquileia and beyond to the line of the Piave. The plague and the Parthian war have weakened the Roman armies and emptied the Roman treasury. In the face of the greatest alarm since the coming of Hannibal, the emperor fills the depleted ranks of the legions with gladiator and slave, and ministers to financial need by sacrificing the imperial jewels. A first war of eight years and a second of two, between

which occurred the revolt of Avidius Cassius in the east, were necessary before the Marcomanni and Quadi in Bohemia, and the Slavs to their east, were again reduced to obedience; and at their end, before the conquered territory could be organized into provinces, the emperor died in camp, far from the city and the life of which he had known so little for the nineteen years of his devoted reign.

The barbarian rush through the broken dike between Rhine and Danube, and the rebellion of Avidius Cassius, were both foreshadowings of the approaching doom. The soldiery that under Cassius had failed to unseat the father, on the death of Commodus, the weaker son, became dictators of the throne. The prætorians of Rome who supported the able Pertinax soon took the life of their too virtuous master, and sold the throne to the wealthier and less exacting Julianus. Niger in Syria, Albinus in Britain, Septimius Severus on the Danube, were raised to the purple by armies quickly schooled in the lesson of violence, and the race for the throne was to the swift and strong. Severus kept his seat for the natural term of life, but Caracalla his son was murdered by Macrinus the prætorian, Macrinus was dethroned and slain by Elagabalus and the legions, and Elagabalus was slain by mutinous guards who declared in favor of Alexander Severus. From the latter's death at the hands of the soldiers in 235 to the rise of Diocletian in 284, the empire was a prey to the distraction from within which was one day to result in permanent division, and to the assaults from without which were finally to cause its fall. The strong hand of Septimius Severus checked for a time the inroads of Parthian and Pict and Scot; the weaker hand of Alexander

Severus was all but unable to maintain the empire in Asia against the Persian power now rising from the ruins of Parthia, and at his death the impact of Germany was again being felt along the Rhine. In vain the strengthening of the great dike and the concentration of rulers upon the army; in 251 the threats that had so long been ringing in Roman ears were realized. The Goths on the Danube ravaged Dacia and crossed to Macedonia, defeating and slaying the emperor Decius. The Franks accomplished the passage of the Rhine and swept over the now Roman civilization of Gaul. Nine years later, the Persians vanquished and captured the emperor Valerian. Egypt was in the hands of a rebel, and refused the grain supply. The Germans and Goths pushed across the Rhine and Danube in quest of places in the sun of the Roman provinces and Italy.

The empire was all but lost, when out of the disorderly rise and fall of haphazard princes a succession of abler men emerged. Marcus Aurelius Claudius in 268-270 confounded and destroyed the invading hordes of Goths; Aurelian in the next five years recovered Gaul and Britain, drove back the Germans once more, and overthrew the kingdom of Queen Zenobia, carved out of Roman territory in Egypt and Asia Minor; and Probus, after the one-year reign of Tacitus, confirmed Aurelian's victories.

But Aurelian's restoration of the Roman lines was not entire; he withdrew the Romans from beyond the Danube, abandoned Dacia to the Goths, and made the broad stream once more the frontier as it was before Trajan's day. The soldiery continued to dictate the rise and fall of the emperors. The reign of Carus, who followed after Probus, was brief, and the empire was

divided by Carinus and Numerian, the latter soon to be the victim of a prætorian, the former to be slain by his own officers when Diocletian, his brother's successor by choice of the army, met him in battle the following year. And Roman fear of the vague and terrible north was confessed and kept ever present by Aurelian's eleven miles of gigantic wall.

The hundred years succeeding the death of Marcus Aurelius had thus seen the first actual abandonment of Roman territory, the growth of occasional border anxiety into permanent fear for the integrity of the empire, the undisguised neglect of the senate as authority, the rise of a military despotism based on the passions and greed of officers and men, the degradation and decline of population, the exhaustion of the treasury, and the springing up of the dread and fear of barbarian kings in the city which for the six centuries since the Gallic raid had not been entered by a foe except of its own citizenship. They had seen the cessation of monumental building, the utter debasement of sculpture, already coarse in the second century, the disappearance of letters except in law, the discontinuance of inscription and memorial. From the Severi to Diocletian the silence of the stones is all but unbroken. The art of the column of Marcus Aurelius and the arch of Severus is clumsy and crude; that of the arch called Constantine's would be unworthy of the Middle Age.

The suddenness of this descent is even farther beyond belief than its depth. In what causes must we seek the explanation of both?

The sagest of Americans is credited with the saying that in the hands of good men the worst form of government will succeed, and that the best will fail in the hands

of the bad. The more ancient of the Greek philosophers, after having collected and studied two hundred and fifty constitutions and observed the mortal nature of states, had formed the conclusion that constitutions, like men, were subject to natural and inherent causes that led them from youth to prime, from prime to age and decay, and from decay to death. Both Franklin and the men of Plato's and Aristotle's stamp might have formed the same conclusions regarding the wider and more universal constitution called society.

The Roman form of government under the Empire, and Roman society from the beginning to the end, were weakened and imperilled by serious faults. Whether we regard these faults as inherent or as accidental, they were so deeply grown into the fiber of Roman life that ultimate decay was not to be avoided; the flaws were fatal, and remedy was futile. It was a society which was eaten into by human slavery, with all its consequences in moral and economic degradation. It was a society whose base was force, with all its consequences in cruelty and wrong. The conduct of the state depended upon the will of a single man. The election of this man lay neither with people nor senate, but either in the accident of birth or the will of a predecessor or the selfish interest of an army. The loose confederation of widely separated and widely different nations that composed the state was held in subjection to central authority by a bureaucracy constantly becoming more unwieldy and expensive, and always contained some member whose only compelling bond was force. The rule of autocrats destroyed initiative and the sense of responsibility in the individual, while long prosperity, with freedom

from the disciplinary duties of war, had softened his temper.

For two centuries of the Empire these forces of death were neutralized by other forces of life. The solid efforts of the better emperors from Augustus to Vespasian and Titus gave the arts and industries of peace throughout the Mediterranean world the opportunity denied through all previous ages by war and incoherence. The virtues of the Five Good Reigns obscured for nearly another hundred years the vices lodged in the fiber of society and state; but with the sudden removal of effort on the part of good and able men at the death of Marcus Aurelius, the diseases in spite of which the empire had prospered as never before began to rage with all the vigor of uncombated evil. The worthlessness and viciousness of Commodus revived the assassination of emperors; the purchase of the throne by Didius Julianus taught a greedy and degraded soldiery once for all the lesson of power and profit; the success of the worthier Septimius Severus confirmed the appeal to arms as the means of election to the throne. From now on, doubled perils beset the Roman world; to the weaknesses and vice inherent in state and society were added the weaknesses and vice of rulers. In the story of Rome's decline, too much responsibility can hardly be laid upon the fifty years of anarchy in high places that followed the death of Alexander Severus, years of waste and non-productiveness in man and every resource of society.

It is not necessary, nor would it be justified in truth, to regard either subject or ruler as lost to good intentions. The average emperor no doubt had the good of the state at heart, and the average citizen faced in all

seriousness the problems of life. Both struggled on as best they could under heavy burdens. The times were out of joint. The Roman world was wearing out. Moral, social, economic, political, racial, and military exhaustion were marching hand in hand with equal step to bring the day of dissolution.

The day of dissolution was deferred by the timely rise of able men. Aurelian and Probus reëstablished respect for the throne at home and fear of the Roman arms abroad. The firm hand of Diocletian at first united the freshly sundered empire, and then with wise provision divided it. Under the two Augusti, with capitals at Nicomedia in the east and Milan in the west, and the two Cæsars, with capitals at Sirmium on the Save and at Treves and York, remodelled into twelve dioceses and ninety-six provinces, the state took on new life for the struggle against barbarism from without and decay from within. United again by Constantine, it was held together by force of arms under Constantius and Julian, once more divided, and became a unit again for the last time under Theodosius the Great.

But the day of dissolution was only deferred; it could not be escaped. The division of the empire which had first taken place in the times of Severus became the norm instead of the exception. The emperor became not only absolute, but an oriental despot with all the ceremony and splendor of eastern monarchs. The army was no longer recruited from Italy, or even from the more enlightened of the remaining provinces, but from the semi-barbarous races. Partly from a settled policy of self-protection, partly from necessity, the emperors created innumerable paid positions that emptied the pockets of the people. The taxes became enormous, the

coinage was debased. The movements of armies and fleets in the wars of succession were the ruin of trade. The leading citizens in the once self-governing and lightly burdened cities and towns were gradually weighted with heavier and heavier responsibilities to the central government until in the later fourth century to be a member of the common council meant the total sacrifice of fortune and happiness. Men of modest means were ruined; the little landowners lost their holdings and became serfs to the soil, which gathered itself into monstrous estates. The demarcation of social, industrial, and professional groups became so sharp that men and women were hopelessly enslaved to the position or occupation to which they were born. The Roman government and Roman society became a machine instead of an organism.

And in and upon this aged and halting world of men two special forces were at work. In it was the silent and solvent force of a new religion that had grown to be the center around which gathered all the protest of nature against the selfishness, the violence, the cruelty, and the injustice of an outworn pagan society, and was destined to be the conveyance, if not the cause, of the change from old to new. Upon it was working the less invisible and less quiet force of a vigorous northern world that clamored and pushed for entrance into the Roman lands. Adventure and bloodshed were less the aim of the intruders than escape from the enemy behind and a share in the greater peace and plenty of the Roman realms. From the time of Hadrian on, Pict and Scot and German and Goth and Slav again and again broke through the walls or crossed the streams that separated them from the land of civilization. The spa-

cious Roman border towns of the second century had been changed in a hundred years or so into walled towns where everything was sacrificed to protection against the invader. The prisoners taken by the emperors in their campaigns and added as slaves to the population of Italy, the natural mingling and seeping through along the border, the reception of volunteers and the hiring of mercenaries in the intervals of peace to fill the ranks of the army, the granting of lands within the border as the best means of insuring quiet,—all this, in the course of two hundred years, had obscured the line that bounded the Roman lands, had Teutonized the Roman armies, and had familiarized the Romans of Italy with the Teutonic presence. The convenient dates of 313 and 476 for the triumph of the Church and the fall of the empire are misleading. In reality the Roman world had fallen asunder long before Odoacer dealt the final stroke; the edict of Constantine was only the recognition of a success long since assured. Neither the victory of Christianity nor the end of the western empire was a cataclysm or even a sudden change. By need and by process of nature the old grew gradually into the new.

2.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLES

IN like manner, the year 330 in the history of Rome the city marked only the formal end of a process long in operation. The arrival of the court at Byzantium and the rise of Constantinople may have been of a sudden and artificial nature; the departure of headship from Rome and the descent of the ancient capital from its high estate was a matter of degrees.

The history of Rome's relation to the rest of the realm is the story of a levelling process. Under the Republic, the city is the mistress of a subject world, and enjoys, with Italy, the privileges and immunities of the conqueror. Under Julius Cæsar and Augustus she becomes the responsible capital, and part of the empire of which she is the leading city. When Caracalla grants citizenship to all the Roman world, one more distinction of Italy and Rome from the rest of the state is removed. When at last under Galerius the land-tax, from which Italy had been immune since the tribute was removed from her in 167 B.C. as a result of the prosperous wars with Macedon, was again laid upon the peninsula, the process of levelling before the law was complete. So far as privilege was concerned, Rome was like other cities.

But the loss of privilege was not the only change that diminished the power of the city. In the early days the authority and dignity that lodged in the senate remained inseparable from Rome because the senate was composed of Romans. With the coming of the Empire, this authority passed largely to the emperor, and in-

hered no longer in the capital. However considerate the treatment of its imperial masters, from Augustus on the senate became more and more a symbol rather than the reality. At the beginning of the third century, every pretence on the emperor's part was dropped, and absolutism stood frankly and brutally confessed. Septimius Severus does not consult the senate regarding his election, nor ask its favors; he announces his accession to the throne, and henceforth the successful claimant is confirmed by acclamation after the event. The senate keeps up the forms of the ages, and continues to deliberate and to recommend, but the exercise of real power is only for the briefest intervals or in matters of little moment.

The decline of the prætorians, too, was a loss to the city's importance, though a loss of the coarser kind. At their creation by Tiberius for the most part Roman and all Italian, their ranks were later opened to Spaniards, Macedonians, and Noricans, and finally by Severus to recruits of every blood. His second Parthian legion, newly and permanently encamped in its guarded and watchful position on the slope of the Alban Mount, could only remind the city of its lessened authority. When Galerius entirely abolished the prætorians, now become little better than urban police, with the disappearance of the makers and unmakers of emperors for three hundred years vanished also the last sign of the military importance of Rome.

And the passing of authority from senate to emperor not only made authority detachable from Rome, but made it mobile. From now on, the capital went with the emperor. With Trajan, Rome began to see less and less of the imperial retinue. Hadrian's court was al-

most peripatetic. Marcus Aurelius governed from the distant frontier, and from Severus' time the emperors were rarely in residence on the Palatine. The city which had been the center of Latium and the center of Italy was far from the usual seats of trouble in the east and north when Roman rule had covered the Mediterranean. Diocletian's capital was Nicomedia in Asia Minor; he visited Rome but once, and paid no attention to the senate. The court of the western Augustus, Maximian, was at Milan. The courts of the Cæsars were at York and Treves and at Sirmium beyond the Alps. Not a single rescript is dated from Rome in the time of Symmachus.

When, therefore, Constantine in 330 removed the seat of government to Byzantium and built the city of his name, he did not inaugurate so much as mark the decline of Rome's importance. She had in reality long been a provincial capital, and now became it in name. The senate had long been possessed in fact of only local authority; it now became the common council of the leading city of the province of Italy. Whatever its pretentions to being the capital of the west, the real seat of government was in the north. When Honorius in 403 came for a time to occupy the Palatine, the now venerable pile had known no imperial tenant for nearly a hundred years.

Thus, after a thousand years of existence as the center of the military and political life of her realms, did the city on the Seven Hills see her glory depart. The Roman eagles looked down on the broad waters of the Bosporus now, instead of on the eddying current of yellow Father Tiber, and Rome was governed, when legislation other than local was needed, from Ravenna



WALL OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS' CAMP AT ALBANO

HERE THE SECOND PARTHIAN LEGION WAS STATIONED

or Milan. The tide of the world's business rolled far from her, and she was left to her own devices. Constantine had deserted her, and with him many of her first men; the dead emperor's body, in spite of Roman entreaty, was laid away at his own request in the new capital instead of the old. Nineteen years after his death, Constantius his successor, in the brief visit of 356, trod her streets for the first time and the last; fresh outbreaks on the Danube called him suddenly away, and from the Danube the pressure of the Persians called him permanently to the east.

Not only were the interests of the rulers elsewhere, but the lands of their birth and the cities of their preference. Julian probably never saw Rome, and his command of the Roman tongue was but one detail in a training almost wholly Greek; the name of Virgil, so far as may be seen, was never written by his pen; and he was capable of the un-Roman utterance that Alexander could have conquered Rome. From Trajan on, few were the emperors born within the borders of Italy. Few, too, were the Italian-born among the men of letters of the later Empire. Ammianus Marcellinus, historian of the times, was a Greek of Antioch, and learned the Latin tongue as a foreign language; Macrobius was a Greek; Claudian, court poet of Theodosius and Honorius, was a native of Egypt; Ausonius was a citizen of Bordeaux, with blood half Gallic; Sulpicius Severus also was a Gaul; Prudentius was a Spaniard; and the Christian orators and essayists were in large part African. It was nothing new for the literary art to come from the provinces; but now, for the first time, the artists were no longer Roman by either birth or adoption. Ammianus is hardly Latin; Ausonius is hardly

less modern French than ancient Roman; in Commodianus the old classical prosody and syntax are already breaking up; Julian is altogether Greek; Augustine and Jerome belong more to the Middle Ages than to classical times.

The greyness of old age was upon the city. Her literature was becoming the work of alien pens; her art was barbarous in design and execution; her emperors born in other lands, nursed at other breasts, and almost unaware of her existence; her political power faded to a shadow; the ranks of her defenders recruited from all soils but that of Italy; her citizens of family and fortune, like those of the empire at large, burdened with taxes and civic duties requiring their all; her population, like that of all the realm, rapidly decreasing; her tradesmen, artisans, and professionals in the throttling grip of caste; her landholders abandoning the estates that now entailed impossible obligations; her impoverished environs infested by brigands and fever; her dwindling rural population of little farmers, slaves, and barbarian colonists declining into serfdom; her growth in building at an end; her already decaying monuments requiring the shield of the law to prevent their total dismemberment; even her time-honored religion barely tolerated, and fast approaching the hour of extinction.

But the ancient capital not only suffered the humiliation that came with loss of power and prestige; she was beset with actual dangers. The threat of Hannibal in the second Punic war, the threat of the Cimbri and Teutons in the last years of the second century before Christ, the threat of Antony and Cleopatra at Actium, was repeated in the alarming rush of Slavs and Germans over the Alps in Marcus Aurelius' time, and lived

again in Aurelian's day, when the irresistible wave of the Alemanni surged once more across the bulwarks of Italy and rolled to the banks of the Metaurus before it could be stayed. The city which for more than five hundred years had felt secure without the protection of walls now suddenly woke to a vivid sense of danger. The capital in the heart of Italy, as well as the towns that held the watch on the Rhine and Danube, now frowned with battlements and towers. With haste that was born of fear, Aurelian and the Romans reared the great wall which still bears his name, following the outer limits of the Fourteen Regions, utilizing in their eagerness the walls of garden, amphitheater, prætorian camp, and aqueduct, building into its mass the tombs and houses that lay in its path, pushing it through the beautiful gardens of the imperial domain that girdled the city; a giant defence whose size and beauty were in keeping with the importance of the city it enclosed, but whose presence was a monument to alarm and insecurity.

And there were other perils than those from the barbarians beyond the borders. The ruin of ancient monuments was being hastened by the hand of violence. There were seven acts in the fourth century against the plundering of tombs for the sake of their marbles, with penalties ranging from confiscation of property to death. Already Constantine complains of the neglect that is bringing on decay, and himself transports from Rome to Byzantium eight mighty drums of porphyry for the famous Column, and takes with them the very Palladium that so long has assured the ancient capital of safety. From Gratian to Honorius there are edicts requiring the repair of ancient buildings and forbidding

private seizure of public spaces and edifices. There was the peril of fire. The reign of Commodus, in 191, and the reign of Carinus, in 283, saw conflagrations of considerable magnitude that were the more devastating because of the tardiness and want of taste in restoration and repair. There was the peril of pestilence. In Marcus Aurelius' reign it not only ravaged the east, but in Italy is said to have swept off half the population. There were the straits, if not the serious peril, of famine. After Constantine's removal to the east, the grain ships of Egypt sailed for the Bosporus instead of the Tiber mouth. A great famine troubled the latter days of Gratian. When Gildo revolted and seized the province of Africa, supplies were again endangered, and the Roman populace in great anxiety. "We eat or starve at the will of the Moor," wrote Claudian. And there was the peril of the new religion, which exulted in the downfall of ancient temples, and was helping to kill the ancient society by withdrawal from it or by transformation of its fiber.

The effect of these humiliations and dangers may be felt in the literature of the times. What a picture of Rome is this that Claudian paints when in *The Gildonic War* he represents the city under the threat of famine:

"And now Rome, filled with fears and worn by long deprivation, was hastening with rapid pace to the threshold of Olympus. Unwonted the expression on her face; not such as she wears when dictating law to the Britons, or when she makes bend before her fasces the fear-struck Indians. Her voice is quavering, her step slow, her eye sunken, her cheeks hollow; barren hunger consumes her members. On her wasted shoulders she

can scarce support the ruinous shield. The crevices in the broken helmet betray her hoary hair, and the spear she wearily drags is eaten deep with rust. When at length she reaches the heavens, she prostrates herself before the knees of the Thunderer, and thus begins her sorrowful plaint."

The ancient pagan city is hardly less humbled and broken in the page of Symmachus, where she pleads with Valentinian the Second and Valens to restore to the senate the altar of Victory, on whose final banishment, as a sign of their triumph, the Christians were bent:

"Imagine that Rome is before you speaking on this wise: 'Excellent princes, fathers of your country, have respect for the years at which I have arrived in the practice of these sacred rites. Leave me to the ways of my ancestors; I have not had cause to repent of them. Permit me, since I am free, to live in accord with my wonted customs. This religion brought all the world under my laws; these holy ceremonies drove Hannibal from my walls and kept the Gauls from the Capitol. Was I saved only to be outraged in my old age? Even could I see the good in what others think proper for me to learn, it is too late now; it would be shameful to change, at my day.' "

These passages are only two; both are the stuff of rhetoric, and Symmachus was taken to task by the Christian poet Prudentius for thus representing Rome; yet the fact that they were written at all is eloquent of the condition to which the city was reduced. What they signify may best be realized by attempting to think of Virgil, or Livy, or Pliny, as writing them. To the men of the earlier day, the thought of Rome as aught but

the proud mistress of the world was not possible. It was possible to men of the late fourth century only because the pagan city was aged and weary unto death.

3.

MONUMENTS AND MEN BEFORE ALARIC

IN a moment more a Christian emperor will pronounce the doom of the ancient faith, and the northern kings the doom of the ancient capital. Before the curtain falls on the last act of the pagan city and the pagan culture, let us look at Rome as it appeared to the last of the ancient Romans, and at the ancient Romans as they appeared to the observer and to themselves.

The two centuries following the accession of Septimius Severus in 193 had no great building periods like those of Augustus, the Flavians, and Hadrian, yet they were not without their striking additions to the dignity and beauty of the city. Her princes still delighted to do her honor. Severus erected the monumental arch in the Forum, the Castra Peregrina for his foreign guards, and the palace and the Septizonium on the Palatine. The Silversmiths' arch, between Capitoline and Palatine, was erected in honor of the emperor and his family. Caracalla's baths, to the south of the Palatine, were the largest and most completely equipped up to their times, including huge vaulted chambers, hot, cold, and tepid, gymnasia, promenades, clubrooms, and athletic grounds, with even a Mithræum in the basement. Decius in 249-251 constructed baths on the Aventine. The slight but not unpleasing arch of Gallienus, erected in 262 by the emperor's admirer Marcus Aurelius Victor "on account of his bravery, surpassed

only by his piety," still stands on the Esquiline to give life to the memory of this ruler as preserved in Gibbon: "In every art he attempted his lively genius enabled him to succeed; and as his genius was destitute of judgment, he attempted every art, except the important ones of war and government. He was a master of several curious but useless sciences, a ready orator, an elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and a most contemptible prince."

Aurelian was not without thought of the city's grandeur when he reared the great wall of brick and concrete twelve feet thick and running in places to the height of sixty feet, whose loop-holed galleries and parapet crowned by nearly four hundred towers made it one of the most impressive monuments in the ancient world, as its mighty remnants are among the most impressive in the modern. In the vigorous and splendor-loving emperor's temple to the Sun, on the Quirinal, the city was dignified by another marvel of giant architecture. The bridge of Probus completed the arching of the Tiber, now monumentally spanned at nine points. On the high plateau where Quirinal and Viminal come together arose the baths of Diocletian, twice the size of Caracalla's and of even greater splendor, enclosed by huge walls and towers and apses and domes, and containing theater, promenades, and assembly halls, besides athletic and bathing conveniences for over three thousand persons. The ruined fragments of its principal mass today are housing Michelangelo's church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, one of the largest in Rome, the Museo Nazionale, one of the most important in Italy, and a number of philanthropic and educational institutions; two of the domed halls that rose at its cor-



THE WALL OF AURELIAN

FROM OUTSIDE THE OSTIAN GATE;
THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IS BEYOND THE WALL

ners are occupied by a girls' school and the church of San Bernardo; and the print of the great semi-circle that formed the middle of its southwest side is to be seen in the curve of the Piazza dell' Esedra. Maxentius, the candidate of Rome for the purple, added in 309 the great circus outside the walls on the Appian Way, probably the third in size of these places of amusement, and erected a temple to Romulus, his son, on the Sacred Way beyond the eastern bound of the Forum. The monster basilica beyond it begun by him was finished by Constantine after the battle at the Mulvian bridge in 312. The arch of Constantine, in 313, a compound of Domitian's and Trajan's times and his own, and the enormous baths on the slope of the Quirinal where it overlooked the forum of Trajan, were the last of the remarkable buildings of Rome.

By the end of the second century, popular usage had probably fixed on the fourteen regions the names by which they are designated in the two catalogues or breviaries of the city in the time of Constantine which are known as the *Curiosum* and the *Notitia.* A review of them under the new nomenclature will farther aid the imagination in reproducing the Rome of the later day. Region I. was known as Porta Capena, from a venerable remnant of the Servian wall, then thought to be nine hundred years old; Region II. as Cælimontium, from the spacious southeastern hill; III. as Isis and Serapis, from a temple to the Egyptian deities; IV. as Templum Pacis, from the great building in Vespasian's forum; V. as Esquiliæ, from the broad plateau on the east; VI. as Alta Semita, High Lane, from the long, straight thoroughfare, once perhaps a primitive path, that ran the length of the Quirinal to the north-

east and out of the city; VII. as Via Lata, or Broad street, from the avenue that traversed the Campus Martius and became the Flaminian Way as it left the gate for the far north; VIII. as Forum Romanum; IX. as Circus Flaminius, from the old race-course to the south of the Campus Martius at the northwest base of the Capitoline; X. as Palatium, the hill of the Cæsars' palaces; XI. as Circus Maximus, where the immense rows of seats filled all the space between Palatine and Aventine; XII. as Piscina Publica, or People's Reservoir, where the common folk had access to a pool or basin for washing; XIII. as Aventinum, the western elevation of the Aventine where it overhung the Tiber; XIV. as Transtiberim, the more or less spacious separate quarter across the river containing the circus of Caligula where now is Saint Peter's, and to the south the gardens of Cæsar.

Around all this, pierced by thirteen monumental gates that marked the egress of the great highways, ran the ruddy, towered battlements of Aurelian's fortification. There were three hundred temples, twenty-eight libraries, eleven great baths, and ten basilicas. There were twelve porticoes in the Campus Martius alone whose aggregate length of sheltered promenade was four thousand six hundred yards. There were eleven fora. There were aqueducts and branches to the number of nineteen, many carried on imposing arches of hewn stone. There were the nine bridges that spanned the four hundred feet of the Tiber. There were the great theaters, amphitheaters, and circuses, with an occasional stadium or odeum. Everywhere was bronze and marble ornament. There were three thousand seven hundred and eighty-five statues in bronze even after Alaric. In

spite of oppressive conditions, and perhaps because of them, there were still some citizens enormously rich, and their palaces were establishments of marvellous size and splendor. "Every house is a town," exclaims Ammianus, "and Rome includes a myriad of cities."

The heart of the city, as ever, was most imposing of all. The giant pillared edifices of Palatine and Capitoline, soaring aloft in relief against the sky, were splendid in material and brilliant with ornament that caught the light. The impression made by them is reproduced by Claudian on the occasion of Honorius' visit to Rome and occupation of the Palatine:

"Behold, new honor dignifies the Palatine as with joy and gladness it receives the divine tenant. . . . Rearing aloft its crown, with the Rostra far below, the royal pile looks forth upon countless sanctuaries and countless sentinel gods encircling it. How fair a sight, to behold yonder beneath the gable of Thundering Jove the graven temple doors and their Giants in space above the Tarpeian Rock, to look upon statues soaring amid the clouds, and upon the high air dense with thronging temples, and everywhere the terrain a forest of columns adorned with beaks from many a conquered ship, and palaces reposing on foundations mountain-high which the hands of men have upreared, adding still to Nature, and arches unnumbered, rich with the glittering spoils of war! The eye is blinded and bewildered by flashing metal and the gleam of gold on every hand."

The poet has this part of the city also in mind when he addresses its savior, Stilicho: "Look about upon the Seven Hills, how with the gleam of gold they rival the rays of the sun, and upon arches clothed with the spoil of battle, and upon temples reared to the clouds."

In spite of her decline in power and population, Rome was still the most splendid city of the world. But it was not only the incomparable richness and profusion of her buildings and monuments that made her great. To the impressiveness of size and splendor was now added in all its fulness the impressiveness of age and historic interest. The monuments of Constantinė and Diocletian and Aurelian themselves were already becoming venerable when Claudian wrote. The monuments of Augustus were four hundred years old, and spoke of the founding of the empire. There were other monuments whose origins went back to the times of consuls and kings, or disappeared in the mists. That some of them were decaying from natural causes, that some had suffered from fire and flood, that others were repaired or restored, that many were being neglected and some despoiled, that there were abandoned buildings covered with ivy and vacant spaces grown to weeds and shrubbery, increased the city's hold upon men's imaginations and affections. Ammianus carried away the impression of her as a venerable city now entering upon old age, withdrawing to enjoy the more tranquil pursuits of life, leaving to the Cæsars as to her sons, like a parent thrifty, provident, and well-to-do, all the responsibilities of rule.

"Her people," he writes, "from its first cradlings to its last years of childhood, a period including about three hundred years, engaged in successful wars about her walls; then, having entered upon years of adolescence, after many anxious trials in the field crossed the Alps and the sea; risen to proud youth and manhood, it brought back laurels and triumphs from every quarter of the limitless circle of the world; and finally, arriv-

ing at the turn of the years toward old age, and conquering often merely by the power of its name, it has retired to the more tranquil things of life. And so the venerable city, after bending the proud necks of undisciplined races and spreading abroad her laws, the everlasting foundations and stays of liberty, like a thrifty parent, provident and well-to-do, has surrendered to the Cæsars, her sons, so to speak, the administration of her property rights. And although the tribes are quiet and the centuries are no longer at variance, and there is no more warring over the ballot, but the peacefulness of Pompilius' time has returned, yet in all parts whatsoever of the world she is acknowledged as mistress and queen, and everywhere the grey hairs and authority of her Fathers are held in regard, and the name of the Roman people is respected and honored."

Rome was the parent who for centuries past had watched over the world with maternal care. The succession of curious visitors which had begun with the confirmation of Roman dominion in the days of the Republic swelled to a broad stream of grateful and reverent pilgrims when once peace was thoroughly established and citizenship had spread to distant parts of the empire. As early as 193, a custodian's lodge existed near the column of Marcus Aurelius. The original of the *Notitia* and *Curiosum* was probably a little guide to the monuments of Rome in the first century. Rome was still the center of the world's interest; her political and military influence had waned, her spiritual influence was increasing. When Stilicho, after the discomfiture of the Goths at Pollentia in the reign of Honorius, held his triumph in Rome, and Constantius chose it for the scene of his triumph in 356, it was not because

the old capital actually figured in the life of the empire. Constantius' capital was in the east, and his headquarters in the west were at Milan. Honorius' capital was Ravenna rather than Rome. The Christian pilgrim was already swelling the stream of visitors. Rome had become the sentimental instead of the actual capital of the pagan world. In her material decadence, she was in the transition stage from her ancient supremacy in the world of arms to her mediæval supremacy in the realms of the spirit.

If we wish farther to visualize the city as she approached the end of her pagan life of a thousand years, and to appreciate more fully the effect of her age and monumental splendors, no words can better convey the impression left by them than the account which Ammianus Marcellinus gives of the triumphal entry of Constantius into Rome in the year 356:

"As if the temple of Janus were closed and all his enemies laid low, he was eager to visit Rome, intending to celebrate a triumph because of Magnentius' destruction, though he lacked the right, inasmuch as the blood of the slain was Roman. . . . He wished to display to the city an endless procession, with standards stiff with gold and brilliant guards and retinue, though the people, who were now in peace and quiet, at no time either expected or desired this or any such spectacle; not knowing, perhaps, that certain of the old-time emperors had been content in time of peace with lictors . . . and that many of them had made themselves illustrious by splendid deeds in order to hand down to posterity the memory of glories earned by their own achievements.

"Accordingly, after long and elaborate preparation, in the second prefecture of Orfitus, he passed through

Ocriculum, elated by his great honors, escorted by a formidable array of marching columns, making his progress as if in order of battle, while from every direction the eyes of all were fixed upon him and never left his face. And when he drew near the city, as he contemplated with serene gaze the senate paying their respects, and looked on these figures, reverend because they were the likeness of the old patrician line, he did not think, like Cineas the famous ambassador of Pyrrhus, that a multitude of kings was assembled together, but that here was the asylum of the whole world. And when he had turned from them to the people, he was astounded to think in what throngs the whole human kind had come streaming together from all quarters to Rome. And as if he would have terrified with the sight of his arms the Euphrates or the Rhine, with standards going ahead on either side he himself came on, sitting alone in a golden car. . . .

"And also, saluted as Augustus by voices of happy omen, though the hills and shores were filled with thunderous clamors, he did not move a muscle, but preserved the same unchanging countenance he was wont to show in his provinces. For, very short though he was, he bowed his body when riding under the high gates, and as if his neck were fixed bent his gaze straight before him, turning his face neither to right nor left; and, as if the statue of a man, when the rolling wheels shook him, he was never seen either to nod, or to spit, or to wipe or rub his mouth or nose, or to move his hand. . . .

"Then, having entered Rome, the home of empire and of all virtues, when he had arrived at the Rostra, and saw before him that most famed scene of ancient power, he stood speechless with amazement, his eyes

dazzled by the multitude of wonders that assailed them wherever he turned. After addressing the nobles in the senate, and the people from the tribunal, he was escorted amid resounding applause to the Palace, where he enjoyed himself as he had desired.

"And often, as he was conducting the races, he expressed his delight at the piquant speech of the common people, who were neither presumptuous in their ways nor yet lacking in the sense of their native liberty. He himself, too, maintained a bearing of due respect toward them; for he did not, as was usual in other cities, allow the contests to be finished according to his own preference, but, following the custom, left them to various circumstances.

"Then he went the rounds of the city, visiting the summits of the seven hills and the various places on their slopes and in the level parts, and the suburban districts also. Whatever his eyes first rested upon, he felt sure must excel all the rest. There was the temple of Jupiter on the Tarpeian Mount, as much greater than other temples as the heavenly is greater than the earthly; baths built up like whole provinces; the great pile of the amphitheater, a mass reared solidly in Tiburtine stone, to whose summit human vision found it hard to reach; the Pantheon, like a whole region, rounded and polished, and reared on vaulting of wondrous height; the lofty monuments whose summits, ascended by winding stairways, supported effigies of former emperors; and the temple of the City, and the forum of Peace, and the theater of Pompey, and the Odeum, and the Stadium, and, intermingled with these, the other ornaments of the everlasting city.

"But when he came to the forum of Trajan, a struc-



THE FORUM AND COLUMN OF TRAJAN

THE BASILICA WAS IN THE FOREGROUND,
AND THE GREEK AND LATIN LIBRARIES
ON EITHER SIDE OF THE COLUMN

ture unique under all heaven, which, to my thinking, even the gods would agree to call wonderful, he was rooted to the spot with amazement as he contemplated those gigantic edifices, which are neither to be described by words nor again to be attempted by mortal men. And so, compelled to lay aside all hope of undertaking anything of that kind, he said that Trajan's horse alone, which was located in the middle of the court and bore the emperor himself, he would imitate, for he could do that.

"The prince Ormizda, to whose departure from Persia we have referred above, happened to be standing at his side, and answered, with well-bred wit, 'Sire, you will first have to order the construction of a stable like this, if you can, so that the horse you have in mind to make may succeed to as broad a realm as that of the horse we are now looking at.'

"He himself, being asked what he thought of Rome, replied that the one thing that delighted him was to learn that there, too, men died.

"And so, after he had seen a multitude of things to his amazement and stupefaction, the emperor complained of Fame as either powerless or spiteful, because, though she always exaggerated, she had failed of showing forth what was at Rome; and, deliberating a long time as to what course he should pursue, he determined to add to the ornament of the city by erecting in the Circus Maximus an obelisk, of whose origin and form I shall speak in the fitting place."

To the orientalized despot from the eastern center of the empire, plainly the western capital was a foreign city whose splendors were an utter surprise. He was probably quite as ignorant of the qualities of Roman

character in his own and more ancient times as he was of the actual city. The soldier-historian who describes his visit, however, was one of the many whom the spirit of Rome had seized upon and made its own. We can do no better than to look to him for a judgment of Roman society.

In the two extended passages where he tarries in his narrative to speak of the Romans of the time, it is true that he becomes for the moment satirist rather than chronicler, and sees actual Rome against the background of the ideal Rome of the past, the Rome that had grown to greatness because Virtue and Fortune, commonly at variance, had in her case made a treaty of eternal peace; but his tone is that of the just and truthful observer, anxious both not to seem prejudiced and not to be misunderstood: "And since in my opinion strangers reading my words may wonder why, whenever my pen is turned toward setting forth what is going on in Rome, nothing is told of but seditions and shops and other low matters like them, I shall touch briefly upon the reasons for this, never of my own will departing from the truth." He is anxious not only to tell the truth, but to leave a truthful impression. He not only guards against exaggeration by the use again and again of "sometimes," "often," "many," "certain ones," "there are some who," and like words, but states expressly that it is the few whose worthlessness detracts from the city's greatness. "But this splendor and magnificence of the whole is marred by the tasteless trifling of the few, who do not stop to consider where they were born, but, as if privileged to give the rein to their vices, have fallen into error and wantonness." It is not hostility, or very greatly even indignation, that prompts

his words, but rather a mingling of contempt and mild amusement, together with the sincere regret of an admirer of Rome and her traditions.

Ammianus sees the faults of both high and low. The common people and the nobles alike are filled with vanity, always attempting to prove an ancient origin or to keep up appearances. They are insane over the circus, and entirely given to gambling. All friendships at Rome are cool, but those formed over the dice are the only ones with any degree of affection. Some persons, indeed, repudiate the name of gambler, and call themselves "dice-players," but the difference is that between thieves and robbers. The people are lax not only in habit but in manners. Ampelius, the prefect of the city, might have made himself illustrious by correcting the riotous living of the times, but his good intentions were not supported by firmness of purpose. He had resolved that wine-shops should remain closed until the fourth hour of the day, that no one should provide warm water for the common people up to the same hour, that there should be a time-limit for the sale of meats, and that no respectable person should be seen eating in the streets. "Unseemly practices like these, and others of a worse nature, have through long neglect and connivance run riot with so little hindrance that not even the famed Epimenides of Crete, could he in some fabulous manner be called back and return to our times, would be equal alone to the task of purging Rome; under such a burden of shameful and incurable corruption are many laboring."

When Ammianus distinguishes classes, he will speak first of the faults of the upper class and then of the failings of the common people. In his eyes the higher rank

is the worse. The vanity of those who compose it is beyond all bounds. Some, who pretend to famous ancestry, go about putting on airs and calling themselves Reburri, and Fabunii, and Pagonii, and Geriones, and Dalii, Tarracii, or Perrasii, and other high-sounding names, to prove the antiquity of their families. You may see them making a show by riding in a carriage higher than the ordinary, or by going about perspiring under a great weight of mantles so delicately textured that the wind blows through them, to which they call attention by wiggling their bodies or by waving the left hand, so that the long fringes and embroideries may be seen. Some of them are as magnificent as if they were being led to execution. When they are lolling in their painted boats on Lake Avernus, "if a fly lights on the silken fringe of their golden fans, or the least ray of the sun breaks through a hole in the awning above them, they complain because they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians." When they come forth from the health-giving waters of the bath at some resort, they dry themselves with napkins of the finest texture, and then open their presses, whence each one takes out with care garments so delicate as to be transparent, and enough to clothe eleven persons; and finally, after selecting some of them and wrapping himself up, takes his rings from the hand of his slave, to whom he has entrusted them to keep them from the moisture, and goes away. Again, "some, though holding only an ordinary office, stalk along the streets with neck stiff and head erect, and giving only a side glance to old acquaintances as they pass, so haughty you would think it was Marcus Marcellus just back from the capture of Syracuse!"

There are some, too, who fancy they can be remem-

bered forever by having gilded statues of themselves set up, "as if they would reap a greater reward from senseless brazen images than from the consciousness of just and honorable deeds." They would do better to follow the example of Cato the censor, "who, asked why he had no statue when so many others had, replied, 'I prefer that good men should be in doubt as to why I have not deserved this favor rather than that they should go about asking how I had obtained it.' " "Others, assuming a grave air, praise endlessly their ancestral acres, though no one has inquired, exaggerating the yearly product of their rich fields, which they boast of possessing in abundance from the rising to the setting sun, not being aware that their ancestors, as a result of whose deeds Rome has reached her present magnitude, were conspicuous not for riches, but because through hard-fought wars they overcame by their valor every enemy that faced them, differing from the common run of soldiers neither in fortune nor in living nor in quality of clothing."

Their vanity is equalled only by their arrogance and triviality, and they can fawn and flatter despite their arrogance. One of your overdressed rich will enter the public baths with fifty servants and begin to bawl out, "Where are my men?" If he and his kind see suddenly some old jade, they all dash up and begin to caress and wheedle her, praising her as the Parthians would a Semiramis, or Egypt a Cleopatra. "And these things they are guilty of,—they, in the days of whose ancestors a senator was disgraced by the censor for having dared to kiss his wife in the presence of their own daughter!" Women drive through the streets with whole armies of slaves in their trains, arranged in squads and com-

panies according to occupation, with the rear brought up by a multitude of horrible eunuchs old and young, a sight that makes the onlooker curse the memory of the ancient queen who began the practice of thus treating youth. And wherever you turn, your eye finds numbers of women with frizzled hair, who might, if they had married, by this time have been mothers three times, polishing the paving-stones with their feet until they are weary, whirling and tossing in imitation of the innumerable figures put on by the plays in the theater.

There are "whirlpools of banquets, and a variety of voluptuous allurements," which Ammianus, for fear of growing too lengthy, will pass over; but he will mention those who career through the wide spaces of the city, recklessly urging their horses on over the upturned pavement of silex as if they were the post, dragging behind them squadrons of slaves that look like bands of robbers. It is these that the women-drivers imitate. In such a city sober men and persons with brains are of no account. Learning and letters are held in honor no longer. "Instead of the philosopher, there is the singer; in the place of the orator, the teacher of the art of drawing a laugh is employed. Libraries, like tombs, are closed forever. Organs to be played by water-power are manufactured, and lyres so huge that they look like carts, and flutes, and ponderous apparatus for stage exhibitions." When the city was threatened by famine, all the strangers were sent packing, and the few who practiced the liberal arts were thrust out without a moment's breathing-time; but the actresses in the mimes, and their assistants, real or feigned, and three thousand dancing-girls, without a question asked, remained, with all their following and all their dancing-masters. Stran-

gers are no longer welcome in the city and protected by the patronage of citizens, as in the olden time; now no one from outside the walls is desired who is not rich, without children, and unmarried. These are warmly received, and fawned on, flattered, and courted by those who expect to be mentioned in their wills. Roman society knows nothing good except what brings profit. The social secretaries of the rich make a practice of falsifying their masters' dinner invitations to sell to obscure and unknown strangers.

Hypocrites and snobs abound. When you meet and salute them, they offer you in the most extravagant manner their hands or knees to kiss, thinking this all you need for perfect happiness; and, even if you have done them a favor and put them under obligation, they consider you well repaid if they inquire what baths or waters you visit, or where you are living. In their houses you meet chatterboxes who make it a business to praise their master's every word and act, and to admire the lofty pillars and walls of inlaid colored stones in their houses. "Often, too, at their dinners the scales are sent for, and the fish and birds and dormice on the table are weighed, and their size repeated again and again, and boasted of as hitherto unequalled, to the weariness of those present; especially as there are thirty secretaries by, taking all these figures down in their notebooks, until you would think nothing lacking but a schoolmaster." If a stranger has been invited to dinner, to kill his host's brother would be a less serious offence than to refuse; for a senator who, after much weighing of the case, has given an invitation, if the guest does not accept takes on as though he had lost his whole estate.

Your reception at the hands of these snobs varies according to occasion or the mood of the entertainer. If you are a stranger with some pretence to standing and enter the home of a wealthy, puffed-up grandee to pay your respects, "at first you find yourself received as if your host had been longing to see you, and are asked question after question, and compelled repeatedly to lie, until you begin to wonder why a great man like that who has never seen you before should so load with attention a little fellow like yourself, and to feel sorry, as you think of this supreme advantage, that you didn't come to Rome ten years before. But if you rely upon this affable reception and do the same thing the next day, why, there you are, unknown and utterly strange, with your insistent host of yesterday all at sea, and for a long time trying to figure out who you are or where you are from. And, supposing that you are finally recognized and admitted to his friendship, and then pay him your respects with assiduity and devotion for the next three years, if you are then absent for the same number of days you will come back and have him meet you exactly as usual, never once asking where you have been in the meantime."

In religion they are superstitious and inconsistent. "Many of them, while denying the existence of higher powers in the heavens, will nevertheless refuse to go out on the street, or to dine, or to think they can safely take a bath, before they have carefully consulted the almanac and found out, for example, where the planet Mercury is, or what part of Cancer the moon is in as she passes through the sky."

They are as inconsistent in other matters. Some of them will give a slave three hundred stripes for being

slow with the hot water, and on the other hand condone the offense if he has purposely killed a man. They try to escape diseases, which are so violent in the capital that the physician's art is helpless before them, by making it a rule for no one to visit a sick friend, and not even to admit back into the house a slave who has been sent to make inquiry, until he has taken a bath. They are thus afraid of contagion that has merely been looked upon by the eyes of another. Yet, with all these precautions so carefully taken, let them be invited to a wedding, where gold is waiting for them in the hollow palm of a right hand, and, though their bodily powers are broken, they will muster strength if they have to go as far as Spoletum.

These are the ways of the nobles, says Ammianus; this is enough about the senatorial class. Now he will speak of the idle and lazy common people, some of whom, shoeless as they are, boast of high-sounding names, and call themselves Cimessores, Statarii, Semicupæ, Serapina, Cicimbricus, Gluturiorus, Trulla, Lucanicus, Pordaca, Salsula, or the like. These men "spend all their days in wine-drinking and gambling, in the brothels, and in the pleasures of the public shows. The Circus Maximus is their temple and home and rendezvous, the sum of their hopes and desires. You may see them in the market-places, at the street corners, in the public squares and assembly-places, gathered in groups, disputing and quarreling, some taking one side, some another." Some of them pass the whole night in the wine-shops, some lie hidden under the awnings of shady nooks about the theaters. They quarrel over their games of dice, noisily snuffling and drawing the breath back through the nose. Or, what is the greatest of all their

delights, they are from sunrise to sunset, rain or shine, gaping at drivers and horses to detect their good or bad points. Old greybeards among them may be heard crying out that the state will fall if a certain driver does not win in a coming race. Before sunrise on the day of the races you may see them rushing to the circus with a speed that would do justice to the horses themselves. They are torn in pieces by the violence of their excitement, and most of them cannot sleep for anxiety. "And it is very wonderful to see the innumerable common people, their minds glowing with the ardor of excitement, hanging upon the event of the races. These things, and others like them, will not permit the doing of anything serious or worth mention at Rome."

There may be in these judgments something of the exaggeration that inheres in the satirical, but we hear them pronounced with little doubt as to their essential truthfulness, and find them confirmed by other evidence. When we learn that it was usual for the masters of the first houses to have an income of over a million dollars, and for families of the second to enjoy three hundred thousand, and reflect that the city was a capital filled with grandees and retired officials and money-eyed men, and that slavery still existed, the vanity and triviality witnessed by Ammianus seem probable enough. When we read that the senator Probus spent a quarter of a million on the shows provided by his son, a prætor-elect, and that Symmachus, with at least three palaces in Rome or near it, and fifteen country seats in Italy, spent four hundred thousand on a similar occasion, and that Maxentius gave a series of festivities which lasted seven days and cost eight hundred thousand, it is no longer surprising to hear of the craze of

the people for spectacles. There had been one hundred and thirty-five days of the year given to public festivities of some sort in the time of Marcus Aurelius; in Ammianus' time there were one hundred and seventy-five, whose entertainments the ambition or liberality of rich men and rulers on the one hand, and the demands of the people on the other, made as varied and as ostentatious as possible. Seventy-five years before the time of Constantine, between four and five thousand gladiators had fought in the course of a single year; even after the reign of the Christian emperor, who forbade it, the sport lasted on a hundred years. Ten days were assigned to it, sixty-four to the circus, one hundred and one to the theater. The favorite sport, however, was the race. To make real the absorption of the Romans in them before their occurrence and their frenzied excitement while they were in progress, would require a greater pen than Ammianus possessed. Perhaps they can be better imagined as we read of whites and greens and blues and reds and purples; of twenty-two to twenty-four races in one day in Caligula's time; of glittering processions with the brightly colored cars and jockeys of the different factions, and the president of the day, and priests and deities, and bands of trumpeters; of the great tiers of seats containing a hundred and fifty thousand vociferating people, with the great loggia on the side of the Palatine for the imperial dignitaries and at times the emperor himself, and boxes for senators and grandees; of drivers winning races into the thousands and worshipped by the populace; of Diocles, who won five thousand two hundred and fifty-one, with purses amounting to a million eight hundred thousand; of one man who threw himself into a driver's funeral pyre;

of Christians yielding to the popular craze and justifying themselves by Elijah's example. And finally, when we remember that the emperor's dole of wine and oil and pork was a custom that had been continued for half a millennium, it is easy to believe that the common people were idle and lazy and without pride.

Of the worst feature of Roman character Ammianus says little except by implication. The change which had set in with the first day of the empire had reached its consummation. The Roman of these latter days was almost without trace of the heroic pride and sense of responsibility that constituted the greatness of Roman character in the formative days of the state. Whether or not it was bound under any condition to disappear, the monarchy encouraged its rapid decline and in the end accomplished its destruction. The worst result of tyranny was not that it robbed the citizen of his privileges. The crowning wrong of the empire as an institution was its taking from him his duties. The emperor fed the people, thus fostering and perpetuating their idleness. The emperor maintained a personal standing army, and discouraged men of property and position from entering the service lest rivals rise against him; in the later fourth century, senators had been excluded from the legions, and ordinary citizens were forbidden to carry weapons. Mercenaries of foreign birth soon came to make up the army; a Gaul in Tiberius' time declared that its only real strength was in the foreign contingents. The emperor absorbed all the old-time political powers, and thus removed the great goals of civic ambition. He made the laws, and charged himself with their interpretation and execution. The wisdom of the citizen in their creation, as well as his strength in

their upholding, was no longer demanded. The emperor's administration thought for the people, and the citizen body was stripped of all obligation except to obey. Education became a matter of purely personal interest instead of a preparation for active civic life. Eloquence was an accomplishment for the school instead of an instrument to use in the public career. The round of artificial and arid exercises in rhetoric, the barren trifling with the philosophers, the almost absolute lack of science, did much to separate the mind and sentiments from the realities of life and to render useless the talent that may have existed. The qualities of the citizen-soldier had begun to lose tone before the beginning of the first century; by the fourth they had died from lack of exercise. The end of the third century after Augustus finds the Roman citizen designating the state by *regnum,* the word best hated in Rome for a score of generations, and the end of the fourth finds him resorting to evasion, desertion, and self-mutilation to escape the call to arms against the Goths.

Keeping equal pace with the change in the spirit of citizenship went the change in race and position. The mingling of slave and free and native and foreign, the rise of the humble and the fall of the proud, the interchange between capital and province, had run their course. The old stock and the old names were all but gone. The names that provoked the satire of Ammianus are the sign of the great change. The nations had belonged to Rome; now Rome belonged to the nations. Gibbon is extreme, but represents the truth: "The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman People, was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and con-

founded with the millions of servile provincials who had received the name, without adopting the spirit, of Romans." The mediæval Roman was at hand.

And the mediæval religion was at hand. The faiths of the nations had mingled as well as their bloods. The old stock of the gods had dwindled and changed, and all but disappeared. It was not in the name of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Minerva that paganism stood against the new religion, but in the name of Isis the Egyptian, Cybele the Phrygian, and Mithras the Persian, and the hosts of their lesser brothers and sisters. It was no longer Roman common sense, or Romanized Hellenic philosophy, or even the reasoned myths of neo-Platonism, that supplemented religion and supplied the spur to conduct, but astrology and the grosser superstitions of Egypt and the east. These oriental faiths and superstitions had once been the captives and slaves, so to speak, of Roman religious life. Like the actual slaves, they had risen first to freedom, and finally, through intermingling and evolution, to respectability and mastery; but, like them, too, they were compounded with the old into something that was no longer of the ancient Roman world, but was already in transition to the world of the Middle Age. With the Christian faith, they represented the hope of eternal life; but the dross was too much for the gold.

It must not be thought that the age was without stirrings of the ancient spirit. Ammianus, Syrian Greek though he is, and a stranger in the city, measures men and manners by the standards of Cato and the days of heroic citizenship. Julian the Hellene is hard with himself in the manner of Marcus Aurelius. The accomplished Symmachus, orator, stylist, and gentleman, in-

carnates once more the public spirit of the ancient patrician families. In Nicomachus Flavianus, a last defender of the faith against the militant new religion, the proud and aristocratic spirit of the state religion revives for a brief moment before the final agony. Pedantic Macrobius appreciates and preserves for us from Cicero's *Republic* the sonorous language and sublime sentiment of *Scipio's Dream*. Vettius Agorius Prætextatus, the capable pagan prefect of the city, teaches the rioting factions of the Christian Church to keep order and respect the law of the land, if not of their religion. Among the hosts of the Most Distinguished, Most Perfect, Egregious, Illustrious, and Respectable into which bureaucratic society had crystallized, there were many who imitated and emulated the few whose names and sentiments are known to us. Among the throngs who lived for Bread and the Circus, and among the greater throngs who wrought for an honest livelihood and lived the eternal average of human life, there were many possessors of the ancient heritage. The rapid increase of the Church itself was an indication of the presence of worth, and when toleration became assured the Christian as well as the pagan was proud of the grandeur that was Rome.

It was not a society in which all was ruin. It was a society which in the matter of morals thought well of itself. Apollinaris Sidonius, bishop of Auvergne, congratulating his generation in about 460 on being more decent than their ancestors, is no more sincere, and it may be no more truthful, than the pagan guests in Macrobius' *Saturnalia* when they pay the same compliment to the end of the preceding century. It was a so-

ciety whose greatest fault was lack of spirit. It was not so much vicious as tired and wornout.

It was a society which could still feel pride in the city's past and present. To the Roman, as well as to men in general, Rome was the "venerable mother" of Ammianus, who had "spread abroad her laws, the everlasting foundations and stays of liberty"; the "mother of arms and justice" of Claudian, "who has extended her sway over all mankind, the first to cradle them in law; who, beginning in narrow bounds, spread to the twin Poles, and setting forth from her little realm reached abroad her hands wherever shone the sun; . . . who alone has taken to her bosom the conquered, and cherished the human family under one common name as mother, not as queen, and has called the subdued by the name of citizen and bound them from afar with the bonds of love. To her peace-bringing ways we owe it that the stranger may feel every land his own, and men may change their abode at pleasure; that to look upon Thule and to visit places that once were dread is but pastime; that we may drink of Orontes or Rhone; that we all are of one great family."

It was a society strangely confident of the city's future. Rome was still to the men of those perilous times the Eternal City,—"Rome, destined to live as long as men shall be," once more in the phrase of Ammianus. Some alarm at the frequent approach of the northern invader they may have felt, but at each escape the old security and confidence returned. Their own and the city's weakness was not a reality to them as it is to us. Their imagination refused to conceive of the downfall either of the empire or of Rome. She was the city of Claudian, "the city as everlasting as the Pole," "to

whose reign there never shall be an end." She was the city of Symmachus' pride; it was from *her* Alps to *her* Ocean that the Rhine flowed, and from the couch of rising Aurora to the goal of the setting sun she looked upon nothing not her own. The Goths themselves were struck with awe, and for a moment withheld their hands.

The men of these late autumn days were nearer right, and nearer wrong, than they knew. The sceptered sway they dreamed of as eternal was already crumbling, soon to perish utterly. The Roman armies had long been training in their own ranks the men who were to accomplish the downfall of Roman rule. The spiritual sway which was destined to replace the material, and which as yet they saw but as through a glass, darkly, was far along in its evolution.

VIII.

THE RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN EMPIRE

Cruciate, torquete, damnate, atterite nos: probatio est enim innocentiæ nostræ iniquitas vestra. Ideo nos hæc pati deus patitur. Nam et proxime ad lenonem damnando Christianam potius quam ad leonem confessi estis labem pudicitiæ apud nos atrociorem omni pœna et omni morte reputari. Nec quicquam tamen proficit exquisitior quæque crudelitas vestra; inlecebra est magis sectæ. Plures efficimur quotiens metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum,—

Crucify us, torture us, condemn us, wear our bodies out,—your injustice to us is the proving of our innocence. It is for this reason that God permits us to suffer these things. For recently by condemning a Christian woman to the brothel rather than to the beasts, you admitted that among us a stain upon woman's honor is considered worse than any punishment or any death. And yet all your far-sought cruelties do you no good; they are but an attraction that add to our sect. The more we are cut off by you, the more we spring up. The blood of the Christians is their seed.

Tertullian, Apologeticus, 50

1.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

THERE were really two empires. There was a sinking empire, and there was a rising empire; an empire whose tissue was slowly decaying and beginning to fall apart, and an empire which was steadily growing in the strength of youth; an empire within an empire. Just as with the bulb, even before the outer sheath is far along in decay, there is already growing within it the new life which will increase by feeding on the old plant until it bursts the rotten fiber asunder, so in the heart of Roman pagan civilization at the moment of its greatest ascendency there was already beginning to swell the new organism which was destined to consume the body of the old, but to reproduce its form in a new substance.

There were two cities in Rome, just as there were two empires in the Roman world. There was a great city in the process of decay, and there was a city just springing into life; a visible city, and an invisible city. The remains of the one are to be seen above ground in the ruins of temple, palace, basilica, aqueduct, and amphitheater, in all the host of monuments testifying to its power and pride. Of the other, all that survives is below ground,—the long corridors of the catacombs, with chapel and sarcophagus, niche and inscription, to tell of its humility in life and its hope in death.

The city of the earliest Christian living left no traces of itself among the great monuments inside the pagan

city. Its life was obscure and retiring, its citizens poor alike in worldly goods and standing. Their own humble abodes were at the same time their homes, their temples, and their schools. The gloomy dungeon of the Tullianum at the head of the Forum, and the ruinous walls of the Coliseum looking down on the sands of its gigantic arena, are the only material monuments within the limits of Rome itself which bear witness of the relations between the two cities, and their tale is eloquent only of separateness and opposition.

But Pale Death summoned with impartiality both rich pagan and poor Christian. In the vast city of the ancient Roman dead which girdled the city of the Roman living the Christian was represented as well as his pagan neighbor. Nothing in the Roman Campagna is more impressive than the two long lines of ruined sepulchral magnificence which stretch along the miles of the silent Appian Way; yet all the great pagan burial-places that border the highways radiating from the city will rival neither in impressiveness nor extent the cemeteries of the Roman Christians which lie not far away, unseen and unsuspected, beneath the brown reaches of the Latin plain. In a wide circle about the city at a distance of from one to three miles, but more numerous to the northeast and to the south, repose some forty communities of the ancient Christian dead, in galleries sometimes six one below another and reaching seventy-five feet into the earth, whose total length would amount to more than five hundred miles.

The visitor to Rome who knows of the catacombs only through sermon, popular lecture, and romance, and who has formed the idea of a district rugged with rocks and caverns to which the Christian population in

masses fled for refuge during times of persecution, emerging only after the danger was past, may be surprised on first approach to them. He is conducted into the cloister of a church, or the garden of a country inn, or the grounds of a villa beyond the walls, and descends to a cemetery as he would to a cellar; or he enters the portals of one in the side of a bank of tufa by the highway; or, more commonly, he turns through a roadside gate and emerges in a peaceful meadow in the rolling farm-fields of the Campagna, hardly aware that he is treading historic ground.

The catacombs are for all that none the less impressive. On the twenty-second of November, pilgrim and sightseer pass through the gate of Saint Sebastian and traverse the mile and a half of the New Appian Way which leads to the catacombs of Saint Calixtus, seventeen hundred years ago their superintendent and afterwards bishop of Rome. The twenty-second of November is Saint Cecilia's day. With the stream of other visitors they pass through the gate in the wall of brick which borders the way, and find themselves in a level field. There are a few eucalyptus, pine, and cypress trees, and beds of roses. A short distance from the ancient oratory of Saint Calixtus which stands near the entrance, in the midst of the roses and the shrubbery he sees the stream of humanity continually disappearing into a portal, as continually to reappear at another portal but a few rods away.

They descend by a flight of twenty or thirty steps into the bosom of the rolling landscape of the Campagna, and stand in the home of the Christian dead. Guided by the light of serene candles, the throng moves quietly along over the uneven path through the long

succession of high corridors and cross-corridors, with shoulders brushing against walls of dark-brown tufa which are often less than a yard apart. On the right and left, and above their heads in the face of the walls, are the innumerable niches in which the dead, enveloped in tunic and winding-sheet with coating of plaster, were laid to await the resurrection. Most of the niches are now agape, long since profaned and despoiled by greedy or curious hands, or even by the pious in quest of relics; but many of them, too, are faced as on the day of entombment with the marble slab, set in with mortar, which is still allowed to keep the trust confided to it. The name of the dead, sometimes his years, are inscribed on the protecting slab, with many a phrase expressive of simple faith and practice: "Lucilla sleeps in peace"; "Regina: live in the Lord Jesus"; "Vincentia, in Christ: pray for Phœbe and her Verginius"; "Anatolius placed this for his well-deserving son, who lived years seven, months seven, days twenty: may thy spirit rest in God: pray for thy sister"; "Constantia, in peace, who lived years fifty-one"; "Utulius Calligonus: gentle soul, live ever in the Lord"; "Agape: live forever"; "Atticus: sleep in peace, secure in thine own salvation, and pray earnestly for our sins." Many a phrase is ungrammatical, many a word spelled by the unlettered Muse, many a line rudely cut. Many an epitaph is in Greek. Many a sacred symbol is cut into the stone, to testify more eloquently of faith and hope than the words they stand beside. There are the dove and the olive branch of peace; the cross; the monogram of Constantine; the anchor of faith; the ship of steadfastness breasting the waves of life; the vine; the fruitful branch; the tree of life; the Alpha and the Omega; the mystic



THE CATACOMBS OF SAINT CALIXTUS

THE DESCENT IS NEAR THE SMALL BUILDINGS
AMONG THE TREES

fish, whose spelling in Greek resolves into the initial letters of Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior.

At the end of a corridor or one of its short branches, or at an intersection, a widening and deepening of the space marks a tomb of the great, perhaps of a martyr, or a chapel for the gatherings of anniversary days. Here the slabs which cover the niches may be more elaborately inscribed, the wall may be stuccoed, and still show, in dull and faded fragments, almost incoherent, the remains of sacred story told by the brush of the painter; or sarcophagi may be ranged along its base, with uncouth sculptures attempting the same narration. Here, stands the Good Shepherd with the lost lamb upon his shoulders. There, Moses smites, and living waters gush from the rock. There, is Noah and the ark. There, the whole story of Jonah. There, are Abraham and Isaac, Adam and Eve, Tobias, the Last Supper, the Holy Family.

The stream of pilgrims from many lands moves turbidly on until it enters and fills to overflowing a chapel more brightly illuminated than the rest. Here, in the year 821, eleven hundred years ago, were found the mortal remnants of Cecilia, who suffered for the Name toward the close of the second century. On the chapel floor lies the marble statue representing her prostrate figure as the headsman of Marcus Aurelius left it after the vain attempt to slay. Masses of flowers cover the pavement, the air is charged with their odors, a funeral hush is over the assembly.

The hush deepens. A voice rises in the solemn chant, and begins the service commemorating the passion of the Roman daughter in Christ of seventeen centuries and a half ago. As the strains of the chorale rise in an-

swer, strangely faint in the breathless chamber so far removed from the light of day, they add to the sense of reverence and compassion already reigning the sense of awe at thought of the ages that have passed since these corridors first heard the chant for the blessed dead who died in the Lord.

The catacombs were neither the natural rock formations of popular imagination nor the enlarged quarries sometimes supposed by the antiquarian. They were simply excavations for burial purposes, the gradual growth of some three hundred years, in the great mass of soft tufa and volcanic ash that form the bed of the Campagna. Their beginnings as Christian cemeteries go back to the later years of the first century, but even before that the nucleus of more than one of them already existed in the great roadside crypts that received the dead of distinguished Roman families, ready for Christian use when their owners became converts to the new religion and extended the privilege of their private burial-places to the humbler brethren of the Church communities. They were therefore hardly in use during the earliest persecutions; nor were they used at any period, except in rare instances and for the shortest time, as places of refuge. Life in them was confined to the ceremonies of interment and to anniversaries of the dead, especially the martyr dead. The romantic stories of their all being connected, and of extending under the Tiber, or to the mountains and the sea, are without foundation.

The growth of the catacombs in the second century was still gradual. In the eyes of the law they were only private cemeteries, and their patrons were never wholly safe from molestation. By the beginning of the third,

however, a change had taken place. The catacombs had evolved into corporation burial-places held by the different parishes in the city, and the Christians, though still under the ban as regarded religion, were allowed as burial guilds the usual rights of the well-known pagan corporations. From that time on they were freely used, and their growth was rapid throughout the century. After the edict of Milan in 313, with the removal of all danger from interference with burial or from violation of tombs, and all necessity of secrecy or separateness, their use diminished, until at last their excavation was practically discontinued, and surface burial became the vogue, with the rank and file of the Christian dead laid away in trenches walled with brick, sometimes containing lines of bodies ten deep. In the later fourth and early fifth centuries, burial in the catacombs was a rare occurrence, and usually due to the desire to rest in holy places near the remains of the saints who had died for the faith, and whose tombs had multiplied in the times of persecution. By the time that burial there had ceased altogether because of unsafety, and had been transferred to the deserted spaces nearer the city walls or within them, the catacombs had become noted for the visitation of pilgrims.

2.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

THUS, just as the towering ruins within the city walls represent centuries in the life of pagan Rome, the mazes of corridors, chapels, and niches in the catacombs outside represent centuries in the life of Christian Rome. At Rome least of all was paganism quickly supplanted. The new religion from the first attracted many adherents, and in the end its effect amounted to revolution; but a process which required for its consummation a length of time almost as great as that from the discovery of America to the present day can hardly be called by a name denoting sudden change.

There were no doubt Christians at Rome as early as the reign of Claudius (41-54), though there is no direct evidence to prove it. Under Nero there is abundant proof of their presence. The letter of Paul to the Romans in 58 makes it clear that a Christian community of importance existed in the city, though the statement in *The Acts* that "the brethren came to meet Paul as far as The Three Taverns," a station twenty-five miles out on the Appian Way, may mean that it was very small. The presence of the apostle, however, who "dwelt two whole years in his hired house, and received all that came in unto him," and his "preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him," had their effect, and later under Nero the community swelled to appreciable numbers, though its mem-

bers were not understood, and in the minds of the Romans were confused, if not identified, with the Jews, of whom there were upwards of fifty thousand in the city, and to whom Paul had addressed his efforts. If we are to believe the historian of the time, it was not their peculiar beliefs which drew to them the attention of the emperor, but rather their general reputation as people who shrank from the rest of society because of hatred of the human kind; a reputation which the Jews, clannish and uncompromising, devoted only to religion and trade, and despising the Roman people, had already established for themselves. Not even this, however, would under ordinary circumstances have brought his cruelty upon them; it was only because he found it convenient to divert from himself the charge of having set the great fire that he noticed them and singled them out for punishment. The Christians were made the scapegoats of the emperor, and the people were not unwilling to see the fall of the most disagreeable sect of the time.

"And so, for the purpose of putting an end to rumor," writes Tacitus, "Nero charged with the crime and inflicted the most unusual punishments upon those whom the people commonly called *Christiani,* and who were hated for their criminal conduct. The author of this sect, Christus, was put to death in the reign of Tiberius by the procurator Pontius Pilate; and the deadly superstition, repressed for the time being, had broken out not only in all Judea, the original home of the evil, but even in the city of Rome, where all things atrocious and shameful flow from every direction and find favor. And so those were first brought to trial who confessed the charge, and then, as a result of their evidence, an immense number were convicted, not so much

because they were charged with being incendiaries as because they were guilty of hatred of the human kind; and as they perished they were made to afford sport for the people by being covered with the skins of wild beasts and torn in pieces by dogs, or by being affixed to crosses to be set on fire, so that when the daylight had failed they might furnish light for the night as they were consumed. . . ."

By the time of Domitian the distinction between Jew and Christian had become clear. The Christians were not only like the Jews in their claims to being the chosen of God, but were unlike them in spreading their religion among the Gentiles with a fervor hitherto unknown. The persecution of Christians, which under Nero had been almost an accident, now appeared in the light of settled policy on the part of the throne. Domitian's persecution, however, was neither extensive nor very violent. It ceased, too, before the end of his reign; for the emperor had satisfied himself that there was less danger from the new religion than was supposed. Among those believed with good reason to have died for the Name were two members of the most noble families of the city. One was Flavius Clemens, son of Vespasian's brother and cousin of the emperor Domitian himself; the other was Acilius Glabrio, consul in 91 with the future emperor Trajan. Flavia Domitilla, the wife of Flavius Clemens, and his niece, of the same name, were banished. The catacombs of Saint Domitilla, to the south of the city, probably took form around the private cemetery of this family. Acilius Glabrio, many persons of whose name were placed in the cemetery of Saint Priscilla, was possibly the founder of the cata-

combs on the Via Salaria which bear the name of that saint.

It is doubtful whether the policy of Domitian was either based upon a clear idea as to the danger that lay in Christianity or was universally applied. The first known ruling which had a universal bearing on the treatment of the Christians is the rescript of Trajan. It is addressed to the governor of only one province, but represents the emperor's attitude toward all his realms.

Pliny the Younger, Trajan's governor in Bithynia from 111 to 113, finds himself in doubt as to the disposal of Christians brought before him, for he has never before conducted trials in which they were involved. Are the young and the old to be treated alike, and the weak and the strong? Is renunciation to be rewarded by pardon? Are Christians to be punished merely because they profess the religion, or is the ground of action to be instead the abominations which actually form part of its practice? What weight is to be attached to anonymous denunciations?

Up to the present, Pliny has followed this mode of procedure: "I have asked them whether they were Christians. On their confession of the fact, I have asked them a second and a third time, with threats of punishment. If they have persisted, I have ordered their execution; for I have had no doubt that, whatever they confessed, their pertinacity and their inflexible obstinacy at least ought to bring punishment upon them. There have been some afflicted with the same madness whom, because of their being citizens, I have taken steps to have sent to Rome for trial. . . . When those who have denied that they either were or had been Christians have called upon the gods in my presence, and have gone

through the forms of worship, with incense and wine, before your likeness, which, with the images of the gods, I have ordered brought in for the purpose, and in addition to this have cursed Christ,—none of which acts those who are in real truth Christians can be brought to perform,—I have thought them deserving of discharge. . . . Some have said that they were Christians, and then presently denied it, saying that they had been but had ceased to be. . . . They have affirmed, moreover, that the worst crime, or rather mistake, of which they had been guilty, had consisted in their custom of coming together before dawn on stated days to sing together a hymn to Christ, as if to God, and to bind themselves by an oath not to commit theft, robbery, or adultery, and not to deny a deposit when called upon. After this, according to their statement, they had been wont to separate. They had been accustomed to come together again to partake of a meal, common to all, and without blame; but they had discontinued even this after the edict in which, in obedience to your instructions, I had forbidden the existence of secret societies. . . . I have been able to discover nothing except a distorted and exaggerated superstition. . . . The matter seems to me to demand consultation especially on account of the number of those who are in danger. For many, of every age, of every rank, and of both sexes, are being called into jeopardy, and will continue to be in the future. Not merely cities, but villages, too, and country districts, have been thoroughly infected with the contagion of this wretched superstition."

The emperor is so clear, concise, and unhesitating in his reply that he seems to be communicating a policy which has been carefully thought out, whether by him-

self or by his predecessor Nerva, or even by Domitian. "No definite rule, to apply in all cases, can be laid down," he answers. "The Christians are not to be sought out. If brought before you and found guilty, they are to be punished; but on this condition, that whosoever denies that he is a Christian, and makes good his assertion by performing acts of worship to our gods, is to have full pardon, however greatly suspected in the past. Anonymous charges are in no case to be admitted as evidence."

The ruling of the emperor is plainly a compromise. In Trajan's mind the Christian offence is political rather than moral, potential rather than active, enough of a crime to justify punishment when forced on the state's attention, yet not enough to admit of stern initiative on the part of a conscientious government.

Such a policy was satisfactory to neither party, and the weakness of its logic was apparent especially to the Christian. Tertullian, two generations later, sees in it not compromise, but contradiction: "O self-contradictory verdict, which says they are not to be sought out, because they are innocent, and yet orders them to be punished as criminals; which spares while it rages, which shuts the eye to crime and yet chastises it."

Whether the ruling of Trajan represents a new policy, or merely the formulation of a policy already in existence, it affords us the means of understanding the imperial attitude toward Christianity from Trajan up to the end of his century. Hadrian, it is true, laid down in his rescript the principle that no Christian was to be punished unless guilty of actual crime or misdemeanor, thus seeming to make impossible the conviction of a Christian simply on the ground of his profession of the

Name; and it is true also that under Marcus Aurelius in some cases the Christians were sought out; but this did not result in any wide divergence from the principle of Trajan. Notwithstanding the rescript of Hadrian there continued to be instances where mere profession was regarded as a crime and punished, but in the main, even under Marcus Aurelius, the practice was not to seek the Christians out. The attitude during the whole of the second century, in spite of occasional variation, was essentially that of Trajan.

It is apparent that such an attitude could not inspire, and would not admit of, a general persecution. It is equally plain that under this policy no Christian could feel assured of safety from informers and officials, and that his peace, and even his life, depended upon the good will of his pagan neighbors and the faithfulness of his Christian friends. The straight and narrow path of the Christian life was also the path to possible martyrdom. While there were no general or even widely reaching persecutions during the second century, there were cases constantly arising in every part of the empire, especially in the east, where Christianity had taken root earlier and grown more rapidly. Occasionally, as in Bithynia under Trajan, and in Gaul under Marcus Aurelius, the severity became acute in a single district. The law against the Christians was always ready at hand, like any other law. Whether it was enforced or not depended upon circumstance. A hundred different causes, from the genuine alarm of prefect or emperor at the Christian's undermining of the state's authority to the spite of a neighbor or the desire of the rabble for an afternoon of excitement in the arena, might result in the blood of the martyrs. "If the Tiber rises to the

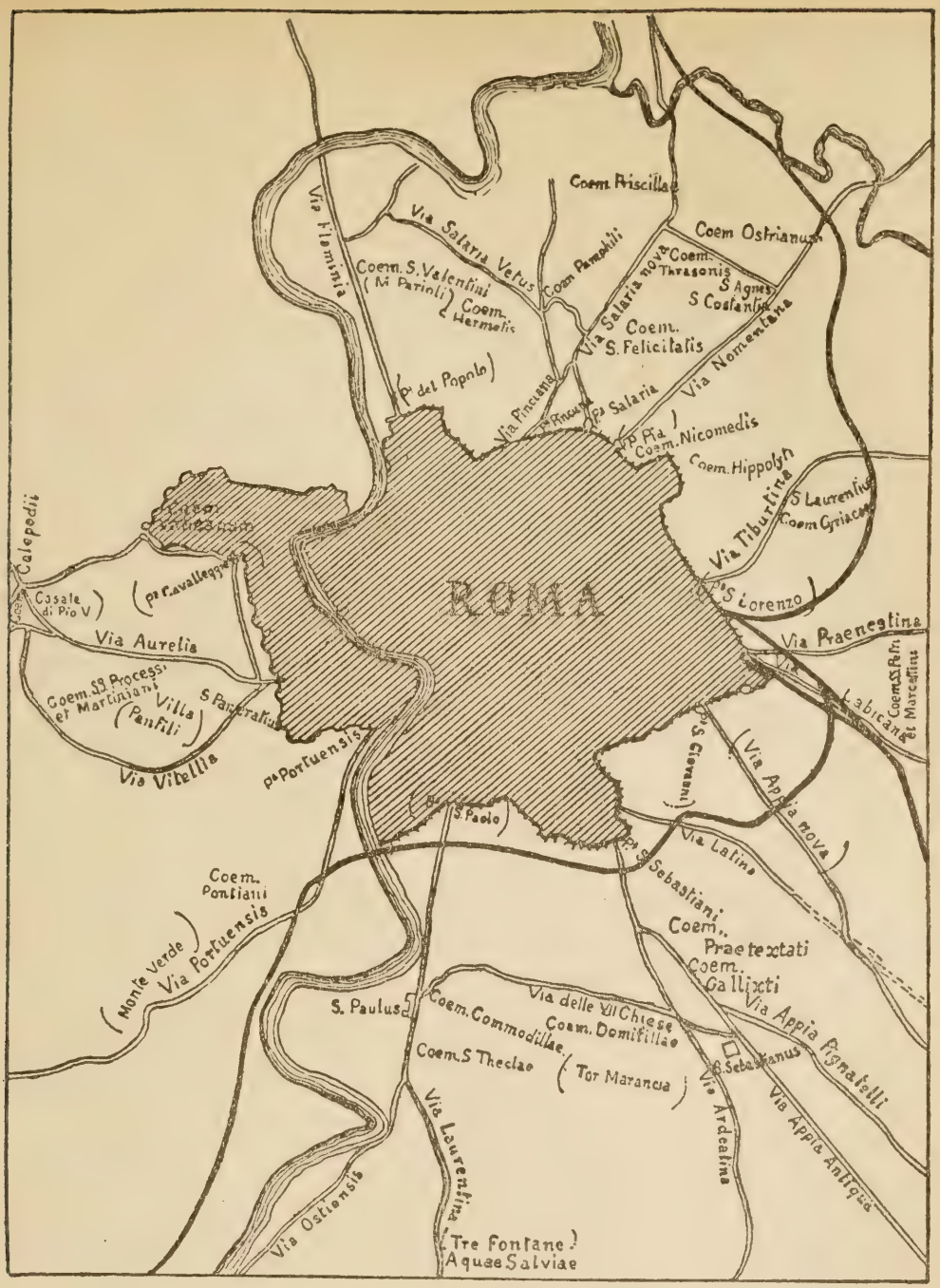
walls," cries Tertullian, "if the Nile does not reach the fields, if the skies are rainless, if there is an earthquake, if a famine, if a plague, immediately rises the cry, 'The Christians to the lions!' "

But the beginning of the third century brought with it a change. The Church had grown enormously. Tertullian, in Africa, had already made his defiant boast of Christian numbers: "We are of yesterday, and we already fill all that is yours,—your cities, your islands, your fortress-towns, your municipalities, your meeting-places, your councils, your very camps, your tribes, your public service, the imperial palace, the senate, the forum. We have left you nothing but your temples. . . . Without recourse to arms, and without rebellion, but by merely disagreeing with you, we could have fought you by the ill will engendered through keeping separate from you; for if such a multitude of men had broken away from you and removed to some distant corner of the world, your rule would surely have been put to shame by the loss of so many citizens, whatever their character, and would have suffered from bare desertion. Beyond doubt, you would have been terrified at your solitude, at the silence in everything, and at the stupor of a world as if dead. You would have had to look for subjects to rule over; more enemies would have remained than citizens."

Justin and Irenæus had said before Tertullian that no corner of earth, even among barbarians, was without its prayers in the name of Jesus crucified. "They take root and spread like noxious weeds," said their enemies. "Their places of reunion are multiplying everywhere." They had grown not only in numbers, but in strength of organization, and now more than ever presented

themselves to the eyes of the government in the guise of a state within a state. There were sixty bishops in Italy alone. The new cult must either be forced to assimilate with the state or be utterly destroyed. Local persecution, depending for its frequency and severity upon the character of governor and populace rather than upon the emperor himself, continued to be the normal condition; but it was supplemented by outbursts of general persecution directed by the now alarmed and angered administration. The persecutions during the reigns of Severus and Caracalla (193-217) are the first which may be called general, though they centered in Africa. Under Maximin (235-238) came another, lasting less than two years but characterized by great cruelty. A third, under Decius (249-251), and continuing under Gallus (251-252), was aimed especially at the heads of the Church, in the effort to weaken its organization. At this time there were in Rome forty-six priests, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolytes, fifty-two exorcists, readers, and doorkeepers, and the Church maintained over fifteen hundred widows and needy, all representing a total of from thirty to forty thousand faithful. After a few years of tranquillity, Valerian (253-268) instituted another, which raged in 257 and 258. Finally, most thoroughly organized, most sweeping, long-continued, and bloody of all, came the great persecution of Diocletian at the turn of the century.

By this time the Christians are variously estimated to have formed from one-twentieth to one-half of the empire's population, and enjoyed the feeling of confidence that comes from numbers and importance. They



MAP OF THE CATACOMBS

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF DESCLÉE, LEFEVRE & CO., FROM MARUCCHI'S ÉLÉMENTS D'ARCHÉOLOGIE CHRÉTIENNE

were in the army, in the civil service, and even at court. At Rome there were forty or more basilicas and about thirty cemeteries. At Nicomedia, in the very view of the emperor's palace, stood one of their most important churches. Whatever the case in the west, in the east the dawn of toleration seemed at hand. But Diocletian and his colleagues, in three edicts of 303 and the following year, deprived Christians of the rights of Roman citizenship, ordered the arrest of bishops and clergy who would not give up their books and sacred scriptures, and the application of every means of coercion to turn the obstinate back from the traitorous faith.

This was the deepest dark before the dawn. Ten years after Diocletian's first edict of persecution, the edict of Milan gave equal rights to Christianity with paganism. Then began the long century of the gradual downfall and destruction of the pagan cult. The conversion of Constantine and the favoring attitude of Constans and Constantius inspired the Church with confidence and rapidly swelled its membership. Paganism lost its prestige; not even the attempt of Julian to restore the ancient worship produced a permanent effect. The positive enactments against it, which had begun with the measure of Constans and Constantius in 341 ordering the cessation of sacrifice under penalty, increased in number and effectiveness in the second half of the century until their culmination in the sweeping laws of Theodosius, which deprived paganism of its temples and forbade all worship, both public and private. The short revival under the rebel Eugenius in 394, when for a few months Rome was the scene of a brilliant series of pagan festivals, was the dying gasp

of the old religion. From that time forward, paganism was dead in the eyes of the law, and existed, where it had not utterly disappeared, only in the secrecy of the pagan home.

3.

THE WAY MADE STRAIGHT

THUS, after a life of a thousand years, had Roman paganism run its course, and Christianity taken its place.

Great as were the changes which had occurred, however, the process cannot be called a revolution. It was rather an evolution, long, painful, and agonizing, but wholly natural and necessary; as natural and necessary as the springing of the new plant from the bulb of the old. It involved decomposition, but also recomposition. The old decayed only to live again in the new under different form. If the change was momentous, it was more because of the rearrangement of the old than because of the creation of what was new. The thing that had been, it was that which was to be; and that which had been done was that which was to be done; and there was no new thing under the sun.

In the first place, Christianity was a natural step in the process of religious evolution at Rome. The old Roman religion in its earliest and animistic stage had included belief in a countless multitude of divine beings; not only every object, but every act, was immanent with spirit. In the passage of time, as attention became centered upon the more remarkable, the number grew less. Animism passed into polytheism. However long they lingered elsewhere, in the formal worship of the state comparatively few of the gods of the earliest times survived. The introduction of the principal deities, first of the neighboring Latin and Italic tribes, then of the

Etruscans, then of the more remote nations of Italy, and finally of Greece herself, while increasing the number of gods worshipped by the state, contributed nevertheless to the same concentration upon the few more remarkable cults. By the time of the late Republic, the greater number of the native Roman deities had faded into obscurity, and were known only in a few surviving ceremonies and in the lore of the antiquary.

Nor did the process of restriction cease with this. The identification and blending of newly received gods from abroad with similar deities already in existence at Rome tended also to lessen the number of the deities known to the Roman world from the earlier time. Etruscan gods were found to be identical with Roman gods. With less difficulty still, Hermes and Mercury, Aphrodite and Venus, Zeus and Jupiter, Artemis and Diana, and others of Olympic stature, were seen to be not only akin, but the same. Greek philosophy, coming in the wake of Greek religion, hastened the growth of the belief that deities of greater or lesser resemblance were the same under different guise. Not only the gods of Italian and Greek lands were thus interpreted, but those from farther afield. Phrygian Cybele, Carthaginian Virgo Cælestis, Greek Demeter, and Roman Ceres or Ops were only different manifestations of a single spirit. "The Phrygians," Isis is made to say in Apuleius as she reveals herself to her devotee, "the Phrygians call me at Pessinus the Mother of the Gods; the Athenians call me Cecropian Minerva; in Cyprus I am Paphian Venus; I am Diana Dictynna to the archers of Crete, Stygian Proserpina to the Sicilians; at Eleusis I am the ancient Ceres. To some I am Juno, to others Hecate. It is only the Ethiopians and the

Arians, illumined by the dawning light of the sun, and Egypt powerful in her ancient lore, who honor me with the rites that are really mine, and call me by my true name, the queen Isis."

With the great Stoic movement of the first and second centuries and its lofty reasoning, and with the neo-Platonism of the second and third, which attempted through philosophic and poetic reinterpretation of the old religion to purge it of its grossness and absurdities, the development of polytheism toward monotheism, already long in process, increased with special rapidity. The result was that the world, however unwilling to accept the One God of the Christians, was familiar with the conception of monotheism before the triumph of Christianity. Seneca, indeed, had written of the universal divine principle without employing the time-honored names of the ancient gods.

Farther, besides its preparation for monotheism, the pagan Roman world had also learned to comprehend deity as a person. The Etruscan had contributed something, but it was the Greek who gave the Roman his first effective lesson. Into the world of early Roman gods, vague and formless and impersonal, had come the deities of Olympus, possessing human shapes and attributes, appearing among men and being seen of them, and partaking of their joys and sorrows. But greater still was the contribution of the Orient. To the Greek lesson of the personality of the divine, the faiths of Egypt and Asia added the lesson that mortals might in some way raise themselves to the plane of deity, be filled with the god, partake of his nature, and receive rewards in the here and hereafter. The priests of Cybele, whirling in the dance, fasting, scourging themselves into the

divine frenzy, and renewing life in the baptism of blood; the faithful of Isis, with their rites and purifications and their prayers to the Mother; the brethren in Mithras, with their belief in atonement, and their perpetual conflict with the principle of evil,—all these are manifestations of the mysticism communicated to Roman religious life by the oriental faiths. The Greeks taught the Romans the personality of God; the orientals taught them the possibility of the spiritual relation between man and the divine.

To this must be added the gradual emergence of the belief in a happy immortality. This was no faith that sprang into existence suddenly with the advent of Christianity. Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and early Roman had known of existence beyond this life. At first confined to the tomb or its neighborhood and dependent on the preservation of the body or its symbol and on earthly goods or their symbols, it was an existence insecure and insubstantial, sometimes more unhappy, sometimes less, but never wholly blest, not always everlasting, and not assured to all. The Eleusinian mysteries, the mysteries of Mithras, the communions of Isis and the Great Mother, the communion of the stars in the elaborate doctrines of neo-Platonism, all opened the way to a happier life beyond the tomb for the more select, while vulgarized astrology, with the arts of sorcery and magic, extended the hope to the common crowd. The decay of the oracle, of divination, and the critical spirit encouraged the success of astrology, which, with magic, came in the train of the oriental religions. Its teaching of the cosmic year and the coming destruction of the world by fire and flood suggests the Christian belief regarding the end of the world. The

essential doctrine of magic, which was a sort of degenerate physics, as well as of astrology, which was perverted astronomy, was the solidarity of the universe and the sympathy of matter and spirit. Astrology discovered or interpreted cosmic influences; magic undertook to nullify them. Both were scientific inasmuch as they were founded upon observation of nature, but enjoyed power because they were really faiths. But the conditions of immortality were complicated, the end was hard to attain, and both its nature and duration hardly free from doubt. Men hungered and thirsted for the Kingdom of Heaven, but lacked the simple, single means of winning to it.

When, therefore, the Christian religion, the last great oriental faith of ancient times, arrived on the scene of Roman affairs, it found the ideas of monotheism, of the personal nature of the divine, and of the possibility of divine communion, not altogether unknown, and rapidly becoming clearer and more consistent. Whatever the morals of the pagan worshipper, the pagan religions were making straight the way of the religion of Christ. Even in the centuries of conflict with it, the trend of their teaching continued the same, and thus contributed to the ease with which the pagan world in the end, when the contest was proven hopeless, transferred itself to the new faith. The philosophical movement from Horace to Seneca and Marcus Aurelius was a parallel to the Christian movement, and in the event its ally. The doctrines of the atonement, of mediation, of baptism, of regeneration, and of immortality, did not shine with the same clear outline in the pagan faith as they did in the Christian, but they were more or less widely dif-

fused, and Christian doctrine on that account presented the less that was strange.

What is said of these faiths in the pagan world may be said in the same manner of its morals. So far as knowledge was concerned, there was no lack of ethical truth among educated pagans. Neither the principles of the Ten Commandments nor those of the Sermon on the Mount were unknown to the world. Socrates and Plato knew that good should be returned for evil. The letters of Seneca so abound in the spirit of Christian ethics as to have been suspected of dependence upon the teachings of Paul. Cicero's words on immortality are exquisitely beautiful. The *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the *Manual* of Epictetus above all, read at times as if a Christian had been their inspiration. If the pagan did not live according to the measure of his knowledge, the same thing has been true of men in more enlightened ages and under less hostile circumstance.

Christianity therefore introduced into the Roman world no wholly new moral truth, for the civilized world, so far as intelligence was concerned, was already in possession of the truths that were urged upon men by the new religion. It wrought nevertheless powerfully upon the ethics of its converts. It insisted that moral truths were to be lived, not merely known. It tightened the bond between morals and religion, which throughout pagan times had been so loose that the two were all but separate. Cæsar might be pontiff and profligate at the same time, but the convert to Christianity was to sin no more. Again, it placed the strongest emphasis on those moral duties which were not included in the law of the land. The Christian was obliged not only to obey, but to love the Lord his God with all his heart; he was not



FRAGMENTS OF BUILDING AT ELEUSIS

THE WHEAT HEADS ARE SYMBOLIC OF DEMETER THE EARTH GODDESS, WHOSE MYSTERIES CONFERRED IMMORTALITY

only to pay his debts and to steal no more, and not to do murder, but he was to do unto others even so as he would that they should do to him, and to love his neighbor as himself. Still farther, by its diffusion among the common classes of men and women, Christianity popularized the truths upon which its emphasis was laid.

Thus far of Christianity as a step in the orderly evolution of religion at Rome. In the second place, the organization of the Church was likewise the result of evolution. The extension of Roman boundaries, the perfecting of Roman administrative system throughout the empire, the establishment of universal peace, the elaboration of the means of communication, and the Romanizing, in greater or lesser measure, of all the subject nations, made easy the spread of ideas and movements. Throughout the world, lightly but authoritatively joined together under the imperial sovereignty, diverse according to locality, and having no clear creed in common except that of the supremacy of the Roman state, existed with its thousands of gods the Roman cult. In the path thus made easy, Christianity followed, extended itself throughout the vast empire, and, aided by the possession of a positive and universal creed, developed an organization whose unity finally grew to be stronger than that of the state itself. Let us recall the word of Leo the Great, spoken before the fall of the pagan empire: "That the working of unspeakable grace might be spread abroad throughout the whole world, Divine Providence prepared the Roman empire."

In the third place, the social effect of Christianity was also only the consummation of an evolutionary change. Roman citizenship had originally been confined to pa-

tricians. It spread first to the plebeian class at Rome, then to the Latin tribes, then to all Italy, and finally, under Caracalla, to all free subjects of the empire. The pagan poet of the late Empire calls all nations of the earth one family, and all citizens of the empire brothers, children of the common Mother Rome. Christianity completed the process by making all human beings, bond or free, brethren of one family; children, if they desired it, of the Universal Father and of the Mother Church. To prove from the inscriptions of the catacombs that Rome was a slave state would be difficult. The Christian stones recognize no slavery but bondage to Christ.

4.

THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE triumph of Christianity was thus only the last stage in a long evolution, the completion of a natural process in the religious, moral, political, and social life of the ancient civilization. Its advent was noiseless and unnoticed, its growth slow, sure, and steady, its triumph fully assured only after the first Christian emperor had been dead for half a century.

But why, if the process was natural, were there three hundred years of constant opposition, with frequent violence and shedding of blood? Two facts account for this. The first is, that the change from old to new involved the dissociation of religion from the state. The second is, that it required the association of religion with conduct. The one meant the enmity of the government. The other meant the hostility of the individual pagan.

With the pagan Roman, religion was a department of the state; its office was to secure the favor and avert the displeasure of deity by the proper performance of the rites established by tradition. This did not mean alliance of religion and state. Religion was not outside the state, and a separate entity, but inside, an integral part of it, like the army, or the judiciary. Paganism was imbedded in the state. When the Christian attacked the old religion, or refused obedience to it, or respect, he was guilty of something more than disregard of belief or custom; he was guilty of disaffection, of *læsa maiestas,* and became an enemy to the government.

On the other hand, morality was united to Roman religion by only the loosest tie. When the Christian, in obedience to his religion, put its precepts into practice not only by living them, but by condemning both in word and attitude the conduct of his pagan neighbor, he raised up against himself, in addition to the enmity of the state, the hatred of the individual Roman.

The intensity of the bitterness felt against the Christians by pagan society was not due merely to Roman cruelty, nor yet merely to the instinctive prejudice always entertained by men against their fellows who will not conform. The violence of the repressive measures adopted on occasion by the Roman government was inspired much less by passion than by reason. Before the pagan is wholly condemned for his treatment of the Christian, the manner of thought and feeling of both should be judicially examined.

If Christianity had involved merely a belief in one god as a god only of its own sect, the pagan government would have examined into its nature, satisfied itself that it meant no danger to the state, and authorized its presence at Rome just as it had authorized the admittance and maintenance of cults from its very foundation. The Roman government was nothing if not tolerant. Let any religion whatsoever be shown not to be subversive of the morals of the citizen or the authority of the state, and its right to unmolested freedom among the other cults of Rome remained unquestioned. The state was concerned neither with the belief, nor with the morals, nor with the practices of any religion except in so far as they made for a good or bad influence on the state itself.

But Christianity was something more than merely a

monotheistic faith. It not only believed in its own god, but disbelieved in every other god. It was exclusive,—in the eyes of the pagan, intolerant. It denied the virtues, if not always the existence, of all gods but its own. The Christian god was a jealous god; the Christian was to worship no other gods but Him, and was to make no graven images and bow down before them. What was more, His will was supreme in earthly as well as in heavenly matters. The Christian was to render obedience to earthly powers, to be sure, but he was to remember that God was the ruler and creator of all, and superior to all. He was to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and unto God the things that were God's; but his real citizenship was in heaven, and the moment the duties of his earthly and his heavenly citizenship came into conflict, it was the former that must yield.

It was quite natural that the emperors should become cognizant of this peculiar sect, which withdrew itself from participation in the religious functions of the state and thus expressed a disbelief in a necessary part of government. They were surprised. To refuse formal honor to the state gods was not only nonconformity with the traditions of a thousand years, in itself an offence of the first magnitude to the conservative Roman, but it was to endanger the existence of the state by default in its compact with deity,—the compact whose faithful observance had given Rome dominion over the world. Let the Christians believe as it suited them, but let them not refuse to participate in the forms which were as much a part of patriotism as military or diplomatic service, or other branch of the state's activity.

Surprise was quickly followed by irritation. The

Christians were obstinate and would not reason. The government also was obstinate; when cases of disobedient Christians came to its notice it not only began to insist on formal recognition of the state gods, but prescribed the cursing of Christ. The test recorded in Pliny's letter was the sure means of detection employed by the imperial agent: "When those who have denied that they either were or had been Christians have called upon the gods in my presence, and gone through the forms of worship, with incense and wine, before your likeness, which, with the images of the gods, I have ordered brought in for the purpose, and in addition to this have cursed Christ. . . ." For the Christian to refuse the first was treason to emperor and state. To curse Christ was treason to his own religion. He did not hesitate in his choice.

And yet the irritation on the part of the government did not early reach an acute stage. In spite of the attitude of the Christian toward the gods, and even in spite of the calumniation of his private life, the emperors and their advisers must have noticed that the new sect was peaceable and law-abiding in ordinary matters, that, in spite of what rumor said of them, crime was never actually proven against its members, and that conspiracies against the government were never discovered among them. For all of the first and second centuries, at least to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, their danger to the state must have been a matter of theory rather than real conviction.

In the course of time, however, conviction came. Surprise and irritation grew into anger, and then into alarm. Under the stress of both, the government abandoned its policy of punishing only those who were

brought before its courts, and began to seek the offenders out. For the first part of the third century it clung to the idea that Christianity could be discouraged by the punishment of individuals, or by the destruction of its leaders and consequently of its organization; but finally gathered all its strength for a supreme effort to stamp the heresy out of existence,—only to find that its strength was not equal to the task.

Frequent, however, as the general persecutions were during the last hundred years of the struggle, bitter as was the hostility while they were in progress, great as may have been the loss of life caused by them, the sum of misery they brought on the Christian population was probably no greater than that experienced during the periods before and between, when persecution was dependent upon the initiative of the private citizen instead of the agent of the throne. It was after all in social rather than in governmental relations that the greater cause of animosity lay. Had persecution depended upon the initiative of the Roman governor alone, there would have been far less severity than was actually the case. In time of general peace he punished only such as he was obliged to discipline because they were brought before him, and to them he gave every opportunity within his power to save themselves by denial of the fact or by recantation. He was merciful so far as he could be under the law, and looked upon its victims as obstinate self-destroyers who would not be saved, and deserved their fate.

"Only offer a few grains of incense; appease Jupiter and be our friend," says Maximian to Saint Victor, who has already appeared before prefects unwilling to condemn, and now is brought before the emperor; and

Victor contemptuously refuses the proffer of reconciliation and dashes the altar to the ground.

Even in time of general persecution, when the prefect was under orders to leave no Christian unsought, he no doubt in many cases winked at offence, and exercised a lax authority. During those periods, as well as in times of greater quiet, it was after all the populace, filled with prejudice, passion, and the love of excitement, who were the real cause of most of the arrests and executions; for the Christian was obnoxious to the individual pagan not only because he was disaffected as a citizen, but because both his views and his conduct were offensive in social relations. The case was irritating enough to a pagan even when the Christian was partly understood, but it was doubly so when he was not understood at all, which was more often true. His religion was something positive, involving conduct as well as form. It bade him not only worship his own god, but to have nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with other worships. He was to withdraw from the world and its affairs, to come out from among them, and be separate. If he took the extreme attitude of Tertullian, as he often did, he considered himself bound to keep absolutely free from the touch of paganism. If he was a carpenter, he could work on no pagan temple or shrine; if a sculptor, he could fashion no heathen image of any kind, destined though it might be for nothing more than the decoration of a building; if a schoolmaster, he was not to teach the names of heathen gods; if a shopkeeper, he was not to sell incense or images. He could hardly without qualms of conscience be present at the pagan ceremonies of the marriage or burial of a friend or relative. He could not take part in the festivities of the

public holiday. In short, paganism was imbedded in society as well as in the state. Such was the number of pagan functions, so intimate was their connection with the life of the community, and so fraught was the old religion with the venerable memories of all the past, that the consistent Christian was compelled either to separate himself from his neighbors or to offend at every step. His very presence, however modest his demeanor, however benevolent his feeling, was a challenge. He was not only different from his pagan neighbors and from all his ancestors,—and nothing could be more offensive than the slighting of the *mos maiorum*,—but his religion, if he believed in it, compelled him to say by attitude, if not in actual words, "I am holier than thou."

Exasperating as were both attitude and words in ordinary circumstances, they were maddening when the Christian was carried away by the zeal for making converts, or for winning the crown of martyrdom. "We are called to serve in the shining company of the angels," say two soldiers in Spain, throwing down their arms. "There Christ commands His cohorts, clothed in white, and from His lofty throne condemns your infamous gods, and you, who are the creatures of these gods, or, as we should say, these ridiculous monsters." The literature of the early Church is full of the spirit of martyrdom. The possibility of his end by the sword of the executioner or on the sands of the amphitheater was kept ever before the convert's eyes. To meet the trial well when it came was all-important to himself because of the great reward, and all-important to the Church because endurance to the end was a powerful means of propagation, and renunciation before the pagan public the worst of blows to the cause. There were letters and

addresses that were really manuals of martyrdom, and the life of many a convert was a conscious and formal training for the martyr's end.

The pagan attitude is thus not hard to understand. Given the conditions, his contempt, resentment, and hostility were natural enough. To describe the appearance of the Christian, he used the words *lugubris* and *mœstus,* "solemn-faced" and "gloomy," and when he attributed to him *odium generis humani,* "hatred of the human kind," it was his interpretation of the humility, self-denial, and separateness of the convert. The love, the faith, the hope, and the calm which lay behind the exterior, he could not see. How could a person be happy who denied himself the ordinary pleasures of life? How could he love mankind if he withdrew from its midst and condemned its innocent pleasures and activities? How could he be a lover of the state when he denied and hated the worship of the gods who had brought it to greatness, and when he prejudiced its welfare by refusing so slight a thing as conventional observation of its rites?

The pagan saw in the Christian not only a gloomy fanatic, but an absurdly presumptuous fanatic. Here was a sect which at one stroke did away with the whole religious system of an ancient state, and presumed to know all the thoughts and intentions of the One God whose worship they had set up in its place. And this, too, in spite of a membership composed of "fullers and cobblers." Philosophers had been deliberating for centuries on the great mysteries of creation, and were still unable to call the facts of existence by any other name than mysteries; yet a handful of men and women from the dregs of the populace, unstudied, ignorant, and

totally unlettered, were ready in a moment to deliver themselves on questions which for all the ages had baffled the most penetrating minds. When Christianity was still obscure and almost unknown, such reflections were something to rouse indignation, not to say contempt; when it had reached greater dimensions and was more talked about, they could beget more violent emotions.

But these misunderstandings were not the worst that were bound to arise. The Christian, in addition to the charges of gloom, hatred of the social order, and fanatical conceit, incurred suspicion of active treason and actual crime. Arguing from the cruelty of the times, from the existence of secret societies of really sinister intent, and from the immoral practices of certain of the ancient cults, the pagan suspected the secret assemblies of the Christian of deeds which would not bear the light. In the minds of many, the not unnatural suspicion developed into conviction, and became an integral part in their judgment of the Christian community.

"Is it not enough to make one groan," says Cæcilius in the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, an essay written toward the latter part of the second century, in a speech intended by the Christian author to epitomize the pagan view of Christianity,—"is it not enough to make one groan, I say, when the Athenians expelled Protagoras of Abdera for his discussion of divine matters and publicly burned his writings, though his words were in the spirit of wisdom rather than irreverence, to hear the gods assailed by these abandoned, outlawed, and desperate creatures, who gather together the more ignorant from the dregs of the population, with credulous women by reason of their sex an easy prey, and make of the common people impious conspirators that assemble in

the dead of night, and with both appointed fastings and meats not fit for human beings bind themselves together not by any legitimate rite but by sacrilege; a sect shunning the light and lurking in the dark, mute in public and garrulous in the nooks and corners? They look with contempt upon our temples as tombs, abhor the gods, mock at their sacrifices, pity our priests,—if the wretches have the right to pity!—and, half naked themselves, despise the honors of office and the purple. O astounding foolishness, presumption beyond belief! They have no concern for torment in this life, while they fear the uncertainties of a life to come; while they fear to die after death, here and now they do not fear; for the truth is, that a false hope charms away their fears by holding before them an ever vivid consolation.

"And now, just as the viler a thing is the more rapidly it spreads, the abandoned ways of this superstition are day by day insidiously creeping through the whole world, and their abominable meeting-places for unholy union are multiplying more and more. This is a conspiracy that must be annihilated root and branch. They have secret signs and marks of recognition, and are a prey to mutual passion almost before recognition takes place. There exists among them in general, too, a kind of religion, as it were, of lust, and they call each other promiscuously brothers and sisters, so that it is not uncommon for their lewdness, through the employment of this sacred name, to become incestuous. Thus does their vain and senseless superstition glory in its crimes.

"There must be some foundation of truth underlying all this, or sagacious rumor would not utter about them tales shameful to the last degree and not to be repeated

before decent people. I am told that they have consecrated the head of an ass, most vile of all beasts, and that under the impulse of some silly belief or other they actually worship it,—a worthy religion, and fitly sprung from such character as theirs. Others say that they worship the genitals of their representative and priest, thus adoring as it were the creative power of their Father. Perhaps this is not true, but at any rate it is a suspicion which accords well with their secret rites at dead of night. And as for the tale that their worship consists in the adoration of a man who was put to death as a criminal, together with the cross of wood on which he died, those who tell it are only attributing to them the kind of altar that accords with their abandoned and criminal character; for they worship what they deserve.

"I pass now to their initiation of converts, as horrible as it is well known. An infant, so covered with meal as to deceive the unsuspecting, is set before the novice who is to be initiated. The novice is drawn on by the covering of meal to pierce what is before him by strokes whose harm he does not suspect, and thus the babe is slain by blind and hidden wounds. Its blood,—O horror!—they thirstily lick up; they tear it asunder, fighting over the division of its parts. This is the sacrifice with which they bind themselves together; by this complicity in crime they are pledged to mutual silence. Rites like these are more horrible than any sacrilege.

"And of their banquets everybody knows; they are talked about the world over, a fact confirmed also by the words of our friend from Cirta. On the day set for the celebration they assemble for the feast, together with their wives, children, sisters, and mothers, persons

of both sexes and all ages. There, after a long drawn out repast, when the banqueters have begun to glow and the heat of impure passion, stimulated by wine, has set them on fire, by tossing a morsel of food just out of the reach of a dog tied to a candelabrum, they provoke him to leap and spring and thus to overturn and extinguish the light; and when that, the only witness, has been removed, in the shameless dark they rush together at random in the embraces of unspeakable passion, all guilty of incest at least as far as conscience is concerned, if not in actual fact, since whatever may happen in the case of a single one is really what the whole of them desire.

"I pass over many facts, and advisedly; for even those I have mentioned are all too many, and the truth of all of them, or of most of them, is proven by the very mystery in which the shameful superstition is enveloped. For why should they take so much trouble to hide away in the dark and to keep from view the object of their worship, whatever it is? What is honorable ever rejoices in being known to all; it is crime that loves secrecy. Why is it that they have no altars, no temples, and no statues that are known? Why do they never dare to speak openly, never venture to congregate freely?—unless it is that what they worship and keep suppressed is something for which they ought to be punished or of which they ought to be ashamed."

Cæcilius passes from these crimes and immoralities of Christian practice to the absurdities of Christian belief, employing the ridicule in which every pagan found a ready weapon.

"Then too, whence, or if you please who, or where is that god of theirs, alone of his kind, solitary, forsaken,

whom no free people, no governments, whom not even Roman superstition knows? To be sure, the lonely and pitiable nation of the Jews also worships a single god, but they do it openly, in temples, before altars, with victims and according to definite rites, though his strength and effectiveness are so slight that he, together with his own race, is a captive among the Romans, who are only mortals! But more, what absurdities, what monstrosities, do the Christians frame in their imagination! That god of theirs, whom they can neither point out to others nor themselves see, is engaged, according to their belief, in carefully inquiring into the morals, into the deeds, and, finally, into the words and secret thoughts of all men,—running hither and thither, of course, and everywhere present. They will make him out petty, restless, even impudently curious; for he is at hand to see every act, he is abroad in every place, though he can do no good to individuals because of being bound to attend to the whole world, and cannot suffice for the whole world because he is engaged with individuals.

"But what shall I say of their prophecies threatening the whole earth, yes, the universe itself, stars and all, with destruction by fire? as if the everlasting fabric of nature, based upon divine laws, could be disturbed, or as if, even supposing the bond of all elemental things ruptured, or the framework of the heavens sundered, the great edifice by which all creation is contained and girdled could be crumbled into ruin. And yet, not content with a madman's belief like this, they add to it by trumping up old women's tales. They say they are to be born again after death, even from ash and cinders, and, prompted by an assurance which to me is a mys-

tery, actually believe in their own lies. You would think they had already lived again. Double perversity and double nonsense, to threaten with destruction the heavens and the stars, which we leave at death as we find them at birth, and at the same time to promise to themselves, beings who, in like manner as they have entered upon existence, must also leave it, eternal life after annihilation in death! That, of course, is why they abhor the funeral pyre, and condemn cremation; as if any bodily frame, even if kept from the flames, would not be resolved into earth just the same after the passing of years and generations, and as if it made the least difference whether wild beasts tore it asunder, or the sea engulfed it, or the earth covered it, or fire consumed it. Any manner of disposition of the dead would be pain to the body if it retained the senses; and if not, its consumption by fire would be salutary because of its very quickness. Deceived by this mistake, they promise themselves after death, as a reward for their own goodness, an everlasting life of bliss, but to all others as a penalty for their wickedness, eternal torment. I could say much in regard to this, were I not in haste to finish. I have shown now that they themselves are unrighteous, and I care to go no farther. And yet, even if I should allow that they were righteous, it is a fact that both guilt and innocence, in the opinion of most men, are attributable to fate. You yourselves hold that view; for, just as others find in fate the reason for everything we do, you find it in your god. Thus those who belong to your sect do so not because of their own will, but because they are elect of God; and so you fashion a god who is unjust, inasmuch as he punishes men, not for what they will to do, but for what fate compels them to do.

"And yet I should like to ask whether they are to rise again without bodies, or with them,—and with what bodies, the same, or new ones? Without? That, so far as I can see, would be neither mind nor soul nor life at all. With the same body? But that has already been dissolved, long ago. With another? In that case it is a new creature that is born, and the former being is not reconstructed. And besides, think of the length of time that has elapsed, and of the innumerable generations that have arrived and passed in the stream of existence: and has there been a single one who has returned from the shades, even on leave for so much as a few hours, like Protesilaus, to give us a precedent on which to ground a belief? All those figments of an unhealthy imagination, all those silly consolations invented by lying poets to lend charm to their song, you, credulous fools that you are, have clumsily refashioned and ascribed to your god.

"You do not even allow the present to teach you how vain is the promise and how fruitless the vows in which you are deceived. Miserable that you are, while you are still in this life consider what awaits you after death. Part of you, the greater part, and, according to your claim, the better, are suffering from poverty and cold, are wretched from hard labor and hunger, and your god allows it, pretends not to see, and is either unwilling or unable to come to the aid of his own; so weak or so unjust is he. And you, who dream of immortality after death,—when you are shaken by danger, when you are burning with fever, when you are torn by grief, do you still not realize your condition? do you still not recognize your fragility? In spite of yourself, wretched that

you are, you stand convicted of impotence, and yet will not acknowledge it.

"But I pass over the merely ordinary. Look, set before you are threats, punishments, torments, and crosses not indeed to be worshipped but to be endured, and even the flames which you both predict and fear,—and where is that god of yours who can aid those who are entering upon life a second time, but not those who are in this life? Do not the Romans command, do they not rule, without your god? Do they not enjoy as their own the whole world, and are they not masters over you? But you, in the meantime, in suspense and anxiety, abstain from honorable pleasures, refuse to go to the games, take no part in the processions, will have nothing to do with feasts in common apart from your own, or with contests in honor of the gods, or with the meats which remain from the sacrifices, or the wine left after libation at the altars. Thus it is that you stand in fear of the gods whom you deny. You set on your heads no garlands of flowers, you never grace your bodies with perfumes. You reserve your unguents for funerals, you deny the floral wreath even to the tomb. Pale and trembling with fear, you are worthy of compassion,—but on the part of our gods; for the fact is, poor souls that you are, you neither live a second time nor do you enjoy the present life.

"So henceforth, if you have any remnant of wisdom or modesty, cease to scrutinize the regions of the sky and to pry into the destinies and secrets of the universe. It is enough for men to contemplate what is under their feet, especially when, like you, they are untaught, uncultured, rude, and rustic, and not only have no idea of

human affairs, but are much less qualified to discuss the divine."

Such was the attitude, and such the logic, of an unimpassioned philosophic pagan discoursing with a Christian friend. The attitude of the untaught mob when passion had taken the place of logic may be imagined.

5.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN COMPROMISE

WHEN we remember the widely different ideals of pagan and Christian, and the magnitude of the change required on the one hand in the relations of religion and state, and on the other in the relations of religion and morals, and when we remember the misunderstandings bound to arise, and the exaggerations in opinion and conduct which were their consequence, it seems not only natural that the struggle should have been long and bitter, but surprising that the change was accomplished without a greater agony.

Had either side held inflexibly to the extreme position it occupied when the conflict was at its fiercest, the struggle would indeed have been both longer and more deadly, and its end would have seen the victor exhausted and pagan civilization utterly blotted out. But it is not in the way of nature for one civilization to supplant another without being affected by it. The pagan culture was not wholly bad, nor the Christian wholly good. Each party contained the same elements, only in different proportions, that composed the other. When the smoke of battle rolled away, and Christianity found itself the victor, it was not unalloyed triumph which it celebrated, though to its own eyes it may have so appeared. Triumph it was, but the triumph of compromise as well as of conflict. However vigorously the Christian might have been inclined to deny it, the result was rather a blending of the two religions than the super-

seding of one by the other. If the Church grew by receiving pagans into its fold, it also received, at the same time with them, pagan ideas. If paganism gradually yielded to the Church, the Church in turn was gradually modified by paganism. If the new society transformed the old by breathing into it a new spirit, the old society gave to the new of its culture and institutions. The Church gained in membership and breadth, but lost in intensity; it lost in ideals, but gained in practice. It was not until later that the results were fully manifest, but the process began from the very first.

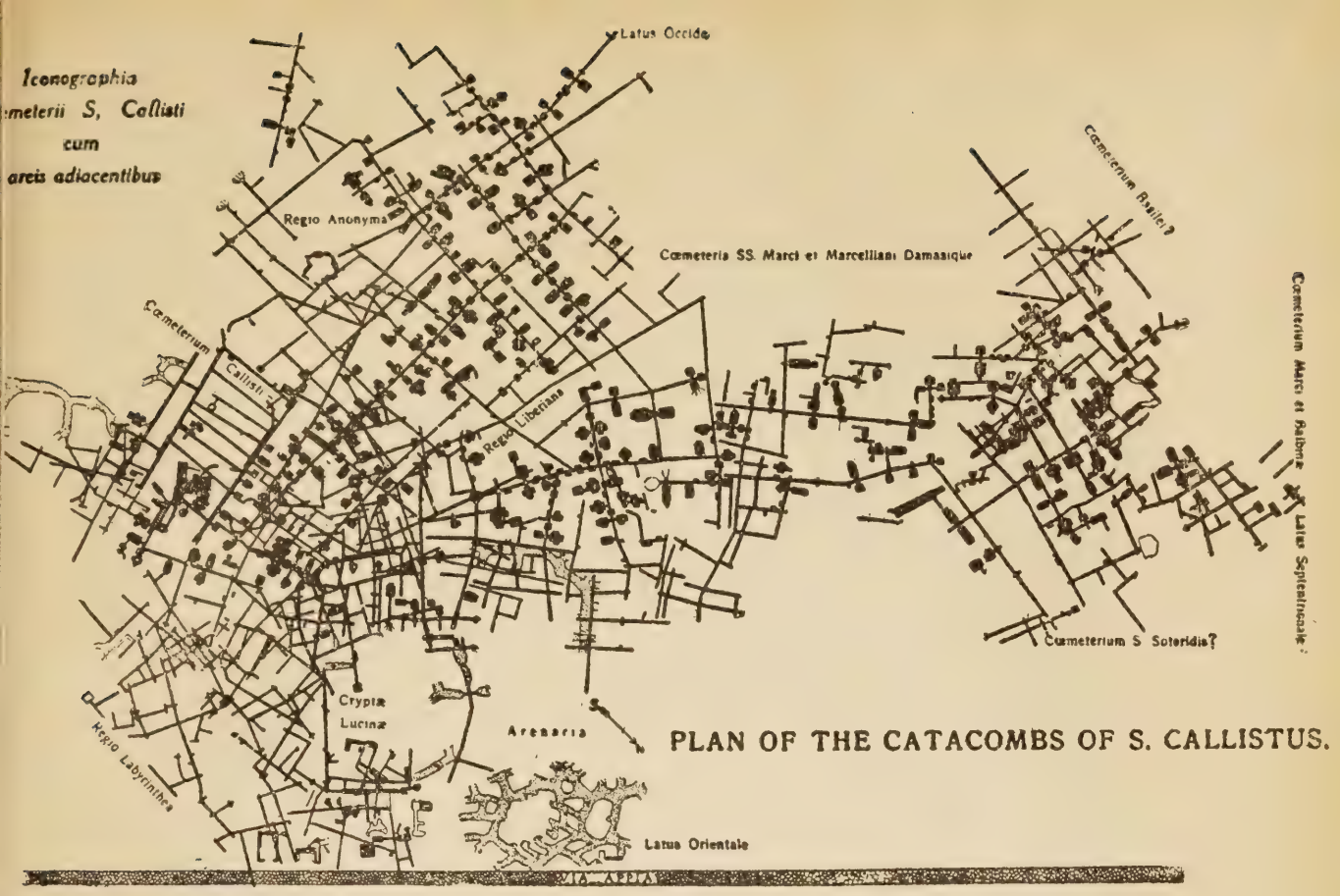
It may indeed be that during the two hundred and fifty years of persecution the Christians departed little from their ideals. The constant threat of danger and death under whose shadow they lived, the actual bursting of the tempest over their heads from time to time, the sense of loneliness and weakness while they were yet few, their insignificance and lack of worldly prosperity, were the fiery furnace that burned away their dross. Additions to their number were likely to be from among the simple, the chaste, the strong and courageous, and the steadfast. The glitter of worldly fame could not attract, they had no wealth to corrupt them. Their only temptation, to renounce the faith in time of danger, had its source outside their ranks.

Yet it is all too easy to forget that the Christian of the early Empire had his defects. His ideas were often crude and imperfect. If the Disciples themselves were unable to comprehend the fulness of the Gospel as it came from the lips and acts of the Master standing before them in the flesh, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that in every case the Christian Roman fully understood his faith. The fear of hell-fire and the hope of

celestial reward were motives more easily comprehended than the doctrine of love and sacrifice. The martyr's great stay as he faced the lions was the hope of eternal happiness. The virtues of the poor and unworldly often went hand in hand with improvidence. The imminence of the Second Coming, so strongly believed in for many generations, and the expectation of the end of the world, with the injunction to take no thought for the morrow, encouraged a disregard for the practical obligations of life. The importance of citizenship in heaven made citizenship on earth a passive rather than an active duty. Denunciation of the state that was holding civilization together, renunciation of social and family ties, flight from the trials of the world to the life of contemplation and barren asceticism, were elevated into supreme virtues. Nor was the Christian's religion undefiled by superstition, bred as he was, before conversion, to the grosser ideas of magic, astrology, and the popular paganism.

These were not the only respects in which the Christian did not forsake entirely the ways of the world. The new civilization and the old had common ground in enlightenment as well as in ignorance. From the first, among the converts at Rome there were rich and noble families through whom was preserved the contact between the Christian life and the finer manifestations of paganism. In spite of the early Christian's condemnation of the world and all its attractions, every form of pagan culture began at the very beginning to insinuate its way into the Church.

Among the first forms of the old culture to make its allurements felt was the art of letters. The *Octavius,* the earliest Christian work in Latin that has reached our



PLAN OF THE CATACOMBS OF SAINT CALIXTUS

FROM A POST CARD

time, is the essay of a Christian at the end of the second century who knows the whole range of Greek and Roman letters and says almost nothing of the essentials of the Christian doctrine. While Tertullian is engaged in heated denunciation of every form of pagan culture, condemning his flock for participation, however slight and indirect, in anything that has to do with pagan religion, and crying that all that men need is the blood of Christ, others are yielding to the siren of pagan beauty in literature, philosophy, and art. Lactantius, a hundred years later, is so much the pagan stylist as to be called the Christian Cicero. Jerome, even in the days of repentance and fasting, cannot give up his pagan books. In the delirium of fever he finds himself before the awful Judge, who thunders at him, "No, thou art not a Christian; thou art a Ciceronian; for where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also"; but even after his scourging and return to earth is unable to resist the charm of the classic authors. Augustine attributes his conversion to the great pagan orator and essayist. Ambrose, converted pagan prefect, makes use of Cicero's philosophical and ethical content as he writes his Christian treatises. The art and morality of pagan literature are conserved, and enter into the new literature. It is the same body with another spirit. It is faith that is the inspiration of the new, but it does not and cannot escape the charm of the old ideal of beauty. It was only the Christian born in the faith and of uncultured parents, or the convert devoid of all taste, who continued to rail at the culture of the old society.

What was true of pagan literature was true of other arts. It was especially true of painting. So far were the Roman Christians from resisting the seductions of

pagan form that their painting not only shows the same characteristics and the same changes period by period,—its greatest excellence in the early second century, and its gradual decay from that time forward,—but borrows pagan motives and pagan figures. The Good Shepherd in the catacombs is not the bearded Christ of later time, but a smooth-shaven and shapely figure from pagan art. The pagan-born artist, when he entered the Church, could not leave behind him the appreciation of the manner and content of pagan painting which had grown into his nature in earlier years. Called upon to represent the Savior as the Good Shepherd, he simply chose from pagan art the familiar figure of Mercury carrying the lamb, adapting if not transferring it entire. Called upon to symbolize the power of Christ to draw to Him the souls of men, he took from a pagan canvas an Orpheus playing the wonderful lyre. The Cupids and Psyches and winged genii of paganism, the peacock, the vine, the ship, the anchor, and other innocent motives useful in the bodying forth of Christian doctrine, he transferred with hardly a change to the new art.

Sculpture was at first adapted to Christian use in a less degree; for, while the Christian painter could execute his commission in the safe seclusion of the catacombs, the art of sculpture, which required the workshop, could hardly exist thus hidden away. For the first three centuries, the sarcophagi of the Christian cemeteries are of an art almost entirely pagan, though the reliefs that adorn them present such motives as were common to both religions, and gave no offence to the Christian believer. It was only after the edict of Milan that sculpture, too, began to adapt or borrow as painting had long since done.

The architecture of the Church also rose from the forms of pagan building. Accustomed to the plan of the private dwelling, in which it first held its gatherings, and to the sight of the great law courts which were called basilicas, and acquainted with the type of mystic building whose best-known example is the recently discovered underground basilica near the Porta Maggiore in Rome, it finally developed for its own peculiar use a form which is reminiscent of both basilica and house, but especially of the former. If not directly derived from the basilica, the church was nevertheless so like it as to take its name.

Even in the domain of education the Christian came in time to adopt not only pagan methods but pagan matter. Shrink as he might from contact with works whose every page was filled with the names of false gods, condemned as he was by conscience and often by his spiritual head, he was nevertheless impelled by taste and by necessity to use them; he could not resist their allurement, and he had nothing to put in their place. The youth of Rome still continued to be trained in Horace and Virgil, Cicero and Terence, even though their instructors were Christians. When Julian attempted the restoration of paganism, his measure forbidding the use of the pagan authors in Christian schools was almost equivalent, so far as letters were concerned, to the banning of instruction itself.

But Christian civilization was indebted to paganism not only for the arts and culture in general. The new religion itself was not unmixed with the old. In both doctrines and ceremonial, it came to have much in common with the pagan religion. The resemblance between the doctrines of Christianity and those of the oriental

religions especially was striking; above all, the parallels between Christianity and its great rival, Mithraism. The communities of each identified the object of their adoration with light and the sun; each had legends of the shepherds with gifts, of the flood, of the ark; in the art of each were found the fiery chariot and the drawing of water from the rock; each employed bell and candle, holy water, and the communion; each taught the doctrine of the constant warfare between good and evil, the mediation of the Word emanating from the divine, the atoning sacrifice, the resurrection of the flesh, the immortality of the soul. Isis had her early morning meetings, her rites of purification, and her forgiveness of sins. Vesta had her nuns. The Great Mother's worshippers had their days of fasting, their festival of the return of Attis from death, with its Easter hilarity. The baptism of blood in the *taurobolium* could bring eternal regeneration to the devotee. In ethical teaching, Christianity presented so little not known to ancient morals that its enemies could assert that it offered nothing novel and was only pagan philosophy employed anew.

Still farther, when toward the end the mass of the many religions at Rome had been wrought upon by neo-Platonism and the oriental faiths, they approached the consistency of a single religion with a fairly distinct theology. Christianity found itself confronted by a more or less unified faith, whose doctrines included the adoration of the elements, especially the cosmic bodies; the reign of one God, eternal and omnipotent, with messenger attendants or angels; spiritual interpretation of the grosser rites yet surviving from primitive times; the presence of the soul on earth to be proved before its final return to the universal spirit; the existence of

an abysmal abode for the evil against whom the faithful must keep up unceasing struggle; the destruction of the universe, the death of the wicked, and the eternal happiness of the good in a reconstructed world. The religion of Symmachus was almost as much like Christianity as like the religion of Augustus.

The Christian ethics and creed, it is true, were so superior to those of pagan teaching that the Christian could claim that the two faiths had nothing in common; but the formal resemblances were so many and striking that the pagan was never at loss for a pretext to maintain that the old régime had as much to offer as the new.

But, however distinct or however indistinct the line between early Christian society and pagan society in Italy, the mingling of the two into one received a great impulse when Christianity triumphed by winning first the toleration and next the support of Constantine. With the disappearance of danger, the number of converts increased; with the conversion of the emperor and the active favor of the government, they became a throng. The membership of the Church was swelled enormously. Self-interest and the Christian life were no longer opposing forces. The pagan cult became "a fashion rather than a faith," supported at Rome in the main by the ancient aristocracy. When, with the confiscation of its property and the prohibition of sacrifice, it ceased publicly to exist, the rank and file who had clung to the ancient religion up to the last found their way into the Church in such numbers that assimilation was no longer possible. The victors were in danger of becoming captive to the vanquished, who brought with them into the Church the ideas to which their pagan childhood had bred them. The number of adherents who

were Christians only in form, who could comprehend nothing beyond form, increased rapidly. Astrology and magic persisted unabashed. Christian poets addressed Christian emperors in the language of Horace and Virgil addressing Augustus. One hundred years passed after the edict of Milan before the law excluded unrepentant pagans from public office. The gladiatorial shows and the theater were still the delight of the Romans in the last years before Alaric. It was impossible for the spiritual leaders of the Church to destroy the world of pagan spirits existing in the minds of the people. The gods of paganism lived on, with the difference that now they were regarded as evil spirits banished to hell, whence they emerged to tempt the faithful on earth. The Genius of the Roman pagan became the Guardian Angel. The places of Hercules, Diana, Castor and Pollux, and other divine protectors of cities and individuals, were taken by the saints. Devotion to the Great Mother and other female deities was now transferred to Mary the Mother. The old pagan holidays were replaced by Christian festivals: the Robigalia became the Major Litany, the Ambarvalia the Minor Litany, the Lupercalia was transformed into the Purification of Mary, the feast of the resurrection of Sol Invictus into Christmas.

To say that Christianity absorbed much of the literature, art, and religion of paganism is not to say that for this reason it became less in worth or effect. The best parts of the old were worthy of weaving into the fabric of the new, and necessary to it. The vision of the Christian who despised pagan culture, and regarded its accomplishments, æsthetic and intellectual, as the voices of sirens or the snares of the devil, was distorted. To

assimilate and to inspire was the mission of Christianity, not to divide and destroy.

Nor was the Church as a whole unaware of the mission or unwilling to perform it. "The Church," writes de Broglie, "destroyed nothing, adopted everything, by imperceptible degrees correcting and reforming, placing the victorious sign of the cross on all the monuments and infusing into all the laws the penetrating warmth of the Christian inspiration." Whatever the more intransigent early Christians who were not under the spell of the capital may have thought or done, by the time of Augustine reason had in so far modified the attitude of the Church that it recognized the value and usefulness of the old culture and the monuments to the life of the new.

But the Church did more than to retain the good parts of the pagan world. It retained also some of its bad parts. It became larger, more prosperous, and more cultured, but it became also more worldly. Its organization completed and its liberty assured, it began to lose something of its lowliness and modesty. Its bishops could depart so far from the life of humility and self-denial that Prætextatus was able to utter his famous gibe, "Make me bishop of Rome and I'll turn Christian without delay." Jerome and Dion of the Golden Mouth are satirical against the vanities of Christian women who go about in tight sleeves, creaking shoes, powder, paint, perfumes, and jewelry, and gowns whose pictured embroideries and artful exposure of nudities attract the eyes of men. Even clerics are vain of their clothes and hair, and wear jewelry and scents. Ammianus in the same times notices the luxury of the clergy at Rome, who, once they have established themselves in office, "are

to enjoy life free of care, enriched by the offerings of matrons, appearing in public with their carriages, dressed gorgeously, giving feasts so luxurious that their tables surpass those of royalty." Jerome inveighs against the shameful trickery of priests who cultivated widows and the rich for their property. Valentinian enacted a law forbidding the solicitation of legacies by priests, or even their acceptance, except from relatives, and caused it to be read in churches. Ecclesiastics and monks were forbidden to enter the houses of the rich or to accept bequests from religious women. Feasting and unrestrained drinking by Augustine's time had made the anniversaries of martyrs and saints a scandal that called for legislation. The communion had to be relieved of worldliness by the setting apart of the agape for the less worthy. The superstitions of relic and amulet in the worship of martyrs, the belief in healings and exorcisms, grew up within the Church, and provoked the entrance of pagan superstitions from without. The loaves and fishes were often the motive of the convert, among both the humble and the great. Constantine himself, in the famous edict, gives frank expression to the idea that profit is to attend his act; he "has resolved to accord to the Christians and to all others the liberty to practice the religion of their choice, in order that the divine power of Heaven may be propitious to us and to all who live under our sway." The Christian who felt himself inspired to live the life of the ascetic and saint was obliged to separate himself from the Church community as well as from the world.

Unfortunately, there was a worse form of worldliness than that of the love of pleasure or gain. While the Church was yet in the throes of persecution and crying

bitterly for toleration, it had itself begun to be intolerant; and when finally the dread of persecution was entirely removed, it immediately fell a prey to fiercest dissension. By 180 the Christian dogma was practically complete, and heresies were multiplying,—Manicheism, Montanism, Novatianism, the Donatists, the Circumcelliones. By the time of Constantine, the question of Christ's divinity threatened to divide the Church. Now the Arians and now the Athanasians tyrannized, and whether the one or the other was in the ascendency made little difference in the heat of passion with which the contest went on. Not even the council of three hundred bishops at Nicæa and the triumph of Athanasius resulted in peace. Julian allowed full freedom of worship to the Christians, Ammianus tells us, because he knew that if left to themselves their dissensions would increase and he would need no longer to fear them; he had found out from experience that there were no wild beasts so hostile and so deadly to mankind as many of the Christians were to each other. After the death of Liberius at Rome, the quarrel of the rival bishops Damasus and Ursinus culminated in a fight which left one hundred and thirty-seven Christians dead on the floor of the building in which they had fought,—and the building was a Christian church. It must have been an edifying sight to the pagan Roman, especially to an enthusiastic supporter of the ancient religion like Prætextatus, who was prefect of the city and restored order by sending into exile the defeated Ursinus, and who no doubt preached to the rioters who remained a pointed sermon on the practice of the Christian virtues.

Intolerance toward each other, which found some

excuse in the heat of conviction, was accompanied by intolerance of other religions. The consciousness that his was the chosen religion, and the assurance he felt of the falseness of all gods other than his own, made the Christian from the first intolerant in thought. It needed only the removal of restraint, and his intolerance found vent in words. By the time of Augustine it is the Christian, instead of the pagan, who is hard put to it to find words to express his opinion of the adversary, and it is the pagan instead of the Christian who is the fool, the madman, the beast. Finally, unquestioned power was all that was needed to make him intolerant in action as well as in thought and expression. The old pagan conservatism that distrusted and disciplined the Christian now passed to the Church, which distrusted and persecuted both the pagan outsider and the dissenter within its fold. How fortunate for the peace of the world it was that paganism at the end was so listless, so amenable to reason and the milder forms of legislation, is suggested by the fate of Hypatia, torn to pieces by the Christian fanatics of Alexandria.

But these were the human defects of the Church's divine qualities. The great movement as a whole represented the highest ideals and the noblest practice. Christianity had emphasized fraternal and divine love, and bound men together in God. The pagan had made all free men citizens of the empire; the Christian had taught them in very practice that the Kingdom of God included even the slave. His religion had frowned out of existence much that was cruel and selfish. It had greatly humanized the conditions of slavery, and added an impulse to its decay. It had laid a new emphasis on

conduct in the present life, and given the world hope by teaching the possibility of blessedness in a life to come. Its good qualities were essential, its bad qualities the accidents of human imperfection. Even Ammianus turns away from his satire to note "the unwavering faith with which, impelled by religion, the Christians endured excruciating torments, and came forth even to glorious death." Bitter as he is against the pampered clergy of Rome, he knows that they are not the real product of Christianity, but that one is to look for that to "certain bishops in the provinces, who are commended as pure and chaste to the eternal deity and his true worshippers by an extreme frugality in the matter of both food and drink, by the meanness of their dress, and by the fixing of their eyes on the ground."

And finally, when the barbarians came down upon Italy, the Church alone stood the shock and remained immovable. While all about was the din of horrible tempest, she only, says Ambrose, offered to all the shipwrecked a tranquil haven where they found safety. The time had passed when the Church saw in the empire her mortal enemy, and in the city of Rome another Babylon, the scarlet woman drunken with the blood of the martyrs, the harlot that sat on the Seven Hills. Christian and pagan alike were patriots who believed in the greatness and the destiny of the empire. Pagan Claudian saw in Rome the symbol of the unification of mankind under a common mother, benevolent and beneficent; Christian Prudentius saw in her the symbol of the unification of mankind under Christ. Both loved her and prayed for her salvation with equal fervor. Both saw in her already, though but darkly, the Spiritual Queen of days to come.

And so Christian Rome, having gathered up from the

ruin of pagan Rome what fragments of good she found, with many fragments of the evil which clung to them, moved on toward the gloomy vistas of the Dark Age.

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